cordingly, in the year 1731, published a genuine edition, retaining the language of the former, but considerably altered and enlarged, and also illustrated with those examples in notes, which form an essential part of it. The precepts contained in this book are sanctioned by the practice of the best composers of that period; and the rules of modulation are evidently extracted from the works of Corelli. But the most valuable part of the work is the chapter treating of solmisation, which practice is explained with the utmost precision and perspicuity. In forming the diagrams, it is said that the doctor was assisted by Dr. Brooke Taylor, an excellent mathematician, and eminently skilled in the theory of music.

It has already been mentioned that Pepusch was one of the founders of the Academy of Ancient Music. That society met with no obstacle to its proceedings till the year 1734, when some disgust being taken by Mr. Gates, master of the children of the Royal Chapel, it was left without boys to sing the soprano parts. After endeavouring in vain to do without treble voices, the managers determined to enlarge the plan, and make the academy a seminary for the musical instruction of youth. Invitations to parents, and offers of education for their children, were made by advertisements, which produced numerous applicants, and such of these as were likely to become useful were retained. Dr. Pepusch generously undertook the care of their instruction, for a stipend less proportionate to his merit, than to the limited finances of the academy, and succeeded so well, that many of these pupils became afterwards eminent professors.

He was now little solicitous about anything of a professional nature, except the welfare of his favourite academy, and the investigation of ancient music; and for the prosecution of such studies an opportunity presented itself in 1737, by a vacancy in the place of organist to the Charter-house, which situation he obtained through the influence of the Duchess of Leeds, who had been his scholar. To apartments assigned him in that venerable mansion the doctor retired. In 1739 he applied for the professorship of Gresham College, but his being married proved a disqualification.

About the year 1740 his wife died; some time previously to which he lost his son, an only child. Being now deprived of his domestic comforts, he had no other resources left, except his antiquarian pursuits, and the teaching a few favourite pupils, who attended him at his apartments. Here he drew up an account of the *Ancient Genera*, which was read before the Royal Society, and published in the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1746; soon after which he was elected a fellow of that Society.

Dr. Pepusch died in July 1752, and was buried in the chapel of the Charter-house, where a tablet is erected to his memory.

REVIEW.

Anthems, by Samuel Sebastian Wesley.

With this simple, unobtrusive title, comes forth the first part of a work, any one piece of which would furnish materials for half-a-dozen of the ordinary "prize anthems" of the metropolis, and set up most of our cathedral organists with a stock of ideas for life. It is but fair to state that, as yet, we have not discovered a single canon throughout the volume, nor have we found anything resembling the prettiness of a glee, neither does it appear that any sixteen bars of the whole may be profitably converted into that anomalous commodity termed a modern psalm-tune, although all these be doubtless established by custom as laudable qualities in church-music of the present day; still, if grandeur of style, elevation of sentiment, beauty of materials, and perfect workmanship be looked for as essentials in music destined for the loftiest purpose to which human art can be applied, we can vouch that they will be found in these compositions;—we cannot say that we think them entirely faultless, and should not be a whit better satisfied if we could, since an occasional exposure of weakness but enhances the value of the composer's general success by contrast, and, to our mind, even renders his triumph the more complete. We have often borne testimony to

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Dr. Wesley's extraordinary merit as an organ-player and musician generally, and the more willingly because we have reason to think those merits insufficiently appreciated by the public and his brother artists. His original choice of a school fell on one which, unfortunately, has but too few disciples in this country—on one which promises it most zealous followers but little recompense for their labours save the pleasure of feeling that their ambition is honestly and nobly directed, and that the fruits of labour which they scatter in their way onwards to their ultimate object, will remain to attest their industry and genius long after the small doings of the popularity-finders are utterly forgotten. This circumstance, which has in a great degree excluded Dr. Wesley from the notice of his fellow-artists who, with equal, though differently-directed, talent, are ever toiling in the midst of operas, overtures, and symphonies innumerable, has also much circumscribed his opportunities of publication, and thus accounts for the apparently strange fact that a profoundly-skilled and genius-gifted musician should have given works to the public but few in number and at long intervals apart.

The first point that will strike the musician's eye on perusing these Anthems, is the extreme similarity of their style to that of Mendelssohn in his choral-writing;—many of those things, even, which are generally considered the peculiar mannerisms of the latter, are here found in the same shapes and with nearly the same modes of treatment. A natural consequence of this resemblance of manner is that those musicians who know Mendelssohn, and are now but for the first time acquainted with Wesley, will compare notes and thereupon charge the latter with wilfully imitating the German's style, if not with pilfering his ideas; and we anticipate this judgment in the hope of averting it. How long these anthems may have been written we know not, but can vouch for having seen the first of them in manuscript at Exeter between three and four years since, and the composer then spoke of it as a work long completed. We mention this circumstance to show that this parallelism of thought with one of the greatest musicians of the age, is not a recent adoption by Dr. Wesley, but is a possession of his own, which those who consider his parentage will rightly deem almost hereditary. Many of his compositions, published even before Mendelssohn was known in this country, will at once establish this, and prove that what his style and tone of thought *now* is, it then was;—these anthems, in fact, do not contain a bar which may not be traced to that settled feeling in musical matters which as palpably manifests itself in his smaller works published twelve or fourteen years ago. That Wesley and Mendelssohn should fall on similar trains of ideas and similar modes of arranging and working them out, is in nowise astonishing, if the parity of their musical education and likings be considered. Both early imbibed a reverence for the grandest kind of ecclesiastical music and the severest style of organ performance; into both was the wisdom of old Bach instilled at the earliest periods of their musical existence, and both prove by their writings that their love for his sublime compositions is, at this day, in no degree diminished. Thus it is evident that the striking similarities to which we have referred cannot be rightly viewed otherwise than as kindred inspirations of like minds, journeying towards the same object and lighted by the same guide-star.

The first anthem—"O God, thou art my God"—is a worthy opening of the volume and at once stamps its composer as a profound artist;—it is grand and large in plan, replete with beautiful thoughts and their scientific handling, and—with a few deductions which we shall notice in due course—is, in all these respects, worthy to rank with the very finest specimens of its kind extant, with the advantage that its melodies are fresher and more pointed than those in any older works of its class except Purcell's, that its harmonies take a wider range, and that in the perfection of its accompaniment it stands altogether apart from, and unrivalled by, any of its precursors. A short symphony in E flat (on one of the themes subsequently employed) remarkable for the exquisite *flow* of its progressions, leads into the opening chorus for eight voices, in which the two choirs are sometimes employed responsively, and sometimes conjointly in full eight-part harmony. Although the nature of this movement does not permit any complete analysis of its plan, it may be said to be formed on three principal

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subjects—namely, that of the symphony, with which the vocal parts commence, and which again occurs after the first complete dominant close; that with which the second choir enters at the words "Thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth;" and that which is announced by the second choir at the words "For Thou hast been a strength to the poor." The bass and treble voices of the first choir commence the first subject—a solemn strain of eight bars in semibreves and minims, giving way to a lengthened phrase of imitation between the vocal treble and the organ bass with the vocal bass in plain counterpoint; and here, almost at the outset, we meet a specimen of the composer's peculiar feeling in a singular and beautiful modulation into D flat, which, though extremely sudden, grows naturally out of the form of the subject developed in the organ bass;—this point is not only charming in a musical sense, but replete with the most devotional expression. The first strain having terminated in B flat, the four voices of the second choir enter with the second subject, which, though beautiful in its commencement, falls off into one of the objectionable points in this movement—a train of chromatic harmonies, beginning at the third bar of the third page, which have an unnecessary effect of *whining*, and in their weakness stand pointedly apart from the rest of the composition. These, however, closing with the chord of G major, make way for a rich and *warm* effect—(the immediate resumption of the same theme in E flat by the first choir)—which nearly atones for the defect of the rest. From this point, another page—at the foot of which there are some superb masses of eight-part harmony—conducts to the first complete close; at which place the first theme is re-commenced in the key of the dominant, and ten subsequent pages of, for the most part beautiful, matter, bring the movement to its termination, which it approaches amid another grand climax of full harmony. We must add, however, that in this latter part of the movement there are some occasional sins of dryness, albeit in every case atoned for either immediately before or after their commission. In such a *quantity* of music, it would be impossible to quote here every remarkable passage; but there are a few things which cannot be so lightly passed over, and among the most prominent of these are—a peculiar and unexpected mode of passage into minor scales, of which several instances occur with most charming effect—transitory, but beautiful uses of the inverted pedal, which are found on the eighth and thirteenth pages—the exquisite introduction of the 6-4-3 on G flat (at the words "A refuge from the storm") on the eighth page—the grand burst of voices at the words "Thou art my God" (on the tenth page)—and the lovely little sequence at the commencement of the fourteenth page.

To this succeeds a bass-solo—"For our heart shall rejoice in Him"—which, of its kind, is absolutely perfect;—its melody is broad, dignified, and thoroughly vocal, its expression faultlessly appropriate, and its accompaniment wrought with consummate skill. It is short, but completely studded with beauties; as witness, the second part—"Let thy mercy O Lord!"—with its unlooked-for and delicious modulation into E flat—the varied treatment of the subject at its recurrence, with its heaps of diatonic sevenths after the fashion of old Bach—the *soothing* effect of the passage commencing with the eighteenth bar of the seventeenth page—the fine ascending sequence and its *cheating* termination, which immediately follow—and the simple and grand conclusion of the whole. In some respects, this is the most beautiful portion of the first anthem—at all events, no music of its kind and for its purpose *need* far excel it.

(To be continued.)

Mary; song, composed by H. Farmer.

This is a simple and agreeable song, not distressingly new, certainly, still possessed of more pretensions to elegance than song-making people generally think it necessary to assert.

The Mariner; song, composed by H. Burnett.

We cannot say that this song betrays any symptoms of outrageous originality, still it is pleasant and singable, and its size and shape show a wish to escape from the absolute *ballad*, which, at the least, is praiseworthy.

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Haydn's celebrated Mermaid's Song, arranged as a duet for the piano, by W. W. Sutton.

This is rather a singular undertaking, but it nevertheless makes a very pretty little duet for young players. The music, of course, is unexceptionable, and the arrangement includes all its features, and is perfectly easy of execution.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

MANCHESTER.—*Gentlemen's Glee Club.*—Last Thursday evening there was a more than usually interesting meeting of this harmonious fraternity; and their commodious room was quite filled with the members and their guests. This large attendance was principally in honour of the visit to the club of Mr., or, as he is far more widely known, and generally called, "Tom Cooke," the composer of glees, and of what we may call lyrical music. Amongst the strangers present, were Mr. Addison, of the firm of Cramer, Addison, and Beale, the musical publishers of London, and Mr. Willman, the clarinettist. Under the presidency of Mr. Charles Swain, of Manchester, the evening passed off very agreeably. After the stated vocal overture of the club, "Glorious Apollo," which was given with a *gusto* and spirit perhaps not to be surpassed even in London, the glees opened, in honour of the guest of the evening, with Cooke's "Strike the lyre," sung by Messrs. Heelis, Walton, James Isherwood, and Sheldrick, with a semi-chorus. It was very well sung, and as heartily received. To this succeeded a number of the most celebrated glees, including one or two by Mr. Cooke, which were admirably sung and enthusiastically applauded; and the fixed pieces closed with Cooke's well-known Bacchanalian glee, with chorus, "Fill, my boy." After supper, with *Non nobis Domine* as grace, Mr. Walton sang a song, composed by Mr. Cooke, who accompanied it on the piano. The chairman then rose and said, "I have now, gentlemen, a most gratifying duty to perform,—to propose to you the health of one who has won immortal honour in the temple of music; a son of song; a distinguished member of that science which, I am bold to say, has dispensed more real, genuine, social happiness, more refinement and intellectual enjoyment, than any science which the genius of man hath yet cultivated. Music is the passion of youth, the delight of manhood, and the consolation of age. It wreathes the bold with the flowers of song; it brightens the cup of friendship; it descends, like a ministering angel, amongst us, to soothe, to gladden, and to elevate the heart of man. It embraces every feeling of our nature, from the least to the greatest, and, in my opinion, it lifts the mind and thought far higher than even the eloquence of the preacher; it is the inspiration of worship; and, if ever the spirit of man ascends in devotion to heaven, it is borne thither upon the wings of music. We have all heard, with great delight, the fine, spirited, and beautiful glees of our distinguished guest, Mr. Cooke, or, if he will excuse me, 'Tom Cooke,' as he has been called; for there is a love of genius in our nature which leads us to familiarise names dear to us. Thus, we have a 'Tom Moore,' a 'Tom Campbell,' and a 'Tom Cooke;' and where is the land that will match the trio? Heaven grant that it may be long ere we lose one of them! that it may be very long ere we are obliged to say of our distinguished guest, 'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue!' With the sincerest respect for the genius of Mr. Cooke, and with the most hearty welcome to him amongst us, and the expression of our most gratified feelings at seeing him present; trusting that he may live long to leave a larger legacy of genius behind him, for us and all the lovers of song to honour; and with the hope that we have not behaved so ill to him but that he will soon come again amongst us, I give you, gentlemen, the health of our distinguished guest, 'Tom Cooke,' with the musical honours." The toast was drunk, accompanied with musical cheers, the company standing, and "one cheer more" followed by other modes of expressing applause and welcome. Mr. Cooke, who was warmly cheered on rising, said, "It would be affectation in him to say that he was wholly unprepared for the compliment just paid him, in proposing his health; but he thought it would have been unworthy of him, with such a suspicion, to have studied a speech in reply. He had not done so; those who knew him, well knew that he was no orator; and he only wished that the expression of his thanks and gratified feelings could be set to music by his friend Bishop, and he knew no man better qualified for such a task. All he could say, however, was, that he thanked them sincerely and cordially for the kindly and gratifying reception they had given him. It might be naturally supposed, that he should approach a subject dear to the company, and to himself dear, as having immediate reference to the art to which he was devoted. He did not know how sufficiently to express his gratification, and, he might add, his surprise at the manner

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in which the glees were sung, and the whole business of this society was given. He spoke it freely, and, if possible, divested of any grateful disposition towards the club, when he asserted, without an atom of intentional flattery, that he had never seen a society of this nature so well managed, or heard glees better performed. His musical brethren and himself owed a great deal to this society, which supplied what was wanted, an example to be followed everywhere; and, sooner or later, composers would be obliged to write hard to deserve such support as the club bestowed. It had proved that it did liberally reward, and was ever disposed liberally to uphold, the cause of English vocal music; and, with such encouragement and support, if composers did not do their duty, they deserved to fail. If his brothers were present, they would most cordially and sincerely unite with him in drinking 'Prosperity and perpetuity to the Manchester Gentlemen's Glee Club.' He had also to thank the society for the honour conferred upon him, in having elected him one of its honorary members. He was disposed to take advantage of a few words said by their excellent chairman—he could not call it a promise—but he had a hope that that gentleman would write the words of a glee, and that he (Mr. Cooke) should have the gratification and honour of at least trying to do justice to such language, and he hoped to have one day the opportunity of hearing it performed in that room. He thanked them for their very kind and hospitable reception of him, and would assure them with the greatest sincerity and truth, that he had never been more gratified during his professional career—and that was not a short one—than he had been that evening." After a song by one of the members, Mr. Cooke gave a very diverting mock bravura song, in which a sort of trio is sung by master, mistress, and man, accompanied by some trombone and hurdy-gurdy-like music, which was exquisitely ludicrous in effect. A German glee, "Banish O Maiden," followed; and to that a new song, composed by Mr. Graham, of Manchester, the words by Charles Swain, "O better be poor and be merry," and which had a very sprightly and somewhat original character. It was accompanied by the composer. The chairman announced various donations to the club, including presentations from Messrs. D'Almaine and H. R. Bishop, of eight vols. of music, containing the compositions of Bishop; from Mr. T. Cooke and Messrs. Cramer, Addison, and Beale, six copies of the Madrigal, "Shall I waste my youth in sighing?" which had been sung in the early part of the evening; and from Mr. Benjamin Hime, of the firm of Hime, Beale, and Co., of this town, two copies of a glee of his composition. The chairman then proposed the health of the strangers who had honoured the club with their company that evening. The toast was given with musical cheers, and responded to by Mr. Addison. Some other songs were given during the evening, which passed pleasantly and rapidly, and the company did not separate until a very late hour.

Cheltenham.—Mr. Sedlatzek gave a concert here last Thursday, which was numerously attended. Mr. Sapio sang Bellini's "All is lost!" in which he was as impressive as ever, as also in "Fra un istante," one of the best songs of the matchless Rossini. Signor Marrass is a charming vocalist, and a worthy pupil of the celebrated Zingarelli. The daughters of the *bénéficiare*, the Misses Sedlatzek (the eldest of whom is not yet twelve years of age), played several pieces on the pianoforte in excellent style. They have been grounded in music by their father, and also tutored by Pio Cianchettini, and the style of Clementi and Dussek might be easily traced in their performances. Signor de Castro on the guitar, and Herr Rudersdorff on the violin, were also very well received; and as for Sedlatzek, he was as excellent as ever—his is indeed the *beau-ideal* of flute-playing. Pio Cianchettini was the conductor; he also joined Sedlatzek in a *concertante* of his own composition for the flute and pianoforte, in which "The Harmonious Blacksmith" was most happily introduced.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The notice sent by "Musicus," dated "Peckham," is an advertisement.
We have received letters from several correspondents; they will be attended to next week.

List of New Publications.

PIANOFORTE.

Strauss, H.—Prince Albert's dances *Coventry.*
Potter.—Mozart's Works, no. 29 - *Ditto.*
Bertini.—Les Amiables; 2 duets, 4 hands *Wessel.*
Clotek.—Variations Torquato Tasso; duet *Ditto.*
Mayer, C.—Souvenirs de la Russie, Variations on 3 Russian Melodies, in 3 numbers - - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Mozart.—Mass in C; score - - *Ewer.*
Beethoven.—Adelaide - - - *Ditto.*
Fesca.—Two Nocturnes - - - *Ditto.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Macfarlane & Strauss.—Elizabethan Waltz, for cornet and piston - - - - *Wessel.*
Dotzauer.—Scotch Airs, for violoncello and piano - - - - - - - *Ditto.*

VOCAL.

Shelton, Mrs.—The old yew-tree - *Chappell.*
Smart, G.—Song of emigration - - *Ditto.*
—— Second sight - - - - *Ditto.*
Clare, E.—My mother's grave - - *Ditto.*
—— The hall of sleep - - - *Ditto.*

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JUST PUBLISHED, PART I. of Dr. William Croft's Service in E, containing a Te Deum, Jubilate, Cantate Domino, and Deus Miseratur (never before published), edited by W. Hawes. Price to subscribers, 15s.; to non-subscribers 20s. Now engraving, Part II., Dr. William Croft's Service in A, containing a Te Deum, Jubilate, Sanctus, Responses and Creed. Part III. will consist of 12 MS. Anthems by Dr. W. Croft. To be had at W. Hawes's Music-warehouse, 355, Strand, where subscribers' names continue to be received. Where may also be had Miss Maria B. Hawes's popular ballads, "I'll speak of thee," "The genius of the Spring," "As I walked by myself," "Thou art lovelier," &c. Also, Mehul's celebrated air from the oratorio of Joseph, "Ere infancy's bud had expanded."

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THE

MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,

AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν."
PLAT. Phædo. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

OCT. 15, 1840. No. CCXLVIII.—New Series, No. CXLVI. { PRICE 3*d.* STAMPED, 4*d.*

It is at length certain that a theatre will be opened in the metropolis during the present season for the performance of English opera. Mr. John Barnett, in conjunction with Mr. Morris Barnett, has determined on staking heavily at the game of hazard which now seems identified with theatrical management, and is about to try his fortune with English operas at the Prince's Theatre as soon as the necessary arrangements are completed. That a composer should thus be compelled, on behalf of himself and his brethren, to step out of his legitimate field of action and, in addition to the labour of writing operas, saddle himself with all the fatigue, care, and annoyance of bringing them out, appears an odd solution of the difficulty in which the musical drama is placed; still, we think, it is the only one that offered itself under present circumstances. Operatic feeling has become lazy, so to speak, for want of use;—it needs a fillip administered by some strong hand to rouse it from torpor to activity; and nothing seems so likely to effect this resuscitation as the energetic exertions of some musician who, like Mr. Barnett, has the sorest remembrances of managerial attempts on his own works, and, therefore, the heartiest purpose of exterminating the evils by which he has suffered. We can only regret that a step so vigorous and decisive should have been left to *one* individual. We would rather have hailed it as a demonstration of unanimous feeling by our young composers in general, who have a common cause, and therefore should have testified, otherwise than by words, their common interest. A speculation, however, thus undertaken, in the teeth of prejudices, croakings, lukewarmness, and even opposition whence least it could have been anticipated, speaks volumes for the personal firmness and resolute purpose of Mr. Barnett's character. While others have been content to deplore an evil, *he* has busily sought out the remedy—while others have sat with an open-mouthed trust in fate for the performance of their works, *he* has taken a

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theatre and plunged into the midst of all the engagements and responsibilities necessary to secure the desired result.

It is quite needless to say that we, and all interested in the progress of English musical art, must wish Mr. Barnett's undertaking the completest success; but this will depend entirely on the skill and tact with which he exercises his managerial functions. Unfortunately the English public has but little of that exclusive home-feeling which renders the announcement of a native work an *open sesame* to good fortune. Much on the contrary, the people of London can be savagely critical on what they deem the faults of English music, while they plume themselves on rapturously applauding the absurdities which, as "compositions" are imported from Italy. They treat their own operas as they do the architectural beauties of their own capital, but are profoundly expatiative on the superiority of everything they hear and see at the cost of foreign travel. Under these circumstances if natural disadvantage, careless or niggardly management at the Prince's Theatre will not have a merely negative result—judging from experience, it will secure total failure. That which the play-goers would, by love of fashion, applaud in a foreign theatre, they would, by force of habit, unhesitatingly condemn in an English one. On no one ought this truth to be more keenly impressed than on Mr. Barnett;—he has often suffered from its effects under other managements, and therefore will doubtless strive to counteract it in his own. With the engagement of all the most efficient principal singers, and with that sedulous attention to the band and chorus which, under such management, will not fail to be employed, the *ensemble* produced in the performances at the Prince's Theatre *ought* to be excellent, and under such circumstances we cannot entertain a doubt as to the successful issue of the undertaking. We do most sincerely hope that Mr. Barnett's efforts will not be cramped by any of those unnecessary displays of jealousy and self-importance to which singers are usually too prone;—absurd as are such bickerings under ordinary circumstances of management, they would be centuply discreditable in the present case. Mr. Barnett is about to leave the quiet of his study for a life of severe risk and anxiety, with the simple purpose of making one more struggle in behalf of English opera, and it would therefore be a mixture of ingratitude and folly in those connected with his theatre—and who, unless by his means, would probably remain unemployed—to thrust their trivial vanities in the way of his discipline, and thus frustrate those plans on which, only, can a successful campaign be founded.

The arrangements are at present sufficiently settled to enable us to state that Mr. Barnett's new opera will be the first production, and that Mr. Macfarren's opera, *The Evil One*, will probably succeed it.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—No. XII.

DR. GREENE.

Maurice Greene, the son of a clergyman of London, was born at the end of the seventeenth century, and received his first instructions in singing from King, and on the pianoforte and organ from Brind. When Handel came to London, he contrived to insinuate himself into his good graces; and the desire to hear this great master as often as possible, and when he played alone, induced him even to blow the bellows for him for hours together. He thus had the best opportunity to improve his own playing. In 1716, when not yet twenty years old, he got the place of organist at St. Dunstan's in the West, on the recommendation

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of his uncle, who was a member of the lawyer's college; and in the succeeding year, and after Purcell's death, that of St. Andrew's, at Holborn, was added. When his former instructor, Brind, died, he exchanged these two minor offices for that of organist to St. Paul's church.

He had already, before this time, given proof of his talents as a composer; and in 1714, a play of his, called *Love's Revenge*, was brought out. He now devoted himself still more zealously to composition, writing many lessons for the harpsichord, concertos for the same, a Te Deum, many anthems, catches, canons, cantatas, sonatas, quartettos, organ fugues, &c. He participated actively in almost all the greater musical performances, and became a member of the Academy of Ancient Music. This brought him into connection with Buononcini, whose friendship he courted; thereby forfeiting, however, that of Handel, whose violent and jealous antagonist Buononcini was, and which he very well knew. But it would appear that he only feigned a friendship for Buononcini, in order to make himself acquainted with his foibles, and with more certainty to prepare his fall; for as soon as Buononcini had published his famous madrigal, "In una siepe ambrosa," he was the first to bring it into the Academy of Ancient Music, and thus to prepare the way for his defeat.

This behaviour, however, made him many enemies; so much so, that he was obliged to leave the academy, and to collect an orchestra for himself, with which he used to give concerts on his own account, in the saloon of the Devil's Cellar, so called. In 1730 he was made Doctor of Music at Cambridge, and Professor of this art in the place of Tudway. The exercise which he produced on this occasion consisted of Pope's Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, in an edition corrected and enlarged by the author himself.

Being very gentlemanly in his exterior, Greene had access to all the houses where music was valued, and thus succeeded in being elected, after Dr. Croft's death, organist and composer of the Chapel Royal. Nevertheless, his talent was by no means very pre-eminent, and especially not a very productive one; and feeling this himself, he may have been led by it to his great jealousy of Handel's fame. This jealousy seemed, after Buononcini had left England, to have grown so great as to actuate all his operations. In order to shine by the side of Handel, he turned reformer of church music, and published forty anthems of his own composition. These being, however, composed more after the elegance of opera music than according to the dignity and solemnity of the church style, and therefore not obtaining that reputation which he aimed at, he confined his operations to the correction of pieces already existing, and which had been either spoiled in copying, or by careless printing; in the hope of thus attaining his object more slowly but surely. An annual income of 700*l.*, inherited from his uncle, made him altogether independent, and at liberty to carry out his favourite plan at his own leisure. But he had brought out but a few services and anthems in score, when, on the 1st September, 1755, death called him away from this work; which was afterwards continued by his friend and pupil, Dr. Boyce.

Dr. Greene deserves to be placed in the highest rank of our musical writers for the church, notwithstanding the disparaging terms in which Burney and other critics, have spoken of his compositions. Burney's praise is faint while he dwells upon the faults of Greene's style—his divisions, repetitions of the same passage a note higher or a note lower, and shakes. And Mr. Mason, in his "Essay on Church Music," says that Dr. Croft "was the first composer who gave in to the defect of long and intricate divisions, and unnecessary, if not improper, repetitions of parts of the melody," and that Dr. Greene carried this fault to a greater excess. It is difficult to imagine how Mr. Mason could have stumbled on the assertion that Dr. Croft was the *first composer* who gave in to the defect of long and intricate divisions. The use of such divisions was a prevailing fault before the times of Croft and Green; and, in giving in to it, which they certainly did to some extent, these composers merely conformed with the taste of the time. Neither of them indulged in it to a greater degree than Handel did; and, as in his case, their best compositions, and those which will live the longest, are nearly or wholly free from it. From Burney's observations on Greene's anthems, he appears not to have examined those on which the composer's reputation chiefly

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rests. The full anthem for four voices, "Lord, let me know mine end," which Burney never mentions, is not surpassed, we believe, by anything in the whole range of cathedral music. The opening movement is deeply pathetic; and, though a profound and masterly fugue on two subjects, is as flowing and unconstrained as if written in simple counterpoint. The verse which follows, for two treble voices, "For man walketh in a vain shadow," is of the purest melody, and contains several exquisite touches of feeling; and the concluding chorus, "And now, O Lord, what is my hope," breathes the most earnest supplication. This beautiful anthem speaks a language which time can neither obscure nor enfeeble. Similar in merit, though opposite in character, is the two-part anthem, "O give thanks;" which, too, is not noticed by Burney. It has the same truth of expression, though its accents are those of joy, chastened by devotion; and the divisions which are introduced in one of the solos are not inconsistent with the character of the movement.

Had Burney's attention been directed to these, and many other anthems which he appears to have overlooked, he never could have said that, as to invention and design, Dr. Greene seldom soars above mediocrity. Even in his solo anthems, where the faults of his age are most apparent, the melody is generally admirable, frequently reminding us of the German and Italian composers of a later period. In the two-part anthem, "O God of my righteousness," the treble solo, "I will lay me down in peace," has all the tranquil sweetness, and graceful smoothness of melody, with which Haydn would have treated the subject.

Dr. Greene composed a good deal of secular music, consisting of cantatas, songs, &c. His duet, "Busy, curious, thirsty fly" and several of his songs, are still kept in remembrance.

GLUCK.

(Continued from page 216.)

The following anecdotes are related by M. Corancez:—"I one day asked M. Gluck why, not being a musician, his works so drew my attention, that, during their performance, I could not bear the slightest interruption; and why, on the contrary, all other operas given before his time appeared cold and monotonous; and why, above all, in these operas, all the melodies appeared to resemble each other? 'That proceeds,' said he, 'from a single circumstance, which is, in fact, a very capital one. Before I set to work my first care is to strive to forget that I am a musician. I forget myself in order to see only my personages. The contrary defect unhappily poisons all the art, the end of which is the imitation of nature. The poet, from not knowing how or not wishing to forget himself, writes a series of words, which are not really without beauties, but which weaken the action because they are against common sense. The painter desires to improve nature, he becomes false; the actor endeavours to declaim, he becomes cold; the musician seeks to be brilliant, he produces satiety and disgust. The pieces which you believe to resemble each other are not similar; you would not so designate them if you were a musician; you would not only see in them great beauties, but often beauties which would render you indulgent in spite of yourself. This does not however detract from the force of your observation, for if they appear to resemble each other, it arises from want of effect.'

"A piece from *Iphigenie en Aulide* was one day sung at my house, '*Peuvent ils ordonner qu'un pere.*' I perceived that in the first verse '*Je n'obeirai, point á cet ordre inhumain,*' there was a long note on the *Je* the first time it was pronounced, and a short note when the same *Je* was repeated. I observed to M. Gluck that this prolonged note in the melody was disagreeable to me, and I was the more astonished at it, as employing it the first time and not the second made it appear that he himself did not attach much value to it.

"'Had that long note,' said he, 'which annoyed you so much at your own house, the same effect at the theatre?' I replied in the negative. 'Well,' he replied, 'you may be content with that answer, and as I am not always with you, I beg you to make it whenever a similar case occurs. When I have suc-

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ceeded at the theatre, I have gained the end I propose; it ought to concern me little, and in fact so it does, to be found agreeable either in the chamber or the concert. If you have been in the habit of observing that good concert-music has no effect in a theatre, it is according to the nature of things that good theatrical music will not often succeed in a concert. With respect to the long note upon *Je*, the first time that *Agamemnon* speaks, remember that this prince is placed between two strongly opposing powers—nature and religion; nature at last overcomes him; but before he pronounces this terrible word of disobedience to the gods he ought to hesitate; my long note constitutes the hesitation; but this word once pronounced, let him repeat it as often as he will—there is no longer room for hesitation; the long note would then only be a fault in prosody.'

"Another time I asked him why the air expressing the rage of *Achilles*, in the same opera of *Iphigenia*, caused in me a general shuddering, and put me as it were into the situation of the hero himself; whilst if I sung it myself, far from finding anything terrible or menacing in the air, I perceived on the contrary only a melodious and agreeable progression? 'You must,' said he, 'first allow that music is a very limited art, particularly in the department called melody. One seeks in vain, in the combination of notes which compose a melody, a character peculiar to certain passions; there exists no such character. The composer has the resource of harmony, but that is often insufficient. In the piece of which you speak, all my magic consists in the nature of the melody which precedes it, and in the choice of the instruments which accompany it. You had for some time heard nothing but the tender regrets of *Iphigenia* and the adieus of *Achilles;* the flutes and the lugubrious sound of the horns there make the greatest figure. It is not astonishing if the ear thus soothed, struck suddenly by the piercing sound of all the military instruments united, should experience an extraordinary sensation, a sensation which, in truth, it was my duty to produce, but which nevertheless draws its principal force from an effect purely physical.'

"It cannot be said that he had not prepared these great effects, and that he had not foreseen their success. It is well-known that in presenting the part of the Danish knight, in *Armida*, to Larrivee, he said to him, 'I expect of your complaisance that you will undertake this part, which, from its contracted extent, is beneath your powers; but there is one verse which I hope will alone repay you; this verse is *Notre general vous rappelle.*' Larrivee was not afterwards able to reproach M. Gluck with a breach of his word.

"He was one day playing on his piano the part in *Iphigenia en Tauride*, where *Orestes*, left to himself in prison, after having experienced his accustomed agitation, throws himself on a bench, saying, '*Le calme rentre dans mon cœur.*' Some one present thought they observed a contradiction in the bass, which prolonged the preceding agitation; they mentioned it to M. Gluck, adding, '*Orestes* is calm, he says so.' 'He lies,' exclaimed Gluck, 'he mistakes calm for the exhaustion of his organs, but the fury is always there (striking his breast), he has killed his mother.'

"I one day took my son, yet a child, to a performance of *Alceste*. I had instructed him on the foundation of the subject. He did not cease to cry, and alleged that he could not help it. I mentioned it to M. Gluck as an extraordinary effect. He replied, 'that does not astonish me—he does not restrain himself.'

"It has been seen that Gluck never abused the art he professed; he had studied it too deeply; he knew moreover that the ear is easily fatigued, and once weary, no effect must be calculated upon. For this reason he as often as was possible reduced all the subjects he undertook into the three acts. He desired that all the parts should be allied to each other, and should yet present such variety that the spectator might arrive at the end without perceiving his attention to be captivated. He consequently had a style peculiar to himself. He often told me (these are his own words) that he begun by making the tour of each act; then that of the whole piece, which he always composed in the middle of the pit; and that his work combined, and its parts characterised, he considered it as finished, although he had written nothing: but that this preparation generally cost him a year, and often a severe illness, and this, said he, is what many people call '*making songs.*'"

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SIGNOR DRAGONETTI AND THE COMMITTEE OF THE HULL FESTIVAL.

It would appear either that festival committees are bad managers, or that musical artists are among the most slippery and uncertain folks to deal with in the whole creation. Scarcely a festival transpires without some misunderstanding between the contracting parties, which, being fed by all manner of paper missives, waxes hotter and hotter, until, at last, it explodes in a general *row*. Precisely this has been the case between Sig. Dragonetti and the Hull committee; but on a question so clear that it might be supposed totally incapable of sustaining any grounds of disagreement. The whole of this long business when made short amounts to this:—Sir George Smart offered Signor Dragonetti fifty guineas for his attendance at Hull, being the sum accepted by him at the previous festival in that place. Signor Dragonetti again accepted the offer; but, hearing that the number of performances were to be seven instead of five, as heretofore, *left an advance of his terms to the generosity of the committee*. In this state matters remained until Signor Dragonetti thought fit to obliterate his engagement by making a demand of ten guineas extra. This the committee declined to accede to, and threw their case upon the public, whereupon Signor Dragonetti did the like, and thus commenced the usual paper conflict attendant on such proceedings.

No quibble can be raised about the validity of the engagement, since the following letter is quite satisfactory:—

"Signor Dragonetti's compliments to Sir George Smart, and he begs to *accept* the offer of *fifty guineas* for the intended musical festival at Hull in October next; for which terms he is also willing to play one duet or trio with Mr. Lindley, if requested to do so.

"He wishes to observe, however, that although the terms offered are the same as he received at the Hull festival in 1834, yet the *number* of performances he believes is *not* the same; and it appears to Signor Dragonetti that, if the performances be *increased*, the terms ought also to be increased in fair and just proportion. He, therefore, leaves it to the liberal consideration of the gents. of the committee, whether, after the festival is concluded, they ought not, in strict justice to make an *additional* allowance to him in proportion to the additional duty required of him beyond what was demanded of Signor Dragonetti at the former festival, for which the gents. of the committee paid him *fifty guineas*.

"July 9, 1840, 9, Panton-street, Haymarket."

This we take to be unequivocal testimony to Signor Dragonetti's acceptance of the engagement at fifty guineas, and since no supposable ingenuity can justify a futher demand *after* such an acceptance, we do not think any of the subsequent correspondence worth inserting in our pages. The whole affair is the simplest thing imaginable:—Signor Dragonetti agreed to play at the Hull festival for a certain sum, and then, very ill-advisedly, broke his promise so to do. *Why* he did so is a matter of no earthly moment.

REVIEW.

Anthems by Samuel Sebastian Wesley. (Continued from our last.)

The next movement of this first anthem is a short declamatory chorus for eight voices—"He will swallow up death in victory." The opening bars of this are strikingly grand and appropriate, but we doubt the *policy* of their employment in such a situation. Dr. Wesley's musical reading must have suggested to him that he was not writing down an idea strictly his own—(the passage we refer to is an harmonic succession frequently met with in church-music of the diatonic school)—but its marked similarity, as a commencing phrase, to the opening of "Sleepers wake," in Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, probably escaped his attention. No well-read musician, of course, regards the latter as anything more than an *adaptation* by Mendelssohn; still, the close inter-resemblance of the two pas-

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sages, evinces that parallelism of thought in the composers which, as it is open to misconception in some quarters, might have been advantageously avoided by Dr. Wesley. There can be but one opinion, however, as to the exquisite freshness and beauty of the passage which immediately follows, to the words "And the Lord will wipe away tears from off all faces." The unexpected termination of this sentence in F sharp major, is one of the most delicious traits of *expressive* writing we have ever seen. The whole of this movement—extremely beautiful throughout—is made up of contrasted phrases similar to those we have mentioned, and displays a leaning towards the peculiar constructive effect attained by Spohr in the eight-voice pieces of his oratorios, although the *materials* employed are entirely of the school of Bach. In the fifth bar of the twenty-second page, however, there is a case of false-relation between the alto and the bass, as disagreeable as it is unnecessary; and, as a blemish of a much graver character, we may remark that the attainment of the cadence at the end of the movement is, in our eyes, unsymmetrical;—the close on the chord of D in the seventh bar of the twenty-second page, does not *seem* to be in the tonic scale of the piece, but —following the preceeding strain in G—appears rather to belong to the dominant, which impression is strengthened by the modulation of the two subsequent bars (the eighth and ninth of the same page), from this point to the end of the movement, the space is too limited to allow, with comfort to the ear, of a progression through the *real* tonic to a close on the real dominant, and the effect of such a step is, consequently, that of an abrupt and unpleasant wandering from a natural course.

A quintett for two trebles, alto, tenor, and bass,—"For this mortal must put on immortality"—next presents itself. It is a smooth, elegant, and melodious piece of counterpoint, but nevertheless offers but little that we can especially refer to. The little sequence-like passage beginning at the words "We shall not all sleep," is, however, too beautiful to be passed over in silence. The eight following bars also, are strikingly expressive; the preparation for a return to the original key by a major 6-4 on C natural immediately after the common-chord of D major, is novel and startling in the extreme; and last, though by no means least in our estimation, the six bars of *coda* which bring the vocal part of the movement to its close, are eminently characteristic of the composer's fine taste in the matter of harmony.

The final chorus—"And in that day" is the most elaborate and masterly portion of the anthem. It is a fugue, in which three subjects are employed, written at first for eight voices and afterwards contracted to five. As we cannot discuss the many beautiful points of this grand movement within any reasonable space, we must content ourselves with giving a general sketch of its plan. The first subject, commencing on the fourth of the key and answered throughout closely canon-wise, is worked with great skill and knowledge of vocal effect during twenty-six bars, when the second subject makes its appearance, stealing in, as it were, during the climax of its precursor, and thus artfully and admirably avoiding the formality of a single-part announcement. The treatment of this second subject, which endures for forty-eight bars, may be regarded as the episode of the movement, since it wholly disappears on the entrance of the last theme. This episodical portion is, perhaps, more thickly studded with beauties than any of the remainder;—in almost every bar we encounter some bold and sparkling manœuvre with the subject of some grand harmonic combination. As a specimen of the concentration of these qualities we may adduce the eighteen bars terminating at the entry of the third subject; and we think it would be difficult to find a similar quantity of grander choral writing in the works of any living composer. The third subject appears with the words "We will be glad, we will rejoice in his salvation," and is accompanied by the re-entrance of the first theme to which it is boldly contrasted in form. This is treated with consummate ability during sixty-five bars, when the fugue gives way to a *coda* which opens with a superb and massive point at the third bar of the forty-first page. This point will immediately be recognised as bearing a strong affinity to the peculiar manner of Mendelssohn, although we know but few things in the writing of the latter which possess, at once, grandeur and simplicity in the same degree.

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After a repetition of this point, a noble train of harmonies, and a finely protracted cadence bring the composition to its close.

Sincerely regretting that the extent and nature of a review allow us but slender means of rendering critical justice to so truly artistical a work, we can but recommend it most heartily to all lovers of genuine music, and add to that recommendation the avowal of our opinion that, if ever again in England the labours of a composer shall be deemed worthy of more than ephemeral renown, Dr. Wesley may safely rest his claim to such a distinction on the work now before us.

We shall proceed to notice the remaining contents of the volume in our next number.

Nos. 165 *and* 167 *of Wessel and Cos. Series of German Songs,* "*Gently close thine eyes,*" "*'Tis a mill that's yonder peeping,*" *composed by F. Schubert.*

These are two charming specimens of Schubert's song-making genius. Though both are exquisite, we prefer the second, which is brim-full and running over with sweet little morsels of affectionate nature. They also possess a recommendation for amateurs, not often found in the writings of their composer—capability of great effect at a trifling sacrifice of trouble to the performer.

Classical Practice for Pianoforte Students, edited by William Sterndale Bennett. No. IV.

The fourth number of this work contains a sonata, by G. F. Pint, a young English composer, whose early death—judging from his extant works—deprived musical art of one of its most successful votaries. We cannot too warmly applaud Mr. Bennett's efforts to provide an antidote for the rubbish which is unfortunately so generally found on the desks of young pianoforte-players.

Fair Daphne: Ballad, for which a premium was given by the Melodists' Club, 1840, *composed by John Parry, jun.*

Though there be nothing eminently striking about this ballad, it will, undoubtedly prove generally pleasing, especially with the tasteful singing of its composer. It has both tune to please the ear of the listener, and extreme practicability to assuage the nervousuess of the amateur performer. The accompaniments, however, would by no means suffer by a revision at the hands of some one skilled in the mysteries of harmony.

The Young May Queen; ballad, composed by H. Burnet.

If we may judge from past experience, this song promises to win some music-shop popularity, since it possesses those qualities which appear indispensable to the fashionable style of music to which it belongs. It has a lively and *catching* tune, and is so easy that those masters who undertake to teach the whole art and mystery of singing and accompaniment in six lessons will find no trouble in training their pupils to its just performance on the very first attempt.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

PROVINCIAL.

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Hull Festival.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—This human hive of wharfs, docks, canals, and such like components, is fast subsiding into its regular orderly confusion—the industrious natives are at work in their cells, and the humming bees have mostly started to warble over other flower-beds, and extract their sweet reward; in short, the bustle of the festival is over—everybody has been delighted, and the only drawback is, that so little honey should be left in the comb for the noble charities for whose benefit this harmonic gathering has been hopefully, though unsuccessfully, brought about. I regret to find, upon inquiry at the stewards' office, that a large sum will be required from their funds to cover the expenses of this very spirited and well-worked undertaking; a circumstance the more to be deplored, since the failure of this experiment will, in all probability, damp the ardour of the lovers of music in this vicinity, and stifle the very sanguine anticipations of an established periodical festival in Hull. This failure has resulted from two potent causes—the rancour of political party spirit, and the overpowering influence of dissenting religious

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tenets—however monstrous it may appear, it is certain that hundreds have been kept away from the sublime sacred performances, purely upon rigid doctrinal scruples, and hundreds more have absented themselves from an assemblage in which religion and charity were to be diademed with the most precious jewels of high art, lest it should be thought that they gave the slightest countenance to, or evinced the smallest mingling of disposition with, their political adversaries. This is a sad state of things to record, and is still more grievous in consideration of the performance throughout, which has in no way fallen short of its more ostentatious rivals, and in one respect at least, the choral department exceeded in purity of tone, precision, and musical feeling, any efforts of multifold singing which it has ever fallen to my lot to audit, with the exception, perhaps, of the celebrated German chorus in London. A ridiculous paragraph has gone the round of the newspapers, reproaching the stewards with having offered invidiously low terms to the London choristers; but the fact is, that this admirable choir has been almost exclusively supplied by the Choral Society of Hull, and similar establishments in its vicinity, whose services have been most amply rewarded by the said "invidious terms," and whose frequent congregated rehearsals of the sublime works entrusted to them, have led to a style and perfection which their desultory metropolitan brethren have never yet achieved.

I now proceed to give you some account of the various performances, the whole of which have derived a very great share of their success from the well-known industry, unremitting attention, tact, and talent, of Sir George Smart, the conductor, and the skill and mastery of his able coadjutors, Messrs. F. Cramer and Loder, the leaders on this occasion. The programme of the first morning's performance was as follows:—

PART I.

Chorus—'We praise thee, O God;' Solo—(Miss M. B. Hawes)—Dettingen Te Deum.. ..... Handel.
Recit. and Air—(Mr. Pearsall)—'Lord, what is man?' (Redemption).. .. Handel.
Recit. and Air—(Miss M. B. Hawes)—'Return, O God of Hosts (Samson) Handel.
Duet—(Messrs. H. Phillips and Machin)—'The Lord is a Man of War (Israel in Egypt)..... Handel.
Air—(Miss Birch)—'Let the bright Seraphim;' Trumpet obligato, Mr. Harper (Samson) ..... Handel.
Motet—(solos by Misses Hobbs and Masson, Messrs. Bennett and Machin) 'O God, when thou appearest'..... Mozart.
Air—(Miss Masson)—'Bow down thine ear'..... Handel.
Quartet—(Mme. Dorus Gras, Miss M. B. Hawes, Messrs. Bennett and Machin)—'Benedictus;' Chorus—'Hosanna in excelsis' (Requiem).... Mozart.
Recit.—(Miss Birch)—'But bright Cecilia' solo, 'As from the power,' chorus, 'The dead shall live' (Dryden's Ode)..... Handel.

PART II.

A SELECTION FROM THE FIRST AND SECOND PARTS OF HAYDN'S SACRED ORATORIO, THE CREATION.

Introduction (Descriptive of Chaos).—Recit.—(Mr. Machin)—'In the beginning.' Chorus—'And the spirit of God.' Recit.—(Mr. Pearsall)—'And God saw the Light.' Air—'Now vanish.' Chorus—'Despairing.' Recit., accompanied—(Mr. Machin)—'And God made the firmament.' Air—(Miss S. Hobbs)—'The marvellous work.' Chorus—'Again the ethereal vaults.' Recit.—(Mme. Dorus Gras)—'And God said;' air, 'With verdure clad.' Recit., accompanied—(Mr. Bennett)—'In splendour bright.' Chorus—'The Heavens are telling.' Trio—(Miss S. Hobbs, Messrs. Bennett and Phillips). Recit.—(Miss Birch)—'And God said;' and air, 'On mighty pens.' Recit.—(Mr. Machin)—'And the Angels.' Trio—(Miss Birch, Messrs. Pearsall and Machin)—'Most beautiful appear.' Chorus—'The Lord is great.' Recit. (Mr. H. Phillips)—'And God said;' air, 'Now heaven in fullest glory shone.' Recit. (Mr. Bennett)—'And God created man;' air, 'In native worth.' Recit.—(Mr. Pearsall)—'And God saw everything.' Chorus—'Achieved is the glorious work.'

PART III.

Introduction (Instrumental).
Recit.—(Mr. Bennett)—'Jehovah! heavenly Father;' and air, 'His soul is torn by the torments.'
Recit.—(Mme. Dorus Gras)—'Unworthy mortals;' air 'Praise the Redeemer's mercy.'
Chorus—'O hail! ye sons of Mortals.'
Recit.—(Mr. Bennett)—'Say, blessed Angel;' duet—(Miss Birch and Mr. Bennett)—'O gracious Heav'n.'
Recit.—(Miss S. Hobbs)—'O cruel death;' march and chorus—'He came towards this mountain.'
Recit.—(Mr. Bennett)—'They who to take him;' chorus—'Here, seize him.'
Recit.—(Mr. Bennett)—'O let the sword inactive still remain.'
Trio—(Miss Birch, Messrs. Pearsall and H. Phillips)—'My soul with rage;' chorus—'Fly! away! to judgment.'
Recit.—(Mr. Bennet)—Now the work of man's redemption is complete.'
Grand chorus—'Hallelujah! to the Father.'

Mr. Pearsall was in fine voice, and Miss M. B. Hawes gave "Return, Oh God of Hosts," with purity of intonation and pious fervour rarely to be equalled. Mozart's *Motet* was ad-

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mirably performed, particularly by the chorus; and Miss Masson delivered "Bow down thine ear" very chastely and perfectly. There was a sublime effect produced by the trumpets and trombones in the *Benedictus*, and they led off the *Hosannah* with a spirit and energy quite surprising; this pearl from the *Requiem* was the gem of the first part, and gave high promise of what was to follow. The selection from the *Creation* was well chosen, commencing with that unequalled *Introduction* in which the immortal composer has settled, as it were, the chaos of thought into a comprehensive and indestructible world of mind. Dorus Gras sang the beautiful air assigned to her with a purity, sweetness, and refinement, never surpassed; and when it is recollected that her perfect enunciation of the poetry must have been the result of great study and practice, too much praise cannot be awarded to her sensible and artistical perseverance. Miss Birch was admirably supported by the orchestra in her song, "On mighty pens," particularly by Card's flute obligato. Phillips gave "And God said let the earth bring forth" in his usual masterly style; and Bennett's singing of "In native worth" was no less a model of pure and eloquent vocalization. The *Mount of Olives* was, perhaps, never better performed in this or any country. Bennett sang "Jehovah" in a manner that left nothing to regret but the want of a little more power; and Dorus Gras surpassed even her own high reputation, in the unmitigated excellence of her execution of "Praise the Redeemer's mercy;" but the climax of the whole, and certainly the finest thing in the day's performance was the wonderful *Hallelujah*, which forms the finale; here the chorus, who had distinguished themselves throughout the day for correctness and precision, came forth with a volume of power, and musical feeling perfectly surprising; and blending with the masterly instrumentation of Beethoven, most energetically and skilfully developed by the whole orchestra, sent the auditors home with more of heaven than earth in their hearts, and with grateful feeling in their memories, that years and worldly cares shall not easily wear away.

The attendance this morning was tolerable for a first performance; but I regret to say, the evening concert at the Music Hall drew so very limited an auditory as to damp, if not cripple, the exertions of all interested, though the bill of fare was by no means a poor one.

PART I.

Sinfonia (no. 8)	Haydn.
Glee—(Misses Birch and M. B. Hawes, Messrs. Bennet and H. Phillips) —'Ye spotted snakes'	Stevens.
National Song—(Mr. Machin)—'The Red Cross Banner'	Nelson.
Aria, con variazione—(Mme. Albertazzi)—'Non più mesta' (La Cenerentola)	Rossini.
Duet Concertante, Violin, Mr. Loder, and Violoncello, Mr. Lindley	Lindley.
Aria—(Signor Coletti)—'Sorgete, in sì bel giorno' (Maometto)	Rossini.
Air—(Mme. Dorus Gras)—'Va dit elle' (Robert le Diable)	Meyerbeer.
Cantata—(Mr. Bennett)—'Adelaida,' accompanied on the pianoforte by Sir G. Smart	Beethoven.
Quintetto—(Mme. Dorus Gras, Misses Masson and M. Hawes, Messrs. Bennett and H. Phillips)—'Hm! hm! Perchè mentì' (Il Flauto Magico)	Mozart.

PART II.

Overture to Anacreon	Cherubini.
Cantata—(Miss Birch)—'Mad Bess'	Purcell.
Air—(Mr. H. Phillips)—'The Soul's errand'	W. H. Callcott.
Duetto—(Mme. Dorus Gras and Mme. Albertazzi)—'Sull' Aria' (Figaro)	Mozart.
Quintetto—Pianoforte, Mr. G. Skelton; Oboe, Mr. G. Cooke; Clarinet, Mr. Willman; Fagotto, Mr. Baumann; and Corno, Mr. Platt	Mozart.
Trio—(Misses Birch, Masson, and M. B. Hawes)—'Night's lingering shades' (Azor and Zemira)	Spohr.
Air—(Mme. Dorus Gras)—'O tourment de Veuvage' (Le Cheval de Bronze)	Auber.
Recit. e Duetto—(Mme. Albertazzi and Signor Coletti)—Colei Sofronia' (Torquato Tasso)	Donizetti.
Overture—Die Zauberflote	Mozart.

Haydn's beautiful Symphony, Cherubini's brilliant Overture, and the divine *Zauberflote*, were vigorously and impulsively executed; and the pianoforte quintett, and the duet by Loder and Lindley, were no less excellent in their way. Albertazzi's "Non piu mesta," was everything that perfect intonation, brilliant execution, and a sweet voice could make it. Mme. Dorus Gras gave the two songs from *Robert le Diable*, and *Le Cheval de Bronze* with her usual sparkling perfection; there is no singer of the present day who attempts such vocal difficulties, and conquers them so easily. Bennett sang "Adelaida" charmingly: and Mr. Phillips was encored in the "Soul's errand," which he sang with an expression and earnestness to which the compliment was paid, rather than to any vast merit either of the music or poetry.

The programme for Wednesday was, Part I, Dr. Crotch's *Palestine*:—

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PART II.

A Selection from the Te Deum, composed by J. G. Schicht (first time of performance in this country).
Chorus—'Te Deum laudamus.' Trio—(Miss S. Hobbs, Messrs. Pearsall and Machin)—'Tu ad liberandum,' and chorus. Air—(Miss Birch)—Salvum fac populum tuum;' Clarinet obligato, Mr. Willman. Chorus—'In te Domini speravi.'
Duetto—(Mme. Dorus Gras and Miss Masson)—'Qual anelante'.... Marcello
Air—(Mr. Phillips)—'The last man'.... .... W. H. Callcott.
Air—(Miss M. B Hawes)—'O sacred Oracles of Truth' (Belshazzar) Handel.
Chorus—'Quod, quod in orbe revinctum est'.... Hummel.
Recit. and air—(Mme. Dorus Gras)—'Champs paternal' (Joseph).... Mehul.
Chorus—'The Lord shall reign.' Recit.—(Mr. Bennet)—'For the host of Pharoah,' Solo—(Miss Birch)—'Sing ye to the Lord.' Grand Double Chorus—'The Horse and his Rider (Israel in Egypt).... Handel.

The *Palestine* has been so frequently dissected and criticised, that it were supererogation to say more than, that it was faultlessly performed on this occasion. With all my admiration of its erudite author, and all my veneration for it as a native production, I must, however, say, that there is a tedium about the work which has generally been felt and acknowledged whenever I have heard it, notwithstanding its fine poetry by Bishop Heber, and the magnificent chorus, "Let Sinai tell," indisputably the master-piece of the whole. Such was the effect this morning, over an auditory even more scarce than that of Tuesday—in fact the continuous performance of two hours and a half is evidently too much even of a good thing for the first course of a morning's entertainment.

The "Te Deum" of Schicht is the dry work of a clever man, beautifully instrumented, full of learning, but wanting in the requisites for a popular auditory; why such works as this should be imported to the exclusion of native talent, of equal, if not superior merit, I leave to the stewards and caterers on this occasion, as on many preceding ones, to answer, if they can. The principal vocalists fully sustained their high reputation; and Hummel's grand chorus, "Quod, quod in orbe," not altogether unknown in this country, gave the choristers and band another opportunity of evincing their high musical perfection. The scene from *Israel in Egypt*, "The Lord shall reign," concluded the morning's performance with an *eclat* and entire satisfaction rivalling that of the preceding day.

The evening's performance in the Music-hall presented a rich bill of fare.

PART I.

Grand Sinfonia in E flat.... .... Mozart.
Quintetto—(Misses Birch and M. B. Hawes, Messrs. Bennett, Pearsall, and Machin)—'Blow gentle gales' (the Slave).... Bishop.
Scena—(Mr. Pearsall)—'O 'tis a glorious sight' (Oberon).... C. M. von Weber.
Air, with variations—(Miss Birch)—'Cease your funning'.... ———
Concerto, Violoncello, Mr. Lindley.... Lindley.
Aria—(Mme. Dorus Gras)—'Parto! ma tu ben mio;' Clarinet obligato, Mr. Wilman (La Clemenza di Tito).... Mozart.
Air—(MS.)—Mr. H. Phillips (Helena).... ———
Duetto—(Mme. Albertazzi and Signor Coletti)—'La ci darem la mano' (Il Don Giovanni).... .... Mozart.
Finale to the first act of 'Il Tancredi'—(Mme. Dorus Gras, Misses Masson and Birch, Messrs. Bennett, Pearsall, and Signor Coletti) and Chorus—'Ciel! che feci'.... Rossini.

PART II.

Overture—Die Waldnymphe.... .... W. S Bennett.
Air—(Mr. Bennett)—'In the hour of life's gladness'.... J. Bennett.
Aria—(Mme. Albertazzi)—'Tanti affetti' (La Donna del Lago).... Rossini.
Aria—(Signor Coletti)—'Ah che forse (composed expressly for him).. Chevalier F. Schira.
Concerto, Bassoon, Mr. Baumann.... Baumann.
Ballad—(Miss M. B. Hawes)—'I'll speak of thee'.... M. B. Hawes.
Air—(Mr. Machin)—'When time hath bereft thee' (Gustavus).... Auber.
Duetto—(Mme. Dorus Gras and Mr. H. Phillips)—'Dunque io son' (Il Barbiere di Seviglia).... Rossini.
Madrigal—'Down in a flow'ry vale'.... Fesca, A.D., 1511.

The divine Symphony, and Sterndale Bennett's Overture, were played with enthusiasm at the rehearsal of this last piece on Monday. Sir George Smart took occasion to remark, that it was rarely a native work found a place in the programmes of similar musical gatherings, and expressed a hope that his friends would not relax on this occasion; the result proved that he had kindled a kindred spirit through the orchestra, and this fine overture was never better played. Lindley's concerto lacked none of the veteran's well-known qualities; the music was as poor, and the execution, as the world has heard from him during the last forty years. Baumann's bassoon-playing has the rare merit of familiarizing an unfriendly instrument, and polishing down its tones to "the lascivious pleasings of a lute." "Cease your funning," by Miss Birch, was correct and brilliant as though given by an instrument; alas! it was equally inanimate. Dorus Gras sang "Parto" exquisitely, and the clarinet obligato of Willman was not a whit inferior. Phillips's

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"Helena" is a pretty chamber song, but too insipid for a concert-room The "La ci darem" lacks spirit and vivacity; there is a native air of the stage about this lovely *morceau* that seems not understandable away from its natural purlieu. Albertazzi's song had the freshness, and clearness, and purity of a morning dewdrop, and the "Dunque io son," of Dorus Gras and Phillips was, as might have been anticipated, a *chef d'œuvre* in every respect. The concert was wound up by a charming madrigal, beautifully sung, and relished with a gusto not unworthy of the "golden days that gave birth to it." The room was but thinly attended.

Thursday offered a treat of the very highest order. Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, Spohr's *Calvary*, and Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*; but still the spirit of politics and heterodoxy was in the ascendant, and the assembly totally unworthy of the feast.

Every time I hear the great work of Mendelssohn, I am the more deeply impressed with its sublime and spirit-stirring effects, and never has it been performed with greater care and skill, or received with more visible emotion than on the present occasion. Phillips's "O! God have mercy," was the very eloquence of song, and the choruses throughout seemed to be the effort of simultaneous inspiration. A selection from *Calvary* ensued; the first noticeable piece being a charming song by Miss Birch, which was encored: the subject, a larghetto in 6-8, repeated by the chorus, and accompanied by a florid variation of the principal voice finely imagined and cleverly executed. Phillips was exceedingly impressive in the song of "Tears of sorrow;" the trio, "Jesus, heavenly Master," was exquisitely sung, as was the quartett leading to the final chorus, in which all the masterly intricacies of Spohr's great genius are admirably developed, and were no less admirably supported by the performers. The selection from *Judas Maccabæus* terminated this intellectual banquet; and it is but just to accord to all parties concerned—to the selectors, the singers, the chorus, and the band—the high encomium of having produced a measure of beauty, sublimity, and devotional inspiration unrivalled by any one performance on record; it was alike a worthy tribute to the Deity and a test of the powers of man.

The evening concert was somewhat better attended than those preceding; it is needless to add, the skill and vigour of the band were unabated—the symphony and overtures excellently played—and the duet by Lindley and Howell received with loud bravos, though I thought the latter, who had supplied Dragonetti's place during the festival, seemed somewhat to lack nerve for the present encounter; his tone was weak, and his execution tremulous—the various songs and duets assigned to Dorus Gras, Albertazzi, and Coletti, were executed with their usual force and finish. Miss Hawes, Bennett, and Phillips, fully sustained the deservedly great reputations they have secured at this festival. The evening's performance terminated with the National Anthem by the whole of the corps.

The sacred performance of Friday morning was the *Messiah*, which was magnet sufficient to draw the dissenters from their tabernacles, and the attendance was, in consequence, by far the most numerous of any during the week. This great work was adequately performed in all its departments; some portions struck me as having been given and received with unusual fervour; such were Miss Masson's "He was despised," which was most deservedly encored. Several of the sublime choruses were given in a glorious style, and the surpassing grandeur of the finale was heightened by the admission of many hundreds of the populace, who had congregated around the edifice, and whose wonder and delight gave a picturesque finish to the solemn and sublime finale of this most noble oratorio.

The festival terminated with a Fancy Dress Ball, at which about three hundred persons were present, and dancing was kept up till a late hour.

The week has been productive of several curious incidents; besides the *contretemps* with Dragonetti, there has been a misunderstanding with Miss Hawes, who, not having been included in the list of vocalists, as had been originally intended, liberally gave her assistance at the meeting, and has throughout been most cordially received. I learn the committee has forwarded twenty-five pounds to Miss Hawes, in liquidation of her expenses, and that she has very handsomely sent the cheque as a donation to the hospital. But the most curious circumstance was the capture of Signor Puzzi, by a writ of execution, on Thursday, just as he was about to accompany Mme. Albertazzi in one of her favourite songs; it seems that the celebrated horn-player was mistaken for Signor Albertazzi, at present in Paris, and safe from such vulgar annoyances; and it was not until considerable pains had been taken to disprove the identity, that the *corno obligato* was permitted to resume his accompaniment of the *bella cantatrice*, and sigh through the mellow horn the tribulations of his pensive soul.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Drury Lane Theatre.—This theatre opened on Monday evening with the *Concerts d'Hiver* of Mr. Eliason. The promenade has been entirely re-decorated. The whole is hung with costly velvet, of a dark colour, relieved by white satin, and being enriched with porcelain vases, statues, groups of flowers, elegant clocks, and other articles of expense and luxury, looks like a succession of splendid drawing-rooms more than anything else. The orchestra, containing more than ninety performers, occupies its former position. M. Musard is the conductor, and from a band, in some respects, better than that of last season, he draws some first-rate specimens of performance. The list of solo players is extensive, and contains, among others, the names of Collinet, Barret, Kœnig, and Willent-Bordogni—the latter, being hitherto unknown in this country, may be noticed as a bassoon-player of the highest rank of excellence. The theatre has been crowded every night since its opening, and Mr. Eliason's speculation promises to be completely successful. We shall take an early opportunity of noticing the performances at length.

Covent-Garden Theatre.—Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of *The Spanish Curate* was, on Tuesday night, revived at this theatre, with new scenery and appointments, and such text alterations as seemed requisite to the adapter to suit the modern stage. We cannot say that we think the reproduction successful, or that the comedy has been altered with judgment or effect. In fact, it would not bear the ordeal it has been subjected to. It would have been objectionable in its original form, and the incident of intrigue, which is so essential to the point and humour of the ancient play, would not be tolerated upon the boards now; but, in order to retain the character, the new versionist sacrifices the authors' spirit. The result is, that the gist of the satire is lost, the sarcasm upon humanity deadened, and an inconsistency created which becomes, to the attentive listener, unnatural and absurd; for the adapter, in making a wife a ward, has not chosen to pursue his license to the extent of altering the language of the original authors, so that the speeches of *Bartolus* are still those of a suspicious husband and not of a jealous guardian-lover. This palpable discrepancy between speech and circumstance spoils Beaumont and Fletcher, and alters the whole tendency of the comedy. Another result is the omitting one of the best scenes—that in which the lawyer invites his guests to a breakfast and serves them with executions instead of "fare." The last act is so much changed as to be just recognisable, and the catastrophe is suited in its getting-up to the necessities of the new revival. We cannot thus be said to have the genuine comedy, and what we get is not of itself an attractive substitute. The acting was, like the subject, to a certain extent trammelled by the alterations. Farren and Keeley, as the *Spanish Curate* and the *Sexton*, were, however, admirable; and the will scene, wherein they hoax the old lawyer, could not have been better, so far as the oily by-play of the one and the broad humour of the other could give it effective illustration. Bartley, we thought, overacted the lawyer, and made it too hearty a performance. The *Leandro* of Charles Mathews was well given, with only a little too much smartness in the offset. Mrs. West, as *Jacintha*, was, *au contraire*, too slow at first and afterwards ranted slightly. Vestris, as the ward, was lively, spirited, and graceful, and sang an introduced song charmingly; but in her acting, as in her incidents, she was naturally enough the *wife* of the original comedy, and not the *ward* of the revival. Miss Cooper, as *Ascanio*, gave her speeches with pleasing modulation and expression, while Mrs. Brougham looked far too quietly handsome for the *Lady Macbeth* sort of alternative which she was destined to propound. All the appointments of the comedy were good, and as it grew to its termination a fair measure of applause ran from act to act, and the audience seemed perfectly satisfied. On the whole, we may consider it as affording a good deal of amusement by the retention of many of the original points, situations, and incidents, but as being by alterations deprived of the *ensemble* and consistency which are indispensable to the interest of a genuine play.

Paris.—Mdlle. Mars resumed her place at the Francais on the 7th inst., in *Célimene* in the *Misantrope* of Molière. The announcement of the retirement of this still admirable actress in April next gave a more than usual warmth to her

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reception. Menjaud appeared on the same evening as *Alceste*. It is said that Firmin is about to quit this theatre in consequence of a dispute with the committee of management. It has been finally arranged that M. A. Jolly is again to open the Renaissance, with the aid of Frederick Lemaitre as stage-manager and actor. The operatic portion of the privilege formerly enjoyed by this theatre is, however, withdrawn, and the performances will consequently be confined to drama and vandeville. The Porte St. Martin, in consequence of the retirement of M. Jolly, has been assigned to Messrs. Coignard, who will open it in the course of three weeks. A crowded and brilliant audience assembled at the Italian Opera on the 8th inst., to do homage to La Grisi on her first appearance for the season. She sang and acted with all her magnificent powers, and was applauded with transport in her "Casta Diva," and in the celebrated duo in the second act. Lablache also made his re-appearance this evening, and gave the too little he had to do with his wonted dignity and excellence. The directors of the Académie Royale, in conjunction with M. Berlioz, are preparing a grand musical solemnity for the 1st of November. Festivals have not yet been held in Paris, and the one now is to consist of 450 performers, who will execute compositions the effect of which is not complete without large masses. Amongst other things the first act of the *Iphigénie au Tauride* of Gluck is mentioned, as also the second part of the *Athalie* of Handel (never executed in France), a madrigal of Palestrina, the *Tuba* and *Lacrymosa* of the *Requiem* of Berlioz, and the triple chorus of the symphony of *Romeo and Juliet*, by the same author. The Académie will be expressly fitted up for the orchestra and choruses on this occasion. Duprez is to appear for the first time in *Robert le Diable*, at a benefit for the Dramatic Association.

Balfe is in treaty for the English Opera-house, which, in consequence of the indifferent success of the Promenade Concerts, Mr. Arnold is desirous to let. The object of Balfe, who has forsworn theatrical singing, is to bring out his wife in a new opera of his own. This lady made a highly successful *debut* at this theatre, in the *Sonnambula* last year, and has been since acquiring proficiency in English pronounciation, and considerable reputation, by her performances through the provinces, where, with her husband and Mr. Frazer, she has been "doing" the popular operas down to the level of whatever slender support the different country theatres afforded them. It is greatly to be deplored that after a musical famine of eighteen months, when at length a bold and talented speculator has essayed to bring some relief to the starving and neglected condition of English dramatic music, that champion in the cause of national art should not meet with the co-operation and support of all his brother artists; we cannot but feel that it would be much more becoming in Mr. Balfe to give all his energies to the furtherance of John Barnett's most commendable efforts at the Prince's Theatre, than to attempt to divide the attention of the public by starting another operatic establishment, and that, too, more calculated for his own aggrandizement than for the good of the art or its professors.

The Princess's Theatre, in Oxford-street, it is reported, will be opened with operatic performances at Christmas, but the present great success of the quadrille band seems to render such a thing improbable. It has been continually urged that this country does not possess vocal talent to do justice to a single opera, and now it appears this insufficiency is to be divided into, certainly two, perhaps three companies.

Mr. Ferrari, the son of the veteran composer and *formatore di voci*, who some time since appeared at the concerts of the Royal Academy, has just returned to this country, after a two years' sojourn at Florence, where he has been cultivating a fine bass voice with great advantage. He has appeared on the Italian stage with very considerable success, and is likely to prove an acquisition to the musical talent of England.

Mr. Braham has departed with his family for America. It is a bold speculation even for this great singer to experimentalize upon the taste of a new public, preceded as he is by the greatest European reputation, and accompanied by the necessary disparagements of his sixty years' public exertions; yet while the Americans, with him, cannot find more than a ghost of the talents he is celebrated for, the English cannot find, without him, even that spiritual reminiscence of the best tenor of his time.

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Mr. Walter Arnold is applying for an extension of the English Opera license, in order that it may be opened with operas during the winter, and it appears he is very likely to obtain it.

Mr. Wilson has accepted engagements at Dublin, and other provincial towns, for four months to come, and will not therefore appear in London till the end of that time.

Rossini is at length roused from his slumbers, and is at present occupied in a religious composition—a solemn march—which is to be played at the funeral procession of Napoleon's remains.

Lidel, the violoncellist, and Giulio Regondi are making a musical tour in Germany, where they have met with the greatest successs. They lately gave a concert at Carlsruhe, where the broad style and magnificent tone of Lidel, together with the exquisite taste and finished execution of Regondi, excited the enthusiasm of their auditors. They were both repeatedly called for by the audience in the course of the evening after their respective performances. They are now at Frankfort, whence they intend to proceed to Vienna.

The Theatre Royal, Liverpool, is advertised to be let. Mr. Lewis, so many years the lessee, having retired upon his ample profits, now offers his stock of scenery and appointments for sale at 1600*l.*, or for a yearly hire of 300*l.* for seven years.

List of New Publications.

PIANOFORTE.

Lindpaintner.—Overture to 'Joko,' solo and duet - - - - - - - *Wessel.*
Spohr.—Overture to 'Jessonda' - - *Ditto.*
Kalliwoda.—Invitation to danse; solo and duet - - - - - - - - *Ditto.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Saynor, S. T.—Fantasia and variations on an air from 'Norma' - - *T. Prowse.*
Kummer.—Operatic Gems, no 11, La Romanesca; air de danse for violoncello and piano - - - - - *Wessel.*
—— ditto, no. 10, airs from 'Figaro' and 'Capuletti e Montecchi' - *Ditto.*
—— ditto, no. 9, airs from 'Fidelio' and 'Lucretia Borgia' - - - *Ditto.*

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THE

MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,

AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν."
PLAT. Phædo. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

OCT. 22, 1840. No. CCXLIX.—New Series, No. CXLVII. PRICE 3*d.* STAMPED, 4*d.*

That "it never rains but it pours," is about as true as most old saws, and capable of as extensive application. But a few weeks since, the cause of English opera seemed, for the present season at least, well nigh hopeless; not a theatre was positively and publicly known to be engaged for the use of our native composers, nor seemed there a single breath of effort blowing over the sluggish surface of inactivity which entombed their hopes and wishes. The aspect of matters is changed however: it has already began to "rain" operas in prospect, and if the "pouring," which proverbially is to follow, do not (as we fear it may) strain fertilization to destruction, the result will probably administer a well merited poke in the ribs of those shallow-minded persons who insinuate that the establishment of a National Opera is of no moment to English art on the ground that it will "only benefit one class of artists!" The opening of one operatic theatre in London is now certain, that of another almost equally sure, and the establishment of a third in the highest degree probable; it is therefore a matter of the utmost importance to the well-wishers of the English musical drama to consider the probable combined operation of the three on the cause which they undertake to support. When three speculators have for several months been quietly employed in casting about them to secure as much operatic talent as happened to be in the market—each thoroughly resolved to seize the best for himself, and each thoroughly aware of the two-to-one kind of rivalry he had to expect from the others, it does not require absolute witchcraft to foresee that some one of the trio must come miserably off in the matter of efficiency, or that all must suffer even by an equal partition of the spoil. Let us take the facts of the case as far as they are ascertainable. Miss Rainforth, in some respects the most *finished* soprano we have, and Mr. Harrison, a very fair tenor as times go, are engaged at Covent-garden; and Mr. Wilson, perhaps the

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most experienced dramatic tenor in this country, is tied to provincial engagements which will defer his appearance in the metropolis for at least five months to come;—neither of these vocalists, therefore, can be made available for any present operatic purpose in London. Mr. Barnett comes next, taking a large slice out of our stores of vocal resource. For the size of his theatre, and under the circumstances of rival speculation, his arrangements must be pronounced very complete. His principal vocalists at present engaged are, we believe, Misses Delcy, Collett, and A. Cooper—Miss Romer declining an engagement unless an opera by Mr. F. Romer were the first production of the season;—and Messrs. Frazer, Barker, Morley, and H. Phillips;—the chorus will number thirty-five, and the band, forty performers. Even thus far, a little episode in Mr. Barnett's yet budding managerial experience will aptly illustrate the text on which we now write. With that truly artistical liberality which characterizes him, Mr. Barnett, determined on breaking what little ice of formality might perchance exist between him and his brother composers, applied to several with a request to be furnished with any works they designed for performance, and, among others, to Mr. Balfe, adding, in his case, the offer of an engagement. Both propositions were, however, declined; Mr. Balfe alleging that he had decided on retirement from theatrical singing, and that his powers of writing would in future be devoted to bringing the vocal talent of Mme. Balfe under public notice. While all must regret the former part of Mr. Balfe's decision—he being unquestionably the most perfect singer, of his own department, in this country—none can controvert his right to please himself on both points; he has, assuredly, a *right* to do all this, and moreover to start a rival theatre for the performance of his own works; still, while we cannot question the *right*, we more than doubt the wisdom or good-feeling of such a course. It appears that Mr. Balfe not only will not support the noble effort of his brother-artist, but is resolved to oppose him in another theatre, and the result we calculate on as certain;—by the necessary engagements for his own, he abstracts something, perhaps considerable, from the strength of Mr. Barnett's company, and yet—bearing in mind the known scarcity of vocal talent—leaves himself in a considerably worse situation than his rival. Were we utterly ignorant of the *personnel* of Mr. Barnett's establishment, we might safely predict that that of Mr. Balfe *could not*, in the nature of things, be superior; but knowing the strength of the former, we must feel sure that the latter *can* only be considerably worse. What is intended as the scheme of operations at the Princess's Theatre, or, even, who is the projector, is a very difficult matter to ascertain. One or two singers occasionally drop significant hints about engagements offered to them for a season at this theatre, but as to the identity of the offering parties, or any circumstances connected with the business, they maintain a mysterious silence. The great unknown thus about to offer himself on the altar of chance, may be the Emperor of Morocco, or Prester-John, or "the great Panjandorum himself," for aught we know; but whoever he be we most seriously counsel him to look well about him before he open a theatre with third-rate operas and a bad company. One thing is certain;—Mr. Barnett has secured the best company (with the exception of a few singers unavoidably otherwise engaged) that at present could be formed, and he has also enlisted that which is of quite as great consequence—the hearty co-operation of all real artists; Mr. Balfe stands next with inferior resources and a minimum of sympathy in his favour; and to the inscru-

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table wight of the Princess's Theatre is left the refuse of both—a stock-in-trade on which, if he be wise, he will decline commencing business.

The Duke of Wellington has said that England "cannot afford to have a *little* war;"—how far this is true we will not pretend to judge, but we do unhesitatingly affirm that London cannot afford to have three little operas. If the matter be properly set about, the metropolis *can* undoubtedly support one large operatic theatre, but we feel quite certain that it *will* not support three small ones. *That* one of the three which produces the best music in the best manner, and is most aristocratically patronized, will have the weight of public support, and the others will go to the wall. The first case, we rejoice to anticipate, will be Mr. Barnett's. As the first, most liberal, and most disinterested of the speculators, he deserves success, and *must* win it, if reason, justice, and taste, be yet in the possession of the public mind. As for the others—since instead of giving themselves to one vigorous and united effort, they have chosen to divide their strength and oppose each other—we cannot say that we shall deplore that failure which their single-handed weakness must inevitably incur.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—No. XIII.

FRIEDRICH HEINRICH HIMMEL.

Friedrich Heinrich Himmel was born on the 20th of November, 1765, at Trenenbrietzen, a small town in Brandenburgh. Of his parents nothing is accurately known, but it has been reported, and is very generally believed in Germany, that he was a son of Frederick William II. The first authentic accounts we have of him state, that being intended for the church, he was sent to pursue his studies at the University of Halle, where he applied himself to theology for about two years. But the natural bent of his genius was for music, which had begun to display itself at an early age; he had a good voice, and even when at school had taught himself music, and made a tolerable progress on the pianoforte. After remaining two or three years at the university, chance afforded him an opportunity of surprising the king, Frederick William II., by his self-acquired skill on that instrument. His Majesty was so enraptured by his execution and refined taste, that he avowed himself to be much disposed in his favour, and settled on him an annual pension to assist him in cultivating his musical talents. In pursuit of this object, the king sent him directly to Dresden, to study under the celebrated Kapellmeister Naumann, to whose sound and judicious instructions, aided by the excellent examples that were constantly before him in the daily performances of the Royal Chapel at Dresden, Himmel is indebted for his knowledge of pure composition, and for all that may be termed a good school. So rapid was his progress, that is after two years, he returned, in 1792, to Berlin, and presented to his royal patron, as a part of the first fruits of his musical studies, the oratorio of *Isaaco*, the words by Metastasio. This composition was, by his Majesty's orders, immediately performed in his private chapel by the principal musicians of the court. It obtained such decided success, that the king appointed Himmel his chamber composer, and presented him with a purse of a hundred Fredericks d'or. Permission was at the same time given him to travel for two years in Italy, in order to perfect his taste, and he was also supplied with ample means for the prosecution of this object by command of the king. Before he left Berlin for Italy, a cantata from Metastasio, entitled *La Danza*, which he had also composed at Dresden, was performed with much *èclat*, and served still more to enhance his reputation.

It is probable that Venice was the first place in Italy at which he made any stay, as we find, in the year 1794, that his pastoral, entitled *Il Primo Navigatore*, was composed for the theatre of that city. He afterwards proceeded to Naples, where his powerful letters of recommendation procured him an introduction to

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the king, and he received the royal command to undertake the music of a serious opera, to be called *Il Semiramide*, and to have it prepared for the festivity of his Majesty's birth day, the 12th of January, 1795. While occupied on this work, the place of Kapellmeister at Berlin becoming vacant by the retirement of M. Reichardt, his royal master appointed Himmel to fill that situation, though absent in Italy.

On his return to Prussia at the end of the same year, a fire broke out at Potsdam, which was the means of reducing a number of families to great distress. On this occasion Himmel most honourably and liberally made an offer of his professional services to assist the unfortunate sufferers. Accordingly a series of concerts of sacred music was given for their benefit, and attended with complete success. This proved the means of making him very popular.

In the year 1797, a splendid *fête* was given by the king, in honour of the marriage of the princess with the hereditary Prince of Hesse Cassel. This afforded Himmel an opportunity of displaying his talents to the greatest advantage. His *Semiramide* was brought out at the Opera-house in the most magnificent style, and crowned with complete success. Besides this, he composed two cantatas on the occasion of the marriage, entitled *Hessans Söhne und Prussiens Töchter* (the Hessian Son and the Prussian Daughter); as also a grand cantata, called *Das vertrauen auf Gott* (Confidence in God), both of which contributed greatly to his reputation.

A critic who was present at the performance of *Semiramide* says, that the music contains such a rich store of thought and invention, that an Italian would expand its materials into a dozen operas and still render them all interesting. Himmel himself presided at the pianoforte, and was supported by an admirable orchestra. It has been remarked that this, like many of the vocal compositions of Himmel, but especially those of his early years, are over-burdened with instrumental accompaniments. This appears to have arisen from the fertility of his mind, and from a superabundance of ideas which a more mature age has tended to correct: but woe to that youthful genius which has no redundancy of ideas, no luxuriancy that will bear pruning!

Shortly after the festivities above-mentioned, the cheerful muse of Himmel was doomed to wear weeds on account of the death of his munificent patron, Frederick William II. On this melancholy occasion, he composed a funeral cantata, or anthem, which was performed at the king's funeral, in December, 1797, in the Dome Church, by an orchestra of upwards of a hundred and fifty musicians of the first talents in Germany. "I feel confident," says the German biographer, "that this orchestra would have produced an effect little short of that of the commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey, had not the nature of the building where it was employed tended to destroy its effect. The architect who crowded the interior of the Dome Church with such enormous and massive pillars must have been a sworn enemy to music."

Himmel was allowed scarcely six days for the composition, but he threw into it all the force and fire of his genius; the sentiments are expressed with the utmost truth and energy; the instrumental accompaniments are judiciously managed and well adapted to the nature of the subject; the basses are full of power, and the harmony and modulation are conducted with great taste and judgment. It is considered as Himmel's master-piece in the grand style. It has since been occasionally performed, and always with a degree of success commensurate with the excellence of the composition.

One of the journals of that period gives a minute account of this composition, with observations on the various parts of the performance, and on the manner in which the instruments were employed to produce particular effects. But the entire score has been since published, and therefore it is not necessary to enter into these particulars. It was once performed in the great saloon of the Opera, where the subscription, which was applied to a charitable object, amounted to one thousand three hundred and eighty-six rix dollars.

This melancholy solemnity was succeeded, in the August following, by the festivities of the coronation of his successor, Frederick William III., on which occasion Himmel composed a *Te Deum*. After this he requested permission to

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undertake a journey to Stockholm and Petersburgh. Of his success in the former place no particulars are known, but the handsome reception he experienced at St. Petersburgh may be collected from the following circumstance:—after his first performance before the court, the emperor not only presented him with a ring set with brilliants, but also commanded him to compose a new opera for the ensuing winter. In consequence of this order, and with the permission of the King of Prussia, Himmel remained during that year at St. Petersburgh, where he produced the opera of *Alessandro;* the first representation of which brought him the sum of six thousand roubles, besides several valuable presents. He passed the following summer at Riga, where he was very active in composing several airs and cantatas.

On his return to Berlin, he composed the music of two German operas, *Fanchon, das Leiermädchen* (Fanchon, the Lyre-maiden), and *Die Sylphen* (the Sylphs). The text of the first of these operas is by Kotzebue; the music is full of movements of great effect, and, of all Himmel's secular compositions, is said to have contributed most largely to his renown; his biographer declares, that if he had composed nothing but this opera and his funeral cantata, they would have secured him immortality, and in proof of this, the following expression of Haydn is quoted, "If an artist," says he, "has written but two works of acknowledged merit, his fame is fixed."

The opera of *Die Sylphen* is distinguished by its flowing and graceful song, by the novelty of many of the melodies, by great richness of harmony, by the diligent finish of the passages, and by the beauty and originality of the accompaniments.

But the compositions by which Himmel is principally known are his songs, which possess much beauty and variety of character, together with great originality. As a composer of melodies he has indisputable claims to merits of the highest order, particularly in those of a simple and tender kind. The ease which he knows so well how to throw into his subjects, and the insinuating manner in which he makes his way directly to the hearts of his hearers are admirable, and in these respects he possesses a talent peculiarly his own. He, at the same time, possesses the happy art of producing particular effects, and in all his compositions of this kind seems to attend to this important question, "What is calculated to produce the best effect?" Many of his songs are of a gay and popular character without degenerating into that style which is exceedingly well contrived "to split the ears of the groundlings."

After his return from his northern excursion, Himmel composed, at the command of the court of Berlin, the grand opera of *Vasco de Gama*, which experienced considerable success, as well as the music of an operetta, entitled *Frolichkeit und Schwärmerei* (Gaiety and Gravity).

In the spring of 1801 he undertook a journey to France, England, and Vienna, and returned to Berlin in 1802, where he remained, with but few interruptions, till the time of his death, which happened in 1814.

Of Himmel's operas, only *Fanchon* and *Die Sylphen* exist in print. The music to *Fanchon* may be said to have stood the test of years: it is annually performed on all the principal stages of Germany, and never fails to please and to delight. It is so original, that it cannot, with propriety, be compared to any other German opera. The airs, mostly of a light character, in the best sense of the word are, however, by no means equal in point of merit. One of the finest is the duet between *Fanchon* and *Edward*, where *Fanchon*, with an intensity of feeling hardly to be surpassed, sings "In Savoyen bin ich geboren." The air which is so universally known and admired, "Die ganze Welt ist ein Orchester," must be pronounced to be undoubtedly the finest. Next to this opera and the grand funeral cantata, stand his pianoforte compositions. The three sonatas, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, dedicated to the Queen of Prussia, and the three dedicated to the Duchess of Oldenburgh, rank amongst the finest trios for those instruments. His concerto for the pianoforte in D has not been so well received as his sestetto for the same instrument, with accompaniments. Most of his other works consist of vocal pieces, among which the *Urania* deservedly stands preeminent.

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As a pianoforte-player Himmel was placed among the first of his age, and many have hesitated to whom the preference was due—Dussek or Himmel.

As a private character, he was particularly possessed of those amiable qualities which made him a most agreeable companion. Always cheerful and gay himself, his good and benevolent disposition prompted him to render every body about him the same. Thus he devoted a much greater portion of his time to pleasure than was consistent with his calling as an artist, which hindered him from giving to his works that high finish which can only be obtained by indefatigable study and patient perseverance.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON BEING DEAD.

Hundreds of people have doubtless, like Dr. Dodd, viewed the approach of death with philosophic quietude of spirit, and, like him, when on the very outskirts of life, have ejaculated "Now for the grand secret!"—but few, very few, are those who can have the satisfaction of knowing that they are absolutely *dead*. If a man be run over by a railway-engine—if his neck have an unfortunate affinity for hemp—if too much water from without, or too much brandy from within, send his soul on its errand—if, like the notoriety-hunters of Paris, he die of charcoal, or, like those of London, of a plunge from the monument—if he wound the "honour" of some fire-eating colonel and receive a bullet by way of *quid pro quo*—or if, like a sober-minded citizen, he perpetrate an escape from the sorrows of life while lying quietly in his bed—in any of these cases death is properly considered a very solemn and mysterious affair. Everybody knows that dead men are gone hence, but—unless by the assistance of some modern witch of Endor—very few can have the pleasure of being informed, by an enduring party, *how it feels* to be dead. The readers of the "Musical World," however, are among this favoured few;—they will, doubtless, be much shocked to imagine that they are in bodily communion with one of the defunct, still, dreadful as it may be, such appears to be the case. We of the "Musical World," then, if certain reports are to be believed—and few people, we imagine, would positively report a death without either knowledge of the fact or strong inducements for a lie—we, by virtue of such announcements, are dead—positively *dead*. That such an important change in our state should have occurred without our knowledge, is passing strange, but still most true; and, since our pens, compositors, pressmen, and publishers, still continue as active as ever—since in no respect has our economy suffered any alteration, save that our printing department is on rather a larger scale than formerly—we are bound to attribute the imperceptibleness of our transition from life to death to the easy method taken to effect it.

Having made this important announcement, we feel bound to communicate to our readers the sources whence we obtained a knowledge of the fact. It appears, then, that certain parties—of whom two are music-publishers and the rest well known to us—have seen fit to announce the "Musical World" defunct. It made its hebdomadal appearance as usual, but that was nothing—it might be a ghost, an evil spirit, or an ocular delusion. Though as robust, as sound, "wind, limb, and eye-sight," as at the day of its birth, the wish and belief of these good folks ran in pairs, and they reported it "dead" accordingly. Now, we have just a few words to say on the subject. We have heard of drowning men catching at straws—of people wilfully publishing a falsehood in the hope of turning it to truth—of a pursued pickpocket collaring the first honest man he met and charging him with his own delinquency—all these cases we have heard of, and may liken to any or all of them the conduct of the parties we refer to. The music-publishers aforesaid, perhaps, find our criticisms a little too honest for their purpose—they have perhaps discovered that we are neither to be bribed nor cajoled to forsake our duty and praise rubbish in order to help its sale and fill their pockets;—this is *their* motive for reporting us extinct. Respectable publishers court, rather than dread, accurate criticism on their works, and with those that are otherwise the "Musical World" desires no connection—its reputation has been established without their assistance and will suffer nothing by their opposition.

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To the other parties—whose motive is even more apparent—it is not our intention at present to allude;—suffice it to say that they are all known to us, and that they may probably find that we yet retain sufficient life to render it advisable for them to reflect twice ere they again venture on laying us out for the operation of a coroner's jury.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

It is a bold thing to defy the tempest—it is a yet more fearful one to oppose the current of public opinion—still, many a trifling breakwater has saved a mighty vessel; and even our small voice may impede the destructive effects which the present fashionable whirlwind threatens to the musical taste in England. The art is now arrived at a most critical crisis, and depends upon the poise of a feather to become a national glory or a national disgrace. The last quarter of a century has changed the whole face of our musical statistics; the foundation of the Royal Academy in London, and the ready access to the schools and examples of the continent, have altered the course of musical education—have opened the floodgates of artistical enthusiasm, and, having loosened the trammels of big-wigism, have set the flowing genius of the age free in the wide country of an intellectual art to murmur, to exult, to ripple, to foam, to glide, to dash through the ever-glowing beauty of nature. At this period a storm is rising, and withering pestilence oppresses the aspiration of intelligence, which may, if unchecked, leave the clear crystal of the musical mind a stagnate pool stuffed with the blighted blossoms of imagination. England now possesses many young musicians whose ardour in the pursuit of their profession, and whose success in that pursuit, are unsurpassed by the progress of any of their foreign cotemporaries, even in this age, when their art, especially in the branch of instrumental execution, is striding in seven-league boots on the road to perfection: and these musicians, who might become the ornaments, nay, the improvers of that art, condescend to pander to the ignorance of an unenlightened public, and to corrupt that taste which they ought to cultivate. In plain terms, the present system of professional prostitution at the Promenade Concerts appears to threaten the ruin of the art in this country, and we earnestly entreat the wanton destroyers to resist the temptation of the golden egg, and make at least one effort to save their bird and preserve themselves. Let us consider the evil that portends, and it will be seen that this strong language is no exaggeration of the circumstances that suggest it. There are now three theatres, which might, and should be, schools of public refinement, devoted exclusively to the performance of the lightest music by the most inconsiderable authors; and three large bands, which include nearly all the *most eminent* instrumentalists of London, and some of less merit or less celebrity who will naturally look to the heads of the profession for example as well as instruction, engaged nightly in these unworthy performances; and three large audiences who are bound to believe, in deference to the important names of the artists who build up the doctrine, that the greatest achievement of this sublime art is to play quadrilles and waltzes to the idle loungers who cannot sit down to a pure enjoyment, but must promenade the pit and lobbies to make this mummery amusing. What is the consequence? The practice of our young lady amateurs, which till now has been directed to continuous if not to classical compositions calculated to form the mind for the appreciation of works of real importance, the practice at the present time consists nearly, if not wholly, of the dance-music of Strauss and Musard, and the taste thus degenerated to the toleration of such trash for its own sake, which was invented but for the adjunct and stimulus of a ball-room, we fear is almost unsusceptible of regeneration.

We by no means concur in an illiberal, unfounded, and injudicious prejudice against cheap musical performances. On the contrary, we exult in the great success of the Exeter Hall oratorios, which, among a certain class of society, have awakened a feeling for the beauties of art, that properly encouraged, might spread through all orders of our vast population. But fire itself, which will precipitate an impenetrable wall like human ignorance, and flame with renewed

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brightness on the ruins, must, when it meets a solid mound like human prejudice, smoulder around the base and die in the smothering ashes of its own creation; thus musical intelligence would quickly dispel the public indifference to great works which may be occasioned only by an inexperience of their effects, but scarcely any power can eradicate a once formed vulgarity of feeling and replace it with an appreciation of what is beautiful. But the whole system of our Promenade Concerts is foundationally bad and alike derogatory to the players who dispense the mischief, and to the public who experience it. We entirely object to the desecration of any temple of the arts as a lounge and a loitering place; if music is to be enjoyed, surely we can sit down and give our whole attention, and do not need the stimulus of a promenade to render us susceptible of its passionate influences. We needs *must* walk round a picture gallery to pass from one object to another of the exhibition, but for the contemplation of any particular work we remain undivertibly before it till we can enmind all its beauties; if we attend a dramatic performance, we do not attempt to heighten the excitement of the scene, nor to enter deeper into the subtilties of the poet or his representatives by walking round the theatre. It is not essential to the appreciation of the grandeur or delicacy of poetry, nor to the comprehension of the reasonings of philosophy, that corporeal motion should accompany such mental exercise; when then, as a matter of analogy, if neither of the sister arts demand it, but, on the contrary, reject it as interruptive, should music, the most passionate of all representations of human emotions, require a perambulic concomitant to awaken its appeal to those feelings it describes? This is an inversion of cause and effect; the trashy music we compain of was quite in place as an incentive to dancing, but the promenading of the boarded pit and stage of a theatre is out of place as an inducement to hear music. Then we object to the selection of music at these concerts; first, on account of the bad which so much preponderates, but far more on account of the good. In the case of the most ardent enthusiast the *ennui* which the hearing a long succession of nothings must engender, will disable him entirely from attending to, much less enjoying, the one or two classical compositions of the evening: who can turn, when wearied with the ribaldry of a jest-book, to the passion of poetry or the researches of philosophy? But this is a small evil; the class of hearers to which we allude must be ever conscious of the presence of the beautiful; and if disinclined to do it homage, when surrounded by common-places, are able, in due season, to court it and adore it—the great mischief of which we complain is in the case of musical heathens, who cannot comprehend the gospel of high art, if it be not fully developed and explained to them, and who, if tempted by the debasing superstitions of uneducation, will for ever shut their ears to the eloquence of truth—of intellectual beauty. These form the mass, the almost unexceptionable concourse who nightly throng the shilling quadrille-playings of the metropolis; these are they, whose understandings offer a *carte blanche* to musical impressions, and who will, of course, be easiest struck with what is most superficial and extrinsic, their train of thought not being yet prepared to receive the subtilties and elaborations of reflective or passionful composition. With such hearers, the dazzling gewgaws which principally constitute these entertainments, must dissipate the mind, and leave it, like the *debauchee* at a banquet, incapable of digesting wholesome diet; or like the holiday-fool, after a Christmas pantomime, incapable of comprehending the merits of Shakspeare: they therefore suppose that the glory attributed to Mozart and Beethoven, and to all the names held sacred in the musician's calendar, springs from the vain delusion of besotted pedants: that all the emanations of those sun-like minds which have enlightened the world, wherever the fog of ignorance has not been impervious to their rays, are fit alone for the contemplation and study of schoolmen—that the very name of "symphony" is tedious, the immortal overtures *Die Zauberflotte, Egmont, Der Freischutz,* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* are mathematical problems, and that the perfection of science is to be sought alone in the lascivious clanging of the drums and cymbals in a French overture, or the fascinating uproar of the pistol-firing, dog-barking, and whip-cracking, in a quadrille: in fact, that music is only to be commended in proportion as it approaches the properties of the ma-

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chinery of the mandarin in a tea-shop, which makes the automaton nod his head in regular rhythm, and has very little effect upon that head but to pull it backwards and forwards. We object, also, to the almost utter exclusion of original works, thus crushing the inventive faculty, and stopping the very breath of genius by piling weights upon its breast, and poisoning the air of public support which should feed and nourish it. This matter is wholly different in Paris, where there are two admirably-appointed theatres devoted exclusively to operatic performances; and the concerts of the Conservatoire, unlike our Philharmonic, are accessible to living authors for the production of their works, and to the public at large for the hearing of them—but the whole affair is different in France, and it may therefore be futile to allude to its variety in any one particular. Next we object to the self-appointed influences upon our musical mind. What right has Mr. Walter Arnold, now that his father's bad management has degraded English Opera into a laughing-stock—the English Opera-house into a barn for strolling players, and his said ill-starred parent into an outlaw, to attempt the amelioration of the fallen fortunes of his family by leaguing with a French emigrant, also the victim of theatrical non-success to impose upon the London public a series of so styled first-rate musical performances, being each alike ignorant of the power and the principles of music itself; and having no taste of their own, being utterly incompetent to kindle or guide a spark of it in the public feeling? What right has Mr. Eliason, now that the infatuated sub-committee have converted the temple of the national drama into a menagerie, a raree-show, and a rendezvous for rich lords and pretty actresses, to humbug the world with a show of looking-glasses, and fountains, and strange players, and the pretence of introducing classical music, but so disguised in thunder, and lightning, and ophicleides, as to be almost irrecognisable, and so surrounded by the very refuse of the worst school, as to be oppressively grand from its overwhelming magnificence, and feed, like a worm, upon the putrefaction of that murdered glory, with which, being a foreigner and a stranger, it is impossible he could sympathise? Worst of all, what right has Mr. Willy, an Englishman, a musician, a man of modesty and merit, and one fast waxing in talent and in reputation, now that the unreasonable greediness of Mr. Hamlet will not entertain the offers of any efficient manager for his new and splendid theatre, he too having seen and suffered from the ill effects of the original promenading scheme, what right has he to have murdered the muse who has nurtured him like a favoured offspring, and with the indifference of a speculator, where should glow the enthusiasm of an artist, to feed on the upas he has aided to botanise upon his mother's grave? What right, we demand, have these, or such as these, to drive—we cannot say to lead—the public, avowedly uneducated in music, and dependent upon those theatres, which are thus misappropriated, for the formation of their taste, to the very lowest grade, and the lowest order of that degree? We find an answer in the cold commercial spirit of our country, that "every one has a right to do what he likes with his own," and that "the best goose is that from which you ever strip the most feathers with the least feeding." Alas! alas! we must almost feel it a curse to be born in this free country, the glory of the world, and the pride of governments, since the taste of the public, which must far more influence their morals than all the laws, nay, all the religion of the state, is less at the mercy of any speculator, whose only object is the advantage of the present moment, supposing his purpose will be gained before the bubble burst, on which he rides the air to attract the gaze of the deluded million. And who are the abettors of these desecrating speculations? Alas! they are the very *elite* of the musical profession! In the several lists of the Promenade Concert-bands, we find the names of Grattan Cooke, the finest oboe in England, if not in Europe, of Harper, whose trumpet-playing has gathered renown for the last quarter of a century; of Jarrett, whose horn-playing possesses the evenness of a keyed-instrument; of Richardson, the acknowledged successor of Nicholson; of Howell, who is found worthy to fill the post of the great Dragonetti; in short, it were vain to catalogue the many men of talent and of reputation who lend their powers to this profanation; there is scarce a name in all the lists to

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which might not be affixed some high credential of its owner's excellence. And these men, for the most part, form the band of our Philharmonic Society, the pride of instrumental music, the celebrated of all Europe! And our Philharmonic, now become a collection of quadrille players, whose musical feeling must of necessity level itself with the works upon which it is constantly engaged, promises to give a strange support to the great works of the great masters at this society's concerts.

On the other hand how infinite, how vast, how glorious are the benefits that might have resulted from this great power, had it been properly directed! The good effects of the Sacred Harmonic Society's performances are a sufficient evidence in our own art, that cheapness and familiarity of access does not engender disrespect or distaste in the public mind; and that good works, if well executed and frequently repeated, must sooner or later force themselves upon the public appreciation, while in the exhibitions of painting of the National Gallery, the Royal Academy, and the various societies for diffusing a taste for that art through the country, there is an evident proof that a taste can be formed, and an encouragement to the artists commanded, by making the contemplation of their works thus easy and general. So, if for these shilling concerts a proper sphere had been selected, a proper respect to the performance in the audience demanded, and a proper display of the great authors set before the public, while a fostering encouragement was extended to living writers, these cheap performances might have had a very great influence to dispel the national stigma, "England is not a musical nation."—Let us hope the evil is not too deeply rooted, and that our voice, however humble, may have at least the effect to set other persons thinking on the subject.

REVIEW.

"The Last Lays of the Poet." The poetry by the late T. H. Bayly, Esq.; the music composed and inscribed to his memory by T. F. Millar.

Although, in addition to the above display, Mr. Millar post-fixes to his name the titles "professor and teacher of singing in Bath and Clifton, and director and member of the Philharmonic Concerts in Bath and Bristol," we are quite at a loss to discover any merit in this production, about which so much fuss is made on the title-page. Taken altogether, this work is one of the many instances of that delusion, which besets other "professors of singing" besides Mr. Millar, that a connection with the executive department of music entitles a man to call himself "composer," even in spite of the adverse *fiat* of Nature. Here are six songs, and, as we cannot detect a single beauty for quotation and have not spare space to particularise the grammatical errors and examples of false taste with which every page teems, we pass them with a general expression of regret that Mr. Millar should have published so much which a slight acquaintance with musical science would make him wish to recall. Mr. Millar doubtless imagines that he has dedicated a valuable oblation to the poet's memory, and since such a conviction cannot but be agreeable, we trust it may not be disturbed by this our cursory notice.

Wessel and Co.'s Series of German Songs. "Worn in Spirit;" "Three Students there were." Composed by Loewe, of Berlin.

These are two thoroughly extraordinary compositions—both full of the most determined originality, and yet it is difficult to like either of them entirely. Their fault is obviously the want of some mid-channel of beauty between the affected extremity of plainness and the singular extravagance which they frequently exhibit. Although neither can be said to possess any great amount of melody (except sixteen bars in E major towards the close of the first song), both have a quality almost sufficiently valuable to atone for a host of faults—strong dramatic feeling.

"Hommage à la Reine." A brilliant Fantasia on English Airs, for the pianoforte, by Charles Czerny.

In this piece, after an introduction containing scraps of "Rule Britannia," we

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find the following airs—"Cease your funning," "the Ploughboy," "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," "the British Grenadiers," and "God save the Queen," besides one which we do not recognise. These are capitally arranged and knit together, varied, and diversified by a great deal of brilliant matter in Mr. Czerny's best style, the whole forming a highly useful and amusing piece.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—A new opera, called *La Reine Jeanne*, was produced at the Theatre Favart, on the 12th inst. Its story is made up of the adventures of the young *Reine Jeanne*, of Naples, who is compelled to abdicate the throne by a popular tumult, headed by *Prince Durazzo*, and apparently assisted by the *Prince de Tarente*, who, loving the young queen, and being beloved in turn, takes this singular method of reducing her Majesty to that level in which he may safely propose marriage to her. The queen is given by *Durazzo* into the charge of the *Prince de Tarente*, with a very significant hint to put her out of the way as speedily as possible; to which occupation, however, he prefers that of rambling about with his royal charge—the pair being disguised as gipsies. While thus disguised, the queen makes a conquest of *Lillo*, a mob-leader and creature of *Durazzo*, who, being urged on by the *Prince de Tarente*, effects a counter-revolution, and proclaims the supposed gipsy-girl queen. Being once more seated on her throne, her Majesty's difficulties present a new aspect, for *Lillo*, having effected a gipsy-marriage with the gipsy-queen, is naturally eager to enter on his marital functions. He is frustrated by various expedients, but at length takes the desperate step of gaining access to his wife's chamber, *via* the window. Here, in the extremity of her distress, the queen saves herself by a confession of her true character, and all further mischief is avoided by the arrival of the *Prince de Tarente*, who, with a bevy of armed followers, sets matters to rights, marries the queen in earnest, and procures a general pardon for the offenders. The music—the joint-production of M. M. Mousson and Bordeze—is pretty; but, with the exception of a beautiful trio for *Jeanne*, *Lillo*, and the *Prince de Tarente*, does not possess any features of exalted merit. The singing of Eugenie Garcia, in the part of *Jeanne*, rather disappointed the Parisian critics, although in one or two instances it nearly approached the summit of excellence. The baritone, Botelli, who made his *debut* as the *Prince de Tarente*, will prove a valuable addition to the vocal talent of Paris. His style is censured as possessing many of Tamburini's defects, but he is, nevertheless, universally considered a singer of the first merit. The opera was capitally performed throughout, and succeeded completely.

METROPOLITAN.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—This society recommenced its public labours, after a considerable period of rest, on last evening: and right heartily do we rejoice in it, since—until an operatic theatre be positively opened—these amateur concerts could alone be counted in the way of antidote to the deluge of quadrilles with which, at three theatres, some two hundred and twenty performers nightly strive to infect the public taste. However, neither Musard and his legion, nor the "originals" of the English Opera-house, nor the "novelties" of Mr. Willey, had any apparent effect on the London admiration of Handel, for the ground-plan of Exeter Hall was, as usual, a perfect mass of heads—a veritable sea of humanity. Handel's *Samson* was the work on which "the five hundred" tried their prowess; and although we have heard it with greater effect from the same parties, the performance was still one of profound interest, and afforded even unusual delight by its opportune occurrence in the midst of our present desolation of musical excellence. A large machine that has lain for months unused, seldom works well on being suddenly recalled to action—its various parts will at first

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swerve a trifle from their wonted exactitude of adjustment in spite of the best efforts to the contrary—and precisely in this case was the Exeter Hall orchestra. Several pieces did not go so smoothly as could be wished; but these inaccuracies were evidently but the fruits of that rawness of feeling which must attend first meetings for business after long intervals of recreation, and will, of course, have subsided into perfect order before the next performance on Friday week. For the first time since our acquaintance with these concerts, we heard several *slips* from the trebles of the chorus:—the ladies, however, amply redeemed their fame by their beautiful execution of the choruses of Dalilah's women in the second part. Being for the most part unaccompanied, these morsels are rather nervous affairs, but they were sung with a unity of tone and expression which could not be surpassed. Many of the choruses went magnificently—for instance, "Then round about the starry throne," "Fixed in his everlasting seat," "Weep, Israel weep," and "Let their celestial concerts;" and throughout we were glad to perceive an unusual correctness in the timing of the various movements by the conductor. Mme. Caradori Allan sang the soprano solos with her usual beautiful style; and we would willingly say as much for the efforts of Miss Hawes, were we not constrained to notice that a great deal of the music assigned to her lies in that part of her voice in which its *break* is painfully observable, and that she frequently employed a certain method of *pumping* out passages, which, though congenial to the English school of *bass*-singing, we could not have anticipated from a *contr'alto* who has hitherto exhibited so much refinement of taste. Mr. Pearsall was not thoroughly successful with the music of *Samson;*—it seems rather too much for him at present. His execution is not sufficiently practised for the many florid passages it contains, and, in general, his want of power was manifest. On some points, however, his expression was highly beautiful, and we may particularly refer to his delivery of the recitative "My genial spirits droop." Mr. Novello is entitled to the praise of having sung with musician-like judgment, and Mr. Phillips acquitted himself magnificently throughout.

PROVINCIAL.

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DERBY.—*Anniversary of the Derbyshire General Infirmary.*—On the 15th inst. the 31st anniversary of this excellent charity was celebrated by the governors and patrons of the institution, who went in procession to All Saints' Church to attend divine worship. The sacred music selected for the occasion was of a good and varied character, comprising several standard compositions that are highly popular and of the first degree of merit, together with some genuine pieces of novelty. The orchestra was led and the performance conducted by Mr. Gover, assisted by Mr. T. Mawkes; and the powers of the fine organ were successfully displayed under the skilful playing of Mr. G. Fritche. The instrumental band was in good order and very effective. The service opened with the overture to *Saul* (Handel), followed by the grand *Epinicion*, or song of triumph, "How excellent," from the same oratorio; a chorus in which the efforts of the performers were crowned with success. The *Venite* was chanted in its proper place, but not well; the chanting of the *Jubilate* was done with much greater unity and precision. Mr. Palmer succeeded very well in Handel's solo anthem, "Then will I Jehovah's praise, &c.," after which the choral strength was well exerted in Mozart's "Great is Jehovah." These constituted two new and agreeable features in the day's performance. Then followed the familiar and oft-repeated Jackson's "Te Deum." Miss M. Bregazzi, a youthful aspirant to vocal proficiency, sang Handel's air, "Return, O God of Hosts," pathetically and with great credit to her rising talent. The chorus, "All we like sheep," succeeded this and was a capital performance. A trio by Sarti, "O taste and see," was well sung by Misses Shiers and M. Bregazzi, and Mr. Lowe; and Hummel's chorus followed, and "Praise the Lord of Hosts" was very effective. Before the sermon there was a selection from Haydn's *Creation*, commencing with the recitative, "And God said," by Miss Shiers. Her delivery of this piece was rather weak, but her singing of the air, "With verdure clad," was of a much better description. The chorus, "Awake the harp," was animated and effective. Haydn's quartet, "O return unto him," by Miss Houghton, Messrs. Hardy, Drewe, and Lowe followed the sermon, with Mozart's chorus, "Praise the Lord," in

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which there was some imperfection. Guglielmi's beautiful air, "Gratias agimus," was then sung in good style by Miss Shiers, with obligato accompaniment on the clarinet by Mr. Gover. The service concluded with Haydn's air and chorus, "The marvellous work," and the grand chorus, "The heavens are telling," with vigour and animation. The rapidity of execution in the increased time of the latter movements was almost beyond the accomplishment of some of the voices, but the time was well kept, and the brilliant execution of the instrumental parts sustained them through the difficulty with good effect.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Covent Garden Theatre.—*Fra Diavolo* was performed here on Wednesday the 14th inst., in which Mr. Harrison appeared, for the first time, as the hero: he gave the music with considerable effect, his power and energy sufficing with the audience in the absence of style and artistical feeling; he looked and deported himself throughout the part admirably; for though his portly person can never appear romantic, his splendid dresses and his easy carriage were certainly engaging: he was considerably applauded throughout, and at the fall of the curtain was partially called for, but he had the modesty to disobey the summons. He was very well supported by Miss Rainforth, whose charming performance of *Zerlina* improves on each repetition, and by Mr. Bishop, a *debutant* in the character of *Lord Allcash*, who, to judge from his efforts in this trifling character, will be a considerable acquisition to the company: the rest of the cast, however, will not bear to be mentioned, it exhibited the adjective, "bad" in all the degrees of comparison, and proved that we must not look for the efficient performance of operas at Covent-garden, the best constructed for music of all our English theatres.

Haymarket.—The tragedy of *Werner* was produced at this theatre on Monday evening. Macready, Wallack, and Phelps, played the principal characters, and the whole performance experienced an enthusiastic reception. To the tragedy succeeded a new farce, by Mr. Mark Lemon, called *Out of Place*. It appears to have been written solely to display Mrs. Fitzwilliam's peculiar vivacity and power of imitation, and its plot is therefore extremely slight. Mrs. Fitzwilliam enacts the part of a country servant-maid, in love with finery and display of every description; and her master and mistress, wishing to protect a young heiress, their visitor, from the snares of a fortune-hunter, dress up the servant and give her a day's leave to personate the lady, and play off her airs and graces on the intruding wooer. This is in reality the sum and substance of the piece; but as it affords Mrs. Fitzwilliam considerable scope for her stage capabilities, and an opportunity for an effective song, with sundry dialectal imitations, the meagreness of its incidents did not stand in the way of its decided success.

The Prince's Theatre will commence its season on Monday the 16th November. The following is the extent of the already completed arrangements:—Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Frazer, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Barker (for second tenor); Miss Adeline Cooper and Miss Collett are engaged; terms were offered to Mme. Albertazzi, which she was compelled to decline in consequence of her engagement at the Italian Opera in Paris, so the Messrs. Barnett are in treaty with Miss Delcy, who proved herself by her short trial at Drury-lane last season, a most desirable person for the important part of *prima donna*, having given promises of excellence which we are convinced she will, with proper opportunity, fully realize. Mr. Loder is to lead the band: this gentleman's universally acknowledged excellence as a violinist and as a leader, has made his presence in the metropolis much wished for; as this is his first permanent engagement in London, it will be as interesting to the public on account of its novelty, as valuable to the management on account of his great abilities. Mr. John Barnett will officiate as music director, and Mr. Morris Barnett as master of action. Mr. Hatton, of Liverpool, is to have the direction of the chorus, which will comprise twenty-five voices, while the band will consist of forty performers. The first production will be Mr. John Barnett's new opera of *Cathleen*, the scene of which is laid in Ireland, and the music written in imitation of the national character of that coun-

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try. This will be supported by the whole of the company. The second opera will, in all probability, be Mr. Macfarren's *El Malechor*, the story of which is founded on a superstition of the island of Majorca; and Mr. E. J. Loder's *Little Red Ridinghood* is also likely to be brought forward. It is intended to give light musical afterpieces of a nature not very familiar to this country, combining the farce with the opera-buffa, but having more musical pretensions than the vaudeville. Several of our most successful dramatists, in conjunction with some less known, but perhaps not less talented composers are engaged on works of this kind, which will be brought out from time to time during the season; among others, Mr. Henry Smart is said to have an operetta on the stocks, and Mr. Clement White (the tenor whose *debut* at Drury-lane last season was prevented by the abdication of Mr. Hammond) is likely to appear in a piece of his own composition. All this looks very well as attraction for the public, and then, as to patronage, we are happy to announce that the following royal and noble personages have set an excellent example, by giving the scheme their most cordial support, namely, Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Beaufort, Count d'Orsay, and, we believe, several others of the greatest influence and importance.

English Opera-house.—The Promenade Concerts are, this year, a total failure at this theatre. The week before last, the band received only half salaries, and last week, to improve upon their bad fortune, none whatever—sweet are the uses of adversity! In consequence of this unsatisfactory state of affairs, a meeting of the "sixty first-rate instrumental performers" was held on Monday, to concert measures for the bettering their condition; but it appears they are able to concert nothing but promenades; so they walked off with the melancholy assurance that they have signed articles to Mr. Arnold, which obliges them to be content to take half salaries whenever he does not think proper to give them more, and will not allow them to complain of no payment at all until they shall be three weeks in arrear.

Amateur Choral Society.—A society of this kind has been established at Islington, under the superintendence of Mr. Reed, the music-director of the Haymarket Theatre, and will commence active operations as soon as the subscription list is sufficiently full. The choristers are entirely amateurs, but a full band of forty instrumentalists will be engaged for the concerts which will take place periodically after a certain number of practice-meetings. It is intended chiefly to execute the compositions of the great continental writers, but Mr. Reed has grafted on this plan the excellent resolution to perform any meritorious works of English musicians which may be submitted to him for that purpose. This latter feature is especially worthy of notice as being likely to promote the cultivation of choral-writing among us—a branch of art which, under the existing difficulties of procuring a public performance, has few devotees in this country.

Mr. Leffler, with Mr. and Mrs. Wood, have recently sailed for America. Were things to go on as they have during the last eighteen months, we should soon not have a decent singer left.

Mme. Albertazzi's two concerts, which were to have come off last week at Cheltenham, were, at a very short notice, postponed *sine die*—the lady having written to say that a domestic affliction had rendered it necessary for her immediately to return to the continent. This unwelcome announcement occasioned a great disappointment to many of the inhabitants, few of whom, we believe, gave credence to the excuse put forth by Madame.

Poet Laureat.—Of this well-known office in the king's household, Sir John Hawkins, in his "History of Music," observes, that there are no records which ascertain the origin of the institution in this kingdom, but many that recognise it. There was a court poet as early as the reign of Henry the Third. Chaucer, on his return from abroad, first assumed the title of Poet Laureat, and in the twelfth year of Richard the Second, obtained a grant of an annual allowance of wine. James the First, in 1615, granted to his Laureat a yearly pension of 100 marks; and in 1630, this stipend was augmented by letters patent of Charles the First, to 100*l.* per annum, with an additional grant of one tierce of canary wine, to be taken out of the king's store of wine yearly.

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SCHNEIDER, THE ORGANIST OF DRESDEN.—In Mr. John Schneider I found a pianoforte-player of great and unerring execution, with that rare power of mental concentration which is the best characteristic of the extemporaneous faculty. We held a conversation on the German method of organ-playing,' and agreed that the instrument was, out of all comparison, the most difficult of attainment, as it required that the performer should have all the command of the best pianoforte-player, and afterwards that he should attain the organ touch, style, and a facility in the use of the pedals. During my visit Mr. Schneider sat down and extemporized on his pianoforte in a very masterly manner, preluding in C minor, introducing an air with variations in the same key, and concluding with a fugue in the major, all which movements grew out of one another, with a real musician-like inspiration. This will strike many musical readers as being like the off-hand design which Wesley frequently makes, and the resemblance in the mode of thinking was remarkable. For sheer organ-playing Schneider is, however, quite alone; the difficulties which he there masters make all ordinary attempts appear child's play in the comparison. I attended him in some private visits to his church, the doors of which were always beset by a dozen musical friends and people who delight in organ playing, where he indulged us with the choral vorspiele of Sebastian Bach, the fugues of the same, and at our request with some MS. variations on the theme "God save the King," composed for the sake of displaying the variety of stops in his instrument. The enthusiastic pleasure with which Schneider plays, makes it tenfold pleasant to see and hear him; he is not like a coxcomb who works hard and affects ease, he is wrapt up in his subject, plays with care, but with no more appearance of effort than necessarily grows out of such attempts.—*A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Laicus" is quite incorrigible. He is determined that we shall advocate unisonous performance of chorales by voices *and organ*, in spite of our repeated explanations to the contrary. We cannot compliment him on his clearness of perception, notwithstanding his patronizing admission that we are often "tolerably correct in our views."

We regret we cannot give "F. K." the information he requires.

The "Remarks on Consecutive Fifths and Octaves" are very incorrect, and therefore inadmissible.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Smith, G. T.—L'Offrande de l'Amitie; six waltzes; books 1 and 2 - *Z. T. Purday.*
Kohler, F.—Melange, introducing 'Adeste Fideles,' 'Sicilian Mariners,' and 'Lo! He comes' - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Albert, R.—La Tarentella de Bellephegor *Ditto.*
Rossellon, H.—Aurora che Sorgerai; variations - - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Auber.—Overture to 'Gustavus;' new edit. *Ewer.*
——— ditto 'Masaniello;' ditto *Ditto.*
Boieldieu.—Ditto 'John of Paris;' ditto *Ditto.*
——— ditto 'the White Lady;' ditto *Ditto.*
——— ditto 'Caliph of Bagdad;' ditto *Ditto.*
Glover, C.—The forest band; march *Chappell.*
Burgmuller, F.—Introduction and variations on an air in 'Ines di Castro' *Ditto.*
Mayer, C.—Souvenirs de la Russie, introduction, variations, and finale in C *Wessel.*
Collection of Overtures, no. 22, Lindpaintner's 'Joko' - - - - - *Ditto.*
Lemoine.—Easy quadrille, 'Chevallier de Conolle' - - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Czerny.—Bouquet de Trois Tulips; rondeaux d'amusements - - - *Ditto.*

(Duets.)

Bertini.—Les Amiables; two duettinos *Ditto.*
Labitzky.—Aurora Waltzes - - *Boosey.*
——— Woronsow Walzer - - - *Ditto.*
Masters, W.—Variations on 'She who holds my heart in keeping' - - *Chappell.*

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Walpole, Miss E.—O rest thee in thy green turf grave - - - - - - *Chappell.*
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THE

MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,

AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
και πάγκαλόν τι και θεῖόν ἐστιν."
PLAT. Phædo. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

OCT. 29, 1840. No. CCXL.—New Series, No. CXLVIII. PRICE 3*d.* STAMPED, 4*d.*

We have repeatedly called attention to the warfare which religious partizanship in this country is constantly waging against the cultivation of music in common with that of all other liberal arts, and scarcely a month passes without something occurring to render this more conspicuous and intolerable. The last demonstration of saintly humbug which has been made on a large scale, is the total failure of the late Hull festival. This failure has been so decided (the charities pocketing nothing and the committee *un*pocketing about three hundred pounds), and of course so disheartening, that Hull, in all probability, will not again be the scene of any similar attempt, and thus *one* provincial festival may be considered finally extinguished. It is idle to attribute this failure to any other cause than that which we have assigned. Hull is decidedly a musical town—it has its choral societies and its subscription concerts, to prove that a puritanical distaste for music is not general. No extraordinary or unnecessary expense was incurred by the festival committee, and, since the programmes of the morning performances announced four complete works—Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Crotch's *Palestine*, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, and Handel's *Messiah*, as well as excellent selections from Spohr's *Calvary* and Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*, no plea can be set up on the intrinsic poverty of the bill-of-fare, or on its want of general attractiveness. Such a series of performances should, and under ordinary circumstances would, have produced a large amount of profit, and we must therefore take our correspondent's account to explain the dire ill-success which attended it. It seems, then, that *party politics* and *party religion* contrived to abstract at least one-half from the number of persons expected to be present at the Hull performances. A man of one political creed refuses to attend a concert because he will, for a few hours, be compelled to breathe the same atmosphere with some one whose notions do not happen to be cast in a similar mould—

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music becomes a pestilence if administered simultaneously to Whigs and Tories, and charity is deemed a thing for avoidance, if it needs must be accomplished by the joint disbursements of Royalists and Democrats! This is party-spirit with a vengeance—this is exclusive-dealing at its *ultimatum!* But however pitiable, however absurd it be to find people thus running the grovelling squabbles of their worldliness into the midst of refined enjoyments and sacred duties, the conduct of such men is but negatively evil as compared with that of their unwitting co-adjutors, the hypocritical religionists. In the former it is but folly, while in the latter it is crime. The profession of politics establishes no obligation to charity, while that of religion proclaims it the first of earthly virtues. What then shall be said of those self-styled expounders of divine intention, who use religion as a tool—a trade—a thing of fashion and a bait for money;—who, professsing to preach the Word, poison its truth and spirit with their own inventions, and for their own ends—who, with the Gospel in their hands and the *name* of Christianity in their mouths, enter their pulpits to forge a new commandment, and to proclaim an unthreatened punishment for an undeclared offence? Of these ranting impostors, who thus warn their weak and credulous hearers, at the peril of their souls, to avoid great acts of charity, *unless a parson be their intermediate recipient*—of these men, we can add nothing to what we have said at other times—except that *they are denouncing, in the name of God, the first duty of practical Christianity.* They have, in this one instance, completely succeeded—the Hull festival has failed, and the truly-good men who advanced funds to promote rational pleasure and solid benevolence, have been rewarded by the forfeiture of their deposits. We can well imagine the inward chucklings of these designing ascetics, as, with faces elaborately elongated and hair combed straightway into a very type of spiritual meekness, they whine forth their congratulations to their hearers on their late escape from the lures of Satan, and chink their pockets in anticipation of their next "collection," improved, as they deem it will be, by the wealth thus averted from the relief of the sick, maimed, and houseless! Truly, money thus saved from the clutches of an hospital is as "a brand plucked from the burning!"

The re-commencement of the performances in Exeter Hall affords us another, though less important, ground for attacking the pharasaical sanctity of the class of "Christian professors" to which we allude. The Sacred Harmonic Society, it seems, is allowed its tenantry of Exeter Hall on the condition that its performances shall be *exclusively* sacred. The building has not been consecrated, but that has nothing to do with the matter;—there is something so intrinsically holy in that pile of bricks and mortar which adorns the Strand, or in the *personnel* of the numerous societies which, for all manner of saintly purposes, congregate therein, that any performance of profane music, however grand or admirable, would inevitably desecrate the building and nullify the intentions of its pious founders. The proprietors of Exeter Hall have certainly a right to do as they will with their own, and that they exercise that right in more ways than one we shall presently mention; still, this righteous horror of profane music operates disadvantageously on the Society of which we speak. It is well known that there are many choral works of the greatest celebrity which are thus excluded from a chance of performance in Exeter Hall. Not to mention others, the names of Haydn's *Seasons*, and Handel's *Alexander's Feast, Alleyro and Penseroso*, and *Acis and Galatea* are sufficient to show the stores of musical beauty which this

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interdict shuts out from public admiration; and we would ask why it is permitted to remain longer in operation? The Sacred Harmonic Society pays, we believe, about three hundred pounds yearly rent for the use of the great room in Exeter Hall;—if it desires to extend its sphere of action to such works as we have mentioned, let it declare such intention to its landlords accompanied with a threat of quitting possession in case of non-compliance, and, we would stake heavily on it, the issue would be as it always is with the doings of the over-zealous—pecuniary considerations would outbalance religious ones. The occasional meetings of sundry devout "incorporated" societies are doubtless profitable *hauls* for the speculators, but the yearly hirings of the Sacred Harmonic Society are, all to nothing, better. A good tenant would not be suffered to depart on a trifling difference of opinion, and were the Sacred Harmonic Society even compelled to leave its present quarters, a subscription well set on foot and staunchly advocated, would, we are convinced, soon provide a fund sufficient for a building more adapted to musical uses and more architecturally worthy of the metropolis than Exeter Hall. Those who talk of "desecrating" the building by musical performances, must surely reckon on catching idiots with a trap of forty-horse power. We should much like to know in what particular floor or portion of a building its *sanctity* resides, or whether there be more in the garret than in the cellar; since unless there be some such unequal partition of holiness as this, there seems an anomaly in the conduct of the proprietors of Exeter Hall, too great, even, for their "profession;"—they refuse to allow the performance of music, not strictly sacred, *on the first floor*, and yet they let the vaults in the basement to a dealer in that immaculate commodity, called *Guinness's extra stout!* This is, truly, a method of mortifying the flesh through the agency of the spirit, on which we had never previously calculated.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—No. XIV.

GEORGE FREDERIC PINTO.

George Frederic Pinto was born at Lambeth, on the 25th of September, 1805, and was remarkable for an unusual share of beauty. His father died young, and his mother immediately retrenched every expense that might interfere with the education of her child, who early indicated so uncommon a genius for music, that she resolved to cultivate this natural talent. While yet an infant he sang with great taste, and upon the repetition of an air, would add some elegant grace of his own. When listening to a full band, he betrayed such emotions as strongly marked his sensations of delight. A violin master was procured for him, under whom he made a rapid progress, and became a concerto-player at a very early period. When eight years of age he was supposed to surpass his master on the violin; it was therefore judged necessary to obtain one of superior abilities. This led to his introduction to Mr. Salomon, who perceiving the child's talent, consented to instruct him, and without the slightest remuneration; adding the useful admonitions of a man of the world, and the invaluable advice of an experienced professor. And although several youthful follies produced little differences between them, yet the youth always succeeded in re-establishing himself in the good graces of his friend, for whom he entertained the highest respect, and ever felt the most grateful affection.

His mother being of opinion that he should not depend upon one instrument only for support, had him taught the pianoforte, a knowledge of which is absolutely necessary to a composer, and which would enable him to give lessons. This became his favourite instrument: the proficiency he made on it is well known to the musical world. After performing at private concerts for some

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time, he was, at twelve years of age, engaged to play concertos at Covent-garden Theatre, which considerably increased his reputation. He also performed at the Bath concerts, and the meetings at Oxford, Cambridge, and Winchester, where he exceeded the most sanguine expectations. When he was fifteen years of age Mr. Salomon took him to Edinburgh and other principal towns in Scotland, where he met with wonderful success, and was beloved and admired by all, not only on account of his professional abilities, but also for his engaging qualities. He possessed a very handsome person, a good understanding, and an exceedingly fascinating address. He made many real friends in Scotland, and shortly after confirmed his reputation by the favourable reception which he met with from a Gallic audience—an additional proof of well-grounded pretensions. His success induced him to make a second journey to Paris the following year, and he returned to England rich in both fame and emolument.

At the age of sixteen he produced his first composition, in which he introduced the Venetian melody "Mamma mia," and a French air from the opera of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, which attracted the notice of Mr. John Cramer, who entertained the highest opinion of his abilities. He soon after composed a set of lessons for the pianoforte, dedicated to Miss Griffiths, which, for invention and science, few have equalled at his age. His next production was a sonata, dedicated to his friend Mr. John Field; and some time after he published a first set of canzonets dedicated to Lady Aylesford. These truly elegant compositions, full of pathos and beautiful melody, greatly enhanced his reputation. He then wrote a second set; also some pianoforte lessons; a concerto for the violin; duets for the same instrument; and likewise a set of sonatas for the pianoforte, with a violin accompaniment, dedicated to Miss F. Gordon. Besides these, he printed many canzonets singly, of which the following are the most celebrated—"Dear is my little native vale;" "the Tear;" "the Wish;" "l'Amour timide;" "Sappho to Phaon;" "I live alone for love;" "No longer now I seek delight;" "In vain to forget the dear maid;" all of which had a rapid sale. He intended to publish many others, but heaven's decree deprived the world of a genius that promised everything that the art of music could afford.

In July 1822 he went to Birmingham, to perform at a benefit concert. Sleeping there in a damp bed he caught a cold attended by a cough. Believing this to be of little importance he used no precautions, and in consequence of his neglect a slight discharge of blood from the lungs came on, but, by the assistance of an eminent surgeon, together with his own care and attention, he soon recovered. But his love of gaiety and high spirits led him to neglect future precaution, believing himself to be out of the reach of danger. His health continued variable for some time, till by repeated colds a return of the hemorrhage was produced, and though this was arrested at the time, he never recovered from its effects.

In November of the same year, he was engaged to lead and play concertos at the seven annual concerts at Oxford. Of these he could only attend one; at which, though very ill, he fully sustained his reputation by his exertions. This was his last public performance. On his return from Oxford he resided in the New-road, hoping, by retiring from company, to recover his health and have leisure for finishing some compositions, from which he expected to derive considerable emolument: but his increasing malady disappointed these hopes. At one time he was considered much better by his medical attendants, and change of air being ordered, he accepted an invitation from a friend who resided at Mitcham in Surrey. Here everything was attempted that might lead to his recovery, and he was declared convalescent; he could not, however, be prevailed on to remain long in the country, but returned to the New-road. His mother now advised him to ask the advice of Dr. Pitcairn. That great physician paid him every possible attention, and if mortal aid could have saved him, he would assuredly have been restored to the world.

He then went, though in a very feeble state, to Little Chelsea, to try another change of air; but all was unavailing—the disease had reached its last stage: he felt the fatal moment approaching, and, on the 23rd of March, 1826, he expired, at the early age of twenty years and six months.

Pinto was well informed; he had read much, possessed an excellent under-

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standing, and could converse sensibly on most subjects. Had he been educated with a view to any other pursuit, such were his mental capabilities, that he would, in all probability, equally have distinguished himself. His attainments, though great, were not more conspicuous than his humanity and generosity. A youth of eighteen visiting prisons, sympathising with the inmates, distributing the contents of his purse among them, and contributing more than he could afford to support an unfortunate friend with a large family, is an instance of rare occurrence. His active humanity even extended to the inferior creation: many a poor animal has he rescued from the cruelties too commonly practised by the lower orders in this country, and either given it a home in his own apartments, or prevailed upon a friend to afford it shelter.

As a performer on the pianoforte, few exceeded him in taste, precision, and brilliancy. But he most excelled on the violin, on which instrument he could best express his fine enthusiastic feelings. In the pathetic, none could touch the soul more powerfully, none could more effectually enliven the mind by a gay movement. His last performance at Bath will never be forgotten by those who heard it. Mr. Salomon, a keen and accurate observer, said of him, that had he lived and been able to resist the allurements of society, England would have had the honour of producing a second Mozart.

THE MELODY AND COUNTERPOINT OF THE GREEKS.

FROM "A DISSERTATION OF THE UNION, &c., OF POETRY AND MUSIC," BY DR. BROWN.

(Continued from page 136.)

SINCE, therefore, the particular nature and construction of the ancient melody is utterly unknown to us, we must have recourse to collateral proofs, drawn from facts which were connected with this unknown melody; and from these we may, I think, indirectly arrive so far at a knowledge of its general character, as to conclude with certainty, that in the early periods (in which music boasted its greatest power) the ruling character of the melody was that of simplicity; and that it derived a chief part of its force from its mere rhythm or measure.

Simplicity was its ruling character; because we find that music had then its greatest power, when the melody was most confined in its compass. Mercury was the inventor of the lyre, which had but four strings, and these were stretched on turtle's shell. Amphion was his disciple, and increased the number of strings to seven. Apollo contented himself with the same compass of notes; and so did Orpheus. This number of strings continued to be established by law at Sparta, so late as the age of Timotheus, who attempted an innovation of four more, and was punished for it. Yet all the mighty effects and powers of music, which we read of in ancient Greece, arose within this period, and while the melody was confined within this small compass.

The lyre, therefore, in its most ancient forms, being incapable either of a great variety, or a multifarious combination of sounds; a strong probability ariseth from its very nature, that counterpoint, or an artificial composition in various parts, was altogether unknown. It appears to me (from many passages of ancient authors compared together, but too long to insert here) that the ancients sung and played first in unisons, octaves, and fifteenths; then in thirds and tenths; and in the later periods in fourths and fifths, as appears from Plutarch; though, in Aristotle's time, it is evident these last were not practised. It is likewise evident, that in the later periods, the instrumental accompaniment was different from the song; yet this only in the way of division upon the fundamental notes. Farther than these methods of redoubling or dividing the same melody, I find nothing like composition in various parts.

On the contrary, there are many reasons which may convince us, that nothing like the modern counterpoint was known to the ancients. The silence of all their musical writers collected by Meibomius, on this great article, is a

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proof sufficient that they were ignorant of it. Their divisions of the musical art are precise and systematical; and therefore, if this had made a part of it, as its rules must have been more complex than those of any other branch, beyond all doubt, they would have been distinctly treated of.

The same consequence seems clearly to arise from a passage in Aristotle, who says, "that it is much easier to keep the time in music when a number sing together, than when a single voice only sings:" which is true, if we suppose a numerous choir to sing the same part, because one voice tends to correct the inequalities of another; but in direct contradiction to the truth, if we suppose them to sing in counterpoint; because, here, the various parts have a tendency to confound each other.

Their ignorance of counterpoint appears farther from hence, that no difference is remarked between the compositions for the flute and those for the lyre, with respect to the multiplicity of parts. One instrument they used, which had two strings to every note, and these two were tuned in thirds to each other: this instrument was called the magadis; and even this distant approach towards playing in counterpoint was regarded as a thing so singular, that to play in thirds was called μαγαδίζειν. If, therefore, any other kind of performance had been used more complex than this, it must have been noted as a circumstance still more singular.

It appears farther, that in "Homer's Hymn to Mercury," the poet represents Apollo as holding his lyre in one hand, and playing with a plectrum with the other. In an ancient sculpture which represents the deification of Homer, some of the figures which dance, are at the same time playing on the lyre, which they hold with one hand, and strike with the other. Thus too, when Sophocles played on the lyre, and at the same time led the dance, he must have managed his instrument in the same manner. And again, it appears, that even in the latter periods, the most celebrated lyrists played with one plectrum. Now, all these circumstances centre in the proof of this, that the melody which they played was single.

We may farther observe, that their musical notation (so far as it is supposed to be understood) generally implies a single, and that a very inartificial, species of composition. Nay, the letters which composed their musical notation seem very inadequately to express even a single part, did not the measure of the verse in some degree fix that of the melody.

Add to all these arguments this farther confirmation, that their poets (who were generally at the same time warriors, priests, or statesmen) not only composed the melody to their own verses, but, in the early periods, played and sung them at their festivals: and that people of all ages and degrees were commonly able to bear a part in the chorus, both in public and private entertainments. All these concurrent circumstances centre in one sufficient and satisfactory proof, that their melody was not only single, but of the most simple construction.

One kind of addition did undoubtedly in many instances take place: I mean that of the tympanum, the sistrum, or the cymbal added as an unvaried groundwork, and accommodated to the measure of the ruling melody: but this was no more than the modern drum added to the fife or trumpet, the tabor to the pipe, or the drone to the bagpipe: a kind of addition which we find in the music of almost every barbarous country.

THE INCHCAPE BELL.—*(Not an advertisement.)*

It is generally known that this picturesque composition was sung by Miss Bassano at nearly all the concerts through Mr. Lavenu's late very unsuccessful provincial tour: it is also generally known that Mr. John Parry, the poet, painter, and musician of this comprehensive concoction, always illustrated the young lady's performance by tolling a bell "cast expressly for the purpose" at particular periods of the ballad: it is likewise generally known that M. Liszt, "the celebrated pianist," lent his eminent powers of execution to the pianoforte-accompaniment of the aforesaid display, and gave it a further illumination by in-

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troducing an extemporaneous representation of a tempest between the verses; but the circumstance we are about to relate is not generally known.

At one of the concerts, in one of the towns, in one of the provinces recently enlightened by the advent of this distinguished corps, "the popular ballad of 'the Inchcape Bell'" assumed its wonted place in the programme. *La belle chanteuse* smiled prettily behind the lithographic title-page of the all-interesting composition, which trembled in her white kid-gloved fingers as though conscious of the impression it was about to make upon the audience: she sang, and the effect was felt, but cannot be described. Mr. John Parry took his station by the side of Erard's patent action pianoforte—the tolling point of the composition arrived, and he tolled his purposely-tuned, rich-toned bell, which tolling proved a telling point with the audience. M. Liszt seated himself at his instrument, and accompanied the song with all his power, with all his delicacy, and with all his expression:—when the storm period arrived, and the illustrious improvisator was seized with an extraordinary rhapsody of enthusiasm: his mighty genius became uncontrollable as the waves it described; he forgot himself—his coadjutors—the provincial tour and the scanty audience of the present occasion in the intoxication of the inspiring subject that rapt his inmost soul: he thundered—he lightened—he foamed—he dashed—he howled—he roared; he became as hideous as the tempest—as incomprehensible as the elemental chaos; one might picture to one's-self in his wild and tumultuous gesticulations the spirit of the storm riding madly upon the universal discord of its own creation! But turn we to the benighted toll-keeper and the fair syren whose voice was not, on this occasion, destined to assuage the convulsions of art which was all but nature: they, poor deluded mortals, were utterly unable to companion their mighty accompanist in his lofty flights of extatic imagination. Mr. Parry would have tolled his bell, Miss Bassano would have told her tale, but the fury of the mental uproar remained unabated, and while the composer's disappointed countenance typified the rolling clouds of the hurricane, and the bright eyes of the songstress might be supposed to represent the radiations of a beacon-light, they could only turn in painful wonder from the audience unto each other, and vainly strove, the one to drive, the other to lure, the fancy-devoted into a peaceful haven. The more they wondered, the more his fury gushed forth in torrents of incalculable semi-demisemiquavers; and the more his fury gushed, &c. &c., the more they wondered. At length—but this was not till after a very considerable length,

"By length I mean duration."—Don Juan.

for the state of enthusiastic *ecstace* endured at least ten minutes—the hurricane subsided, the winds were hushed, the waves were stilled, and, like a raging battle-host when the excitement of the onslaught is passed, each reclined in gentle confidence upon the bosom of its comrade and its brother. 'Twas silence all! Miss Bassano coughed to clear her voice for the second verse—Mr. Parry resumed his "bell cast expressly for the occasion"—when M. Liszt suddenly extinguished all their hopes of further distinguishing themselves by making his bow to the room and rushing precipitately from the orchestra. Alas! that transcendent genius should so far exceed the limits of human anticipation! We will not attempt to describe the feelings which this abrupt and eccentric transit awakened in the bosoms of those who were thus rendered the dissociates of this mental meteor; nor those which the whole exhibition awakened in the select few who witnessed it: such feelings must be felt to be imagined, we therefore content ourselves with this humble essayal to depict the occasion of them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

THE MUSIC IN MACBETH.

Sir,—Regarding the question concerning the authorship of this music, I promised in vol. vii, page 52, that if anything should occur throwing a clearer light on the real authorship of the music in *Macbeth*, that I would not fail of communicating it to the *Musical World*.

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Since then I have met with several important facts, that all but prove Henry Purcell to be the composer of the music in question. In a small oblong volume with the following title—"The Pleasant Companion, or New Lessons and Instructions for the Flageolet. By Thomas Greeting, Gent. London: printed by J. Playford, and are to be sold at his shop neare the Temple Church, 1680," I have found a tune entitled *Mackbeth, M. L.* (Matthew Locke.) There are several tunes with the same initials, and one with his name at length. And in another work, entitled "Apollo's Banquet for the Treble Violin, set forth in new Theatre Tunes, Ayres Corants, &c. to which is added the Tunes of the new French Dances, &c. London: printed for John Playford, &c. (about) 1670," the same tune occurs, entitled, "The Dance in the Play of *Mackbeth*." This at once proves, as I suspected, that Locke did compose music for *Macbeth*; but as this melody is not to be found among the music in use now, and bears not the least resemblance to it, and that a copy of the above tune is also to be found in another very curious work, entitled "Musick's Delight, or the Cithern, &c. London: printed by W. G, and are sold by G. Playford at his shop in the Temple—1666,"* it must have belonged to another set of music for *Macbeth*, composed by Matthew Locke, and performed at least six or seven years before that produced at the new theatre in Dorset Gardens, in 1672. Hence the mistake of Purcell's music being confounded with Locke's. Now, as the *Tempest*, upon every revival, from Shakspeare's time to the present day, has been produced with new music, and it is well known that Locke and Purcell (as well as others) have composed music for the *Tempest*,† is it not reasonable to suppose that the same may have occurred with regard to *Macbeth*, especially as there are no less than four different settings to the same words extant? 1st: that to the original words in Middleton's tragic-comedy, called *The Witch*, printed in Stafford Smeth's "Musica Antiqua." 2nd: the music now in use, which I affirm is Henry Purcell's composition. 3rd: the music by Eccles, mentioned in one of my former letters. 4th: J. A. Fisher's music, composed for Covent-garden in 1780, of which I have the original MS.; and now I find a portion of another set, really composed by Matthew Locke. These facts fully prove, as in the case of the *Tempest*, that *Macbeth*, upon almost every revival, has had new music composed for it.

I now turn to another and more important fact. In a "Catalogue of the very curious and valuable Musical Library of Antient and Modern Composition, by the most eminent Masters, from the Sixteenth Century to the present time, collected, through a series of years, with infinite care and judgment, by the late W. and P. Hayes, Doctors in Music, Oxon.; which *were* deposited for sale at Smart's Music Warehouse, the corner of Argyll-street, Oxford-street. By appointment of the administration. The whole of which is made into Lots, with the prices annexed in the Catalogue;" the first thing that occurs, is "Purcell's Works, MSS.," &c.

"Lot 1. Anthems, Odes, Canons, and *Dido and Eneas*, in 4 vols. folio, bound, transcribed from Purcell's original MS. in the King's Library, a very valuable collection, 2*l.* 2*s.*"

"Lot 3. Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, ditto Dr. Blow, Part of *Don Quixote*, MS.—Part of *Bonduca*, MS.—Hymns, Purcell, *his own original sketch and score*—Ode on Queen Mary's Birth Day, MS., *Purcell's hand-writing*—Te Deum—Birth-day Ode, &c. &c.—N. B. A curious Lot, 2*l.* 2*s.*"

"Lot 7. *Score of Macbeth, Purcell's hand-writing, the original and very curious.*—Ditto, *from which Dr. Boyce published it as Matthew Locke's composition*, &c. &c.—1*l.* 1*s.*"

Thus it appears, by its being classed among Purcell's other works, that *the Hayes' had no doubt of its being Purcell's composition*; ‡ and what renders it the more certain, is the fact of another copy of the score in the same collection being described as a "*Ditto from which Dr. Boyce published it as Matthew Locke's composition.*" It is clear by this that Dr. Boyce could not have been aware of a MS. of the score being extant in Purcell's own hand-writing, or he would not have committed so great a mistake of ascribing it to Locke, when it was Purcell's composition; and as no copy existed previously in print at the time when Boyce revised the score (which was published by Johnson, of Cheapside), it is evi-

* I am indebted to my kind friend, Mr Edward F. Rimbault, the worthy secretary to the Percy Society, for the use of the above-mentioned rare books, which are the only copies known. It is from these very books that Mr. Chappell, in his "Ancient English Melodies," has been enabled to include two melodies, illustrative of Shakspeare's Plays, namely, "The Hunt is up," and "Trip and go," which could not have been obtained elsewhere.

† The following is the order of the different settings to the *Tempest*, with the names of the composers: Robert Johnson, 1612; Dr. John Wilson, 1660; Matthew Locke, 1673; Henry Purcell, 1690; John Smith (about), 1715; Dr. Arne, with Purcell (about), 1756; Thomas Linley, with Arne's and Purcell's (about), 1788; another revival about 1812; and lastly, T. Cooke's adaptation from Purcell, Dr. Arne, Smith, and Lindley, in 1838.

‡ Linley, in his "Shakspeare's Dramatic Songs," states, that "The late Dr. Hayes, of Oxford, was of opinion that the music was not Locke's," and many have been inclined to ascribe it to Purcell.

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dent the only authority he had—it having existed previously in MS. and without any author's name—was upon that which is mentioned in "Downe's Roscius Anglicanus," adverted to by me in a former letter. Had any portion of it existed in print previously—like the music in *Psyche* and the *Tempest*—also adverted to before—there would have been no doubt about the matter; but as such is not the case, we must take the evidence of facts as we find them, and weigh them with cool and deliberate judgment. On my own part I have no doubt; but it is a difficult thing to convince other people without positive proof; and if the above-mentioned score in Purcell's hand-writing * had but his signature appended to it, it would have been a convincing proof that Henry Purcell, and no one else, was the composer.

That Locke was intimate with the Purcells, the following extracts will show:—"After dinner" (says Pepys. in his Diary, February 29, 1659), "I went back to Westminster Hall—here I met with Mr. Locke and Mr. Purcell,† masters of musique, and went with them to the coffee-house into a room by ourselves—here we had a variety of brave Italian and Spanish songs, and a canon for eight voices, which Mr. Locke had lately made on these words, *Domine salvum fac Regem*." And in the fourth book of the "Theatre of Musick, printed by Playford, in 1687," there is a song composed by Henry Purcell, "'What hope for us,' on the death of his worthy friend, Mr. Matthew Locke, musick composer in ordinary to his Majesty, and organist of her Majesty's Chappell, who dyed in August, 1677." It may be inferred that it was through the influence of Locke that Henry Purcell was, at an early age, induced to compose for the theatre; for although Locke was of an irascible temper when opposed to others, yet he was free from those petty jealousies common to musicians, and often lent a helping hand to assist his musical brethren.

I have but little doubt but one day or other I shall be able to place this question beyond all dispute. It must, however, be borne in mind, that of the many MSS. extant of Purcell's compositions in his own hand-writing, there are but few that have his signature appended to them; so that it is no criterion, because a MS. copy of the music in *Macbeth* has been discovered in Purcell's own hand-writing, and without his signature, that it is not his composition, as it is well-known his signature scarcely ever occurs to his MSS. In conclusion I beg to say, should ever his secular works be collected together, and published after the manner Mr. Vincent Novello has published his "Sacred Music," I cordially hope that whoever edits the work will include "The Music in *Macbeth*," as I am certain it is the composition of Henry Purcell.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

JOSEPH WARREN.

REVIEW.

Anthems by Samuel Sebastian Wesley.—(Continued from page 244.)

In pursuing our notice of this beautiful work we now come to the second anthem, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them." Its first movement is a quartett, preceded by a bass solo of seven bars, and interrupted by a similar solo for the soprano. This movement, though extremely short and simple, is a gem of rare beauty, filled with a stream of quiet thought, and abounding with graceful combination of vocal harmony. To this succeeds a bass-solo —"Say to them of a fearful heart"—having a bold and marked melody, and accompanied by a restless bass in quavers, somewhat after the manner of Handel. This solo is fine and effective throughout, and as especial beauties we may point out, the grand *rise* of the voice at the last bar of the first transition to C major—the beautiful transition to F, at the close of the following symphony—and the sequence with which the second part of the air commences. Not the least remarkable feature of this movement is the admirable manner in which the accompaniment is arranged for the organ. A short tenor recitative now introduces a quartett and semi-chorus, "For, in the wilderness." In this movement, a sentence formed by a stream of harmonies, under an inverted pedal sustained by one of the solo voices, is heard first in E major and then successively in B major, again in E major (in this case the pedal is direct, with the bass voice), G sharp major, and, by a bold and startling transition, in C major. A prolonged sequence, again commencing in E major, leads to the recurrence of the first theme with the alto voice as inverted pedal; and a short sentence of full harmony for the four

* This may probably have been the score in Purcell's hand-writing, formerly in Dr. Bever's collection; but if there are two copies extant in his hand-writing, it is still more confirmatory.

† This may have been either Thomas, the uncle, or Henry, the father, of Purcell.

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voices concludes a movement which cannot be regarded otherwise than as an aggregate of faultless beauties. The succeeding page contains one of the most remarkable things we have yet found in our perusal of these anthems;—it is a point of dramatic expression, and that, of the very highest order. A short chorus gives out, in unisonous recitative, the words, "And a highway shall be there—it shall be called the way of holiness—the unclean shall not pass over it," and the wonderful effect produced by the sudden change of key and vocal arrangement, at the words, "*But the redeemed shall walk there,*" is the point to which we refer. It would be difficult to select—of its kind—a more beautiful specimen of the musician's art from the works of any composer, living or dead. The next movement is a fugue on two subjects—the first being announced by the bass, with an accompaniment by four upper parts, and the second—a *motion* in quavers—also announced by the bass at the thirteenth bar from the commencement. These are worked out with glorious and unabating spirit during eight pages, when they resign their fugal existence on the entrance of a *coda* made up of long masses of harmony, wherein are many superb and novel transitions, and the most admirable *escape* from the fine old church-progression between the seventh and eighth bars from the end, we ever remember to have seen. A short quartett in plain counterpoint—*Andante com moto*—closes this second anthem, but with its nature or manner we cannot express satisfaction. The idea of such a slow and soft conclusion is unquestionably good, but this little movement—half psalm-tune, half glee, and very much tinctured with the *small* things of Spohr's style—is completely unfit for such a purpose. Its feeling has nothing in common with the remainder, and its little prettiness is a thorough anti-climax to the elevated beauty of all that precedes it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The friends of early years. Autumn winds are sighing. Ballads composed by G. Linley, Esq.

These two ballads contain those requirements of popularity, prettiness, simplicity, and absence of executive difficulty. Although both are pretty, we prefer the second, which has a general elegance of style and matter not often found in the mere ballad of the present day.

Foreign Quarterly Review.

In the last number of the "Foreign Quarterly Review," we have an article entitled "Music abroad and at home," which we are glad to notice as being one of the very few attempts to include music in the long list of subjects embraced by the quarterly periodicals of this country. It contains, in the first place, a chronicle of continental music for the past season—not profound or magazine-like, but condensing a wide circuit into a small space—just skimming over the surface, noting the appearance of a new opera here or a new singer there, and retailing such little pieces of musical chit-chat as chanced to be on the wing. Criticism, of course, is not attempted, save on the strength of foreign report, and the whole must therefore be considered valuable only as a record of past occurrences.

From that part of the article which treats of music abroad we extract a few paragraphs as specimens of the spirit in which the writer's gleanings have been made.

The state of operatic music in Italy is thus generally summed-up:—

"The four great theatres in Italy, the Fenice in Venice, the Scala in Milan, the San Carlo in Naples, and the Apollo in Rome, have been chiefly engaged in the representation of Donizetti's *Gemma di Vergy*, and *Roberto d'Evereux*.

"The compositions of Donizetti continue far more attractive throughout Italy than those of any other composer, however vastly superior. No less than thirteen of his operas have been produced at thirty-four theatres in Italy, during the last three months. *Gemma di Vergy* was produced at eight distinct theatres. The next composers whose works have been chiefly performed in Italy, are Bellini and Rossini. Four operas, composed by the former, were produced at fourteen theatres; his *Beatrice di Tenda*, at six; while seven of Rossini's operas were performed at twelve theatres, *Giuglielmo Tell* proving the most

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also attractive. Four of Mercadante's, and the same number of Luigi Ricci's operas, were produced during the same period."

Of Miss Adelaide Kemble's success at Milan we find the following :—

"Miss Kemble's singing has greatly improved, and her voice is powerful. Raumer says, 'People, nevertheless, complain that her voice is not strong enough for the Scala; but where is the human voice that can, for any length of time, fill so vast a space, and rise above such an orchestra, and such a clamour of tongues? All that with us is most extravagant in this respect is a mere trifle, in comparison with what is here the order of the day."

In the following paragraph, the writer is in error, we imagine, as to the singer's name. Who "Miss Mary Shaw" is we cannot conjecture :—

"Venice.—Our fair countrywoman, Miss Mary Shaw has been delighting the Venetians at the Teatra alla Fenice, by her performance of *Arsace*, in Rossini's *Semiramide*, and Donizetti's *Gemma di Vergy*."

By way of treat for the antiquarians, there is the following piece of information touching music in Russia :—

"In the most ancient Russian vocal music there are no lines, but the notes are placed above the words, in two, three, or four rows, according to the number of voices. To avoid confusion, these are written in red and black ink, which alternate regularly for each row. This appears to be a more ancient method of notation than our six-line books in England.

"Peter the Great, in 1710, besides the introduction of kettle-drums, hautboys, bassoons, horns, also brought a carillonem named Foerster from Silesia, who was furnished with a set of keys and pedal to his carillons, as they do in most of the Dutch towns. Towards the close of his reign the czar introduced German music through the means of his son-in-law the Duke of Holstein."

For Germany we find a more complete musical record than for any other country. Vienna, it is well known, has long been remarkable for anti-national taste in music, but the following summary exhibits an appetite for the unclassical in dramatic music which would be even discreditable to her Majesty's Theatre in London :—

Vienna.—The operatic company has been exceedingly strong in talent, consisting of Mdlles. Unger, Frezzolini, Rita Gabussi, Luigia Abbadia, Marietta Brambilla, Napoleone Moriani, Catone Lonati, G. Roppa, G. Ronconi, C. Badiali, P. Novelli, G. Frezzolini, A. Benciolini, and G. Visanetti. Ten grand operas have been produced during the summer season commencing at Easter; of these, five were the compositions of the prolific Donizetti—*Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated twelve times, *Lucia di Lammermoor* eleven times, *Parisina* eight, and *Gemma di Vergy* four times: of Mercadante's, *Elena di Feltre* was produced eight times, and *Il Giuramento* five times; Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda* was repeated eight times, and his *Montecchi et Capuletti* but once; Ricci's *Prigione di Edimburgo* was repeated four times, and Fioravanti's *La Cantatrice villane* five times.

The subjoined paragraphs, touching the progress of a higher order of art in Germany, are also interesting :—

"The German National Verein for the advancement of musical science, who recently offered a prize of twenty ducats (£9 10*s.*) for the best score to the 120th psalm, have just decided, that of the thirty-five works sent in, that of F. Hetsch, of Heidelberg, should receive the promised reward. The judges were Dr. Spohr, Dr. Schroder, Reissiger, von Seyfried, Schnyde, von Wartensee, von Rinck, and Dr Schilling.

"The number of musical publications which have appeared in Germany during the second three months of the present year continue in excess of those published during the corresponding period of last year (1839). Of 758 musical compositions, there were—40 orchestral pieces, 41 for the violin, 20 violoncello, 23 flute, 18 other wind-instruments, 11 for the guitar, 3 for the harp, 351 pianoforte, 10 organ, 25 church hymns, 13 concerted pieces, 181 songs, and 11 works on music, exclusive of musical newspapers, and of 17 complete operas."

In the record of French music we find nothing especially noticeable, except a paragraph referring to an overture in F minor by Mr. H. B. Richards, of the London Academy, which is therein stated to have been performed with enthusiastic applause at the Vivienne Promenade Concerts of Paris. The writer adds, "When this overture was performed at the Royal Academy it was very coldly received, a proof that the academicians do not appreciate good music;"—a process

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of deducing the badness of our academic taste from its opposition to that of the Parisian populace, of which we do not exactly perceive the force; more especially since the inference itself is notoriously untrue.

The passion for operatic performances seems to be extending widely. Greece, herself, after an age of barbarism, is, we are here informed, again betaking her to some of the enjoyments of civilized existence:—

"ATHENS.—The government have voted the sum of 5,000 Augsburgh gulden for the establishment of an Italian opera in this city. Bellini's *Norma* and *Somnambula* have been recently produced with considerable success."

Thus far all is well enough. The writer takes his facts and his criticism from the same foreign sources, and treats both rather as a matter of conversation than of practical art. In speaking of music in London, however, he is obliged to draw more entirely on his own opinions, and here his timidity and weakness are frequently obvious. His views of art too commonly discover the man of literary, rather than musical acquirement. He occasionally falls on a train of correct thinking, of which the following is a fair specimen:—

"The trash which the public are made to endure in the way of vocal music at these concerts, songs, duets or trios, effective enough on the stage probably, but torn from the scene and the *dramatis personæ* becoming perfectly ineffective, quite unfit for a concert-room, which demands a rather subdued style of singing; these things disgust the educated amateur, and annoy every musical mind. While the sterling music of their own country, the works of Bishop, Webbe, Callcot, Beale, Stevens, Horsley, Elliott, Linley, and a host of talented writers now living, are entirely and carefully secluded from their fair share of public favour by the very parties who ought to be the first to bring them forward. However, this department is now to be taken out of their hands; it has become a determination among the ladies of *haut-ton* to encourage and patronize English Music, sung in the best style, by the first artists in the metropolis; and it will soon be seen how much better every society will be pleased with music *they can understand*, than with an enormous expense incurred for the Italian singers, who walk in on opera nights at the eleventh hour, half exhausted, to sing over and over again the worn-out pieces of such feeble writers as Donizetti, Mercadante, &c. A note of Rossini, who is really a man of genius, we seldom or never hear."

We sincerely hope that the *haut-ton* determination, here spoken of, is reported on good authority. The existing dispensation of aristocratic patronage of music is a foul dishonour to the country, and we confess to a want of confidence in the taste of the upper circles, sufficient to warrant our expectations of its speedy removal. Except the first, we altogether object to the list of "sterling" composers here given as representatives of English musical genius. Mr. Bishop unquestionably deserves the reputation of a great musician, but the writings of the remainder—except in a very few instances—would do no credit to any school of music advanced one degree beyond that of Dr. Arne. The writer here palpably betrays that ignorance of art to which we have referred;—to her *young* composers of the present day *only* (after Purcell and the madrigalists) will England be indebted for an equal rank among the musical countries of Europe. As another specimen of sickly judgment, we give the following:—

"In every way Beethoven was one of the most original men of his time. As a symphonist Mendelsshon seems to follow the nearest in his track. Let us hope he will set about a reform in this class of music, and curtail the movements. We have hardly yet recovered the sitting out of Beethoven's Choral Symphony at the Philharmonic; *an hour and twenty minutes*. This sapient experiment of the directors proved a positive infliction, and was the cause of many subscribers leaving. At Vienna, the birth-place of the composer, they never give any of his works entire, but a movement or two. This is the sure way to increase the wish for more."

A writer who thus delivers himself concerning one of the greatest works which mere humanity ever conceived or executed, can have but slight pretensions to dispense opinions on musical art in such a publication as the "Foreign Quarterly Review." That *he* does not comprehend the ninth symphony of Beethoven says not one iota more against its gorgeous beauties, than the *ennui* of certain fashionable amateurs proves against the wisdom of the Philharmonic "experiment;" and the absurdity of suggesting a curtailment of such works is only equalled by

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that of quoting, as precedent, the example of such a Donizetti-hunting place as Vienna.

The magazines of England are doubtless of the greatest importance to her literature, and they may be made equally valuable to her music; but not until their promulgation of opinion and criticism on art be confided *solely* to artists. "Let the cobbler stick to his last," is an old and homely way of expressing the bootlessness of a man's meddling with what he does not understand, of which time has in no degree diminished the force or accuracy.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

Westminster Abbey.—A large congregation assembled here yesterday morning, to hear the performance of Thomas Tallis's service, in D, which had not been performed entire in London since 1827. This is the only complete service extant, and contains the *Te Deum, Benedictus, Sanctus, Kyrie Eleison, Nicene Creed, Magnificat, Nunc Dimittis, Chants* for the *Psalms* and *Athanasian Creed*, the *Responses* and the *Litany:* it is a very curious relic of the original reformed church, in England, and is as interesting to the antiquarian as to the musician. It was admirably performed on this occasion, the choir being greatly augmented beyond its customary extent, by the addition of many distinguished amateurs, as well as professors who volunteered their talents to give effect to the fine, bold, quaint, and antique diatonic progressions with which it abounds.

Choral Harmonic Society.—This Society gave a concert on Tuesday evening, but as our admission-tickets only came to hand on the afternoon of that day, we were unable to attend the performance, and can therefore give nothing beyond this bare announcement.

While on the subject of unnoticed concerts, we take the opportunity of intimating that no musical performance will henceforth be noticed in the "Musical World," unless the usual admissions are forwarded to our publishers *at least* three days before its occurrence. The engagements of the editors do not permit their attendance at the few hours' notice which concert-givers frequently deem sufficient for the purpose.

To Mr. Willey—the director of the concerts at the Princess's Theatre, we owe an apology. He sent us, about ten days since, a ticket for a private box in his theatre, but, owing to some mistake at our publishers, we only received it on Tuesday last and, consequently, when it was useless. We desire now to thank Mr. Willey for his attention, and to express our regret for the accident which has delayed our knowledge of it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Library of the Society of British Musicians is fast growing into a very important collection; it already numbers several hundred volumes of classical works, and Messrs. D'Almaine and Co., and Mr. Lonsdale, the music-sellers, have recently each presented the society with ten pounds' worth of music from their respective catalogues. We believe this is not the first donation of either of these gentlemen: theirs is an example worthy of emulation, as tending greatly to promote the facility of musical reference and study; and we earnestly recommend such liberality to the house of Cramer, Chappell, Lavenu, and the other principal music-sellers of London; for, by disseminating a knowledge of the great masters, they would create a desire for their works; and so, ultimately benefit themselves in addition to the advantage they would confer on a public and national institution.

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The Students of the Royal Academy of Music have been requested to enter into a subscription of sums not exceeding ten shillings, for the purpose of placing a portrait of Lord Burghersh in the concert-room of that institution, and we understand Mr. H. B. Richards, the pianist, has been very forward to promote this object. Irrespective of his lordship's merits as a composer, or his liberality as a patron of music, which we consider have nothing whatever to do with the subject, we consider this affair in every respect derogatory to the Academy: in the first place, any picture which could be procured for so inconsiderable a price as this subscription would amount to, must be an unworthy ornament for a public institution: in the next place, a sum levied upon the little boys and grown children at present studying in the Academy, will be felt by them as an unavoidable imposition not as a spontaneous tribute to the founder of a musical school in England; and for Lord Burghersh himself, he can scarcely feel gratified, much less flattered, by the erection of a bad picture bought from the pocket-money of the students while under his direction. Upon the whole, we look upon the intention as a piece of courtiership by no means creditable to the projectors nor honourable to its object; and we are sorry to see a person of Mr. Richards's talents appearing to seek preferment by this apparent adulation.

The Promenade Concerts at the English Opera-house, drag on a miserable existence, fed by the eleemosynary talents of the "sixty first-rate instrumental performers," who, with the exception of a few individuals whose salaries are prepaid by special contract, are postponed *sine die* for the remuneration of a second week's services. It is a lamentable thing to see such men as Mr. Harper, Mr. Richardson, and the like, insulted by the tender of four shillings and threepence a night, but it is yet more grievous to find they have not even received this bad compliment during the past fortnight, and we congratulate Messrs. Tolbecque, Baumann, Negri, &c. on their more secure arrangements with the lawyer-manager.

Miss Delcy has, we are sorry to say, broken off her negotiation with the Messrs. Barnett, for the Prince's Theatre: we are, told, on the one hand, that they decline her services because her father will not allow her to appear more than three times a week; on the other, that in consequence of a misunderstanding between that gentleman and Mr. Frazer during the last season, at Drury-lane, he will not suffer his daughter to engage in the same company with the inflammatory tenor.

Madame Caradori Allan has been reported to be engaged at the Prince's Theatre; but we have authority to state that no such engagement has been entered into. The *prima donna* will be Miss Nunn, a young lady, who, after studying five years in Italy, held a very important station, during two seasons at the Scala Theatre in Milan; report speaks very highly of her success, abroad, and the Messrs. Barnett are not less sanguine in their expectations of the impression she may make on a London audience.

Mr. Balfe had made considerable progress in the talk of the arrangements for opening the English Opera-house. He was said to have been in negotiation with Mr. Allen, Mr. Stretton, Mr. Burnett, and Mr. and Mrs. Alban Croft, who were to have supported Mme. Balfe in his own new opera; but circumstances arose which have induced him to abandon the scheme entirely. It is curious to remark that Mr. Balfe is always *about* to take some theatre; for instance he might have had Drury-lane last season; he would have had the Princess's this season; he could have had the Lyceum next season, and so forth:—but all his takings appear to be *under*takings, for they never rise to possession, and "about to take" with him appears to signify "about nothing:"—in other words, it appears that whenever he has no other means of bringing himself before the public, he seeks notoriety by spreading a report that he is going to be a manager.

Miss Shireff.—The musical profession will sustain a considerable loss by the marriage and retirement of this accomplished lady which, we have authority for stating, will very shortly take place. Miss Shireff's long absence from the London public has taught us to do without her, but the repeated acclamations in her praise which have resounded across the Atlantic, have raised our expectation to a degree that is ill satisfied with this unfulfilment.

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THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, NEW YORK, was opened on the 10th instant, by Mr. Williams, a native speculator. The operatic company is remarkably strong here, comprising Miss Poole and Mrs. Seguin, soprani; Mr. Henry Horncastle, tenore; and Misses Seguin, Giubilei, and Latham, basses. There is a contest for precedence between the two ladies, each claiming the important title of *prima donna*—the one championed by her husband, the other by Giubilei, whose pupil she has become, and who will not allow his disciple to take any second engagement in America: as both ladies are said to be greatly improved since they left this country, we cannot in England form a judgment of the merits of the dispute; but from our recollections of them, we should doubt the capacity of both for the rank they assume. Mr. W. Penson is the leader and director, and Mme. Proche Giubilei, with the Ravel family, are engaged for the ballet. *The Devil's Opera* is to be the first musical novelty of the season, Gabriel Ravel sustaining the character in which Wieland has been so deservedly popular here. At the same time, the Park Theatre announces the important names of Mr. Braham, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and Mr. Leffler; while Mr. C. Martin and his wife (late Miss Inverarity), and Mr. Sinclair, are also in the United States. When we see this long list of absentees, it is impossible to wonder at the difficulty of forming a musical company in London.

MR. BRAHAM has left behind him a total wreck of his affairs, and it is confidently asserted that the Grange, at Brompton, the Prince's Theatre, the Colosseum, and all other tangible property must shortly be brought to the hammer for the benefit of his estate. In the meantime, the disgraceful exhibitions that have lately taken place at the Colosseum, where the vilest company have, for some time past, been admitted at fourpence per head, induced the magistrates, at the quarter sessions, on Thursday last, to suspend the license, which, joined to the bad odour in which the place stands at present, must greatly deteriorate its value. It will be recollected that when Mr. Braham, in 1834, obtained the license according to the 25th George II., it was with the understanding that he would not use it for theatrical performances, such being accounted derogatory and disagreeable to the *haut ton* of the neighbourhood—surely, if it would have been a nuisance to open a theatre, it must be worse to make a drinking booth for the lowest and worst orders of society; so we highly applaud the magistracy for the step they have taken.

MR. MARK LEMON, the dramatic author, is said to be the person in treaty for the Oxford-street Theatre, being induced to that speculation by his desire to bring forward Mr. Frank Romer's opera, of which he has written the *libretto*, and which Mr. Barnett has refused at the Prince's Theatre. Miss Romer having declined an engagement in that establishment, unless permitted to appear in her brother's opera before any other, will, of course, now experience a reciprocity of that fraternal affection, and be made the lion of the company. We heartily wish success to any English operatic speculation, but we sincerely doubt the probability of it on the present occasion, for it is not to be supposed that an inexperienced author, like Mr. Romer, can support the whole weight of a theatre by his single production, nor that his sister, with all her deserved reputation, can bear the whole weight of that or any other production on her individual shoulders. We recommend the new adventurer to pause before so rash an undertaking.

PRINCE ALBERT has introduced Herr Koehl to the appointment of organist in the private chapel recently constructed in the music-room at Windsor. This gentleman was a *protege* of H.R.H. at Saxe Gotha, and we have been privately informed is the author of the "Songs and Ballads" which have been fathered by his royal patron. It is curious to relate that this German *luminato* is now taking organ lessons of Dr. Elveyi of St. George's Chapel.

"FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS," the new farce to brought out at Covent-garden this evening, is the production of Mr. Mark Lemon.

MR. WILLIAM FLETCHER, a talented young professor, was on Friday last elected organist of the parish church at Hales Owen Shropshire. The organ is a new instrument containing sixteen stops, built by Banfield of Birmingham.

ADOLPH ADAM'S *Reine d'un jour* is undergoing a course of adaptation to the English stage, and is about to be produced at the Surrey Theatre.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have no means of ascertaining the fact of which Miss MILLINGTON speaks.
"PSALMIST." We know not who publishes the work of Rink referred to by our correspondent.
We beg to thank "J." for his offer, which we accept with pleasure.
The letter of "Patria" has been received, and will appear in our next.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Czerny.—Homage to Victoria and Nicholas; grand brilliant variations. No. 1, on 'God save the queen;' no. 2, on 'God preserve the emperor' - - - *Wessel.*
Davison, J. W.—Four Bagatelles - *Ditto.*
Mayer, C.—Souvenirs de la Russie; three Russian airs, varied - - - *Ditto.*
Henselt.—Ricordanza de l'Elisir d'Amore, brilliant variations on 'Je son ricco;' as a duet - - - - - - *Ditto.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Clinton —Operatic Gems, for one flute, overture and airs from 'Corradino and Weber's 'Preciosa' - - - *Wessel.*
London Promenade Concerts, no. 19.—Quadrille for orchestra, or quintett from 'Xacarilla' - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Weber's Works, edited by Moscheles: no. 12, Grand Concerto with orchestral and quartett accompaniments, op. 32; no. 13, Variations for Piano and Clarinet, or Violin, op. 33; no. 14, Grand Duet, for Piano and Clarinet, or Violin, op. 47 *Chappell.*

VOCAL.

Nudermeyer, L.—Le Lac; words by de Lamartine - - - - - - *Boosey.*
Viva Amina: chorus in Sonnambula - *Ditto.*
Yes, I love her; air in ditto - - - *Ditto.*
Yes, I'm jealous; duet in ditto - - - *Ditto.*
Through Helvetia's mountain bower: chorus in ditto - - - - *Ditto.*
Opera Sonnambula, complete with English words - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Lee, A.—Go, cull your roses - *T. Prowse.*
—— Bonnie Mary Gray - - - *Ditto.*
—— Merry gondolier - - - *Ditto.*
Desvignes, L.—Believe me, I'm sincere *Ditto.*
Le Jeune, G.—How oft I've gazed on - *Ditto.*
Chumbley, J.—Myrtle Tree - - *Ditto.*
Come friends and listen to the story; from the 'Postilion' - - - - *Chappell.*
Ball, W.—The exile's sigh; adapted to the air 'Bella adorata' - - - *Ditto.*
Linley, G.—Autumn winds are sighing *Ditto.*

WESSEL and CO. have the honour to announce to Professors the publication of a new Grand Work for two performers on the pianoforte, entitled

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My uncle; a comic glee for four voices	4	0

Published and sold by J. TOWNSHEND, at his music-warehouse, King-street Manchester; and to be had of his agent, Mr. J. A. NOVELLO, Dean-street, Soho, London.

MR. BINFIELD has a VACANCY for an APPRENTICE to the general MUSIC TRADE and TUNING.—Cheltenham Music Saloon.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—TO-MORROW, Oct. 30, will be repeated HANDEL'S Oratorio, SAMSON. Principal performers—Mme. Caradori Allan, Miss Hawes, Mr. Pearsall, Mr. Novello, and Mr. Phillips. The Band and Chorus will consist of Five Hundred Performers.

Tickets 3s. each; Reserved Seats, 5s.; may be had of the principal Musicsellers; of Mr. Mitchell, 39, Charing-cross; and of Mr. Ries, 102, Strand, opposite Exeter Hall.

JUST PUBLISHED, PART I. of Dr. William Croft's Service in E, containing a Te Deum, Jubilate, Cantate Domino, and Deus Miseratur (never before published), edited by W. Hawes. Price to subscribers, 15s.; to non-subscribers 20s. Now engraving, Part II., Dr. William Croft's Service in A, containing a Te Deum, Jubilate, Sanctus, Responses and Creed. Part III. will consist of 12 MS. Anthems by Dr. W. Croft. To be had at W. Hawes's Music-warehouse, 355, Strand, where subscribers' names continue to be received. Where may also be had Miss Maria B. Hawes's popular ballads, "I'll speak of thee," "The genius of the Spring," "As I walked by myself," "Thou art lovelier," &c. Also, Mehul's celebrated air from the oratorio of Joseph, "Ere infancy's bud had expanded."

HENRY HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall, East, where all communications for the Editor, Works for Review, and Advertisements are received.—R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row.—G. BERGER, Holywell Street, Strand, and the following Agents:—

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THE

MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,

AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀύρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν."
PLAT. Phædo. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

NOV. 5, 1840. No. CCXLI.—New Series, No. CXLIX. PRICE 3*d*. STAMPED, 4*d*.

The most immediate ill resulting from the Promenade Concert system is that inflicted on actors and dramatic authors by the uncontemplated and wrongful occupation of theatres in which they may be said to have acquired a species of property. Three theatres—two of which, at least, would, under ordinary circumstances, have now been open for the performance of operas or plays—are converted into concert-rooms, to the manifest prejudice of a number of actors and singers who are, in consequence, most unwillingly enjoying a pause in their labours, accompanied by a similar *hiatus* in their pecuniary receipts. Although the grievances of actors may not, strictly speaking, fall within the circle of our notice, yet, as the interests of dramatic singers are affected in a like manner, and as Promenade Concerts—which, as a matter of art, we sincerely desire to see exterminated, or, at least, confined to a proper *locus in quo*—cause the mischief complained of, we feel justified in calling attention to this part of the subject. A decisive step, it appears, has been taken by the members and friends of the late Drury-lane company in the presentation of the following address to the Lord Chamberlain:—

"My Lord—We, the undersigned, authors and actors, respectfully solicit your lordship's attention to the present state of the dramatic entertainments placed under your charge, and to the remedy for the evils under which we are labouring, which we suggest, in the confidence that it does not interfere, in a hostile manner, with any privileges, however acquired or exercised.

"The greater part of those who thus address your lordship were engaged last season at the Theatre-Royal Drury-lane—many for terms yet unexpired. The misfortunes of the late lessee, Mr Hammond, not only deprive them of this future employment, but prevented his employing them for more than half the usual number of nights in the last season, and much of the salary, even for that very diminished number, remains yet unpaid to them.

"During the next season we have every reason to believe that the performances of English dramatic entertainments will be wholly excluded from Drury-lane Theatre. By this arrangement we are deprived of our accustomed market for our talents, as the au-

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thors and representatives of plays and farces, which description includes every species of performance for the protection of which the patents were originally granted.

"As the proprietors of the Theatre-Royal Drury-lane can scarcely desire neither to use their licence themselves, nor to permit those dependent on its exercise to use it, we respectfully solicit a licence to perform plays and farces at any theatre that may be open to us.

"We should by no means object to the determination of this licence on the contingency that the lessee of the Theatre-Royal Drury-lane should resume such representations, provided that in such case justice could be practicably done to us by our employment there for the remainder of the time, and by taking off our hands such engagements as must be made by any dramatic concern to enable it to open the doors with a chance of success; as it must be obvious to your lordship that the plan for a season can be neither suddenly taken up nor abandoned.

"We need not represent to your lordship that the most determined advocate of monopoly in theatricals can never carry his argument so far as to say that it should enable the possessors of the patents to prohibit, or even further to limit, the exercise of the art 'for the encouragement' of which the grant was made to them.

"We earnestly request your lordship's early and favourable consideration to a matter involving the interests and also the livelihood of many persons thus affected by a series of unfortunate and unusual circumstances.—We have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and very humble servants."

This is all very well so far as it goes; but it has the fault of being considerably too mild in the claims which it sets up. Why thus timidly *ask* to be put off with some temporary minor-theatre license which could neither do any substantial good for those who work it, nor successfully oppose the shilling concerts? Why not request that the *existing* licences, or "patents," or whatever else they may be called, be strictly examined and the *spirit* of their regulations be authoritatively urged against the present occupants of the theatres in question? Unless we see it in black and white, we will not believe that a theatrical license is of such loose construction that it may be interpreted to permit *every thing* that public inclination or private avarice may choose to designate "amusement." Else, we cannot, for the life of us, perceive any material difference between the "licence" of Drury-lane, for example, and that of the Eagle Tavern, or any other bibulo-musical resort of the mobocracy, nor, consequently, any between the pretensions of the places themselves. In both, plays may be acted—in both, concerts are given—in both, people may walk about in any species of undress, except primitive buff, which may please them—in both, wines and spirits are purchaseable commodities—and in both, we believe, "bonnets" are forbidden in the dress-boxes. The only, and immaterial, distinctions of Drury-lane, at present, are, that the music is louder, and somewhat better perhaps;—that a higher sum is charged for admission (not including "refreshment" *i. e. grog*); and that tobacco is a disallowed article—which latter prohibition, judging from the past march of improvement, we may yet hope to see removed.

The Lord Chamberlain's memorialists say that, during this season, they have "every reason to believe that the performances of English dramatic entertainments will be wholly excluded from Drury-lane Theatre"—why, of course they will be excluded;—who could expect anything else under the present management? Drury-lane began its present season under foreign direction, and, as we predicted at the outset, its performances will, of course, be foreign exclusively. Its quadrille band is now more than two-thirds a cross of French and German, and its operas, *when they commence*, will be wholly German, as testified by an engagement entered into with Mr. Bunn for their management.

The late company of Drury-lane would, we repeat, strike more directly at the

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root of their grievance by petitioning that that theatre be compulsorily restored to its intended uses, than by seeking to establish themselves elsewhere under cover of a new and merely temporary licence.

We beg to inform our subscribers that the next number of the "Musical World" will contain the celebrated "Miserere" and "Amplius" composed by Beethoven and performed at his funeral; together with a short history of their production.

A REVIEW OF A REVIEW REVIEWED.

At the very last minute—even while this number of the "Musical World" is printing—alas! we fear already too late for several hundred copies—we hasten to stop the press—to despatch apologetic messengers to our expectant publishers—to put on relays of compositors—in fact, to turn our whole arrangements topsy-turvy, inside out, and upside down, in order to insert with fitting promptitude and reverence the following pulverizing document extracted from the "Conservative Journal" of last Saturday, and so anxious are we that our readers should be instantly acquainted with the vagabond ignorance which has so long imposed upon their good nature, that we cannot reconcile our conscience to the smallest delay in their enlightenment by any preface of our own;—

I would not smile if thou wert sad; Canzonet. 2. Smile, England, smile! Thy Rose is spared. Composed by G. F. Flowers, Mus. Bac. Oxon. (London: Balls, Oxford-street.)

We should in all probability have left these songs unnoticed, had not our attention been accidentally directed to a review of them which lately appeared in "The Musical World." From a work which admitted into its pages a host of letters to prove that Mozart was an inferior composer, anything might be expected in the way of musical heterodoxy; nor need Mr. Flowers feel uneasy that *he* has been attacked. Any composer who possesses too profound a knowledge of the science of music to consent to write the attenuated sickly stuff which often characterizes the productions of these ballad-making times, will assuredly receive the chastisement of the unlearned. We will not trouble our readers with an answer to the whole of the review, but confine our remarks to a few words in reference to the canzonet. The "Musical World" declares the rhythm to be far from clear; which, if true, is a very fair ground for censure. Now, the canzonet is composed in simple common time, and on the second page the emphasis of the three first bars falls on the unaccented parts of the bars: this is no doubt the fault alluded to; but Mr. Flowers may be content to sin in the company of Mozart, whose andante (fifth quartette) the reviewer perhaps never saw. The "Musical World" then pounces on the *modulation*. Yet, what is more simple in modulation than changing a major mode into the minor of the same mode? The "Musical World," with great triumph, announces that in the fifth bar of the second page there is a *false relation*. We have looked in vain for it; but know the passage in the reviewer's eye, who is evidently unskilled in the equivocal nature of diminished dischords, and moreover mistakes modulation for false relation. The "Musical World" winds up with a pretty little sneer at the author of these songs, because he has taken a degree at Oxford—a fact certainly much to his discredit—and concludes by advising him to "cultivate that higher power of kindling emotion, *not* usually found under the garb of that revered degree." We, in our turn, advise the writer in "The Musical World" to cultivate a knowledge of the subject he writes about—a knowledge not usually found in the pages of that periodical. We need not add our opinion of Mr. Flowers's songs: let us recommend him, however, not to be driven to write unsound, sickly nothings, either to avoid the smart criticisms of those who know but little of the matter, or to fill his coffers at the expense of his musical character.

Here's a pretty business! If this be not turning pens, ink, and paper, into fire and brimstone, and figuratively casting us into a metaphorical Tartarus, we know not what can attain that consummation. Whither shall we fly? What shall we do? Is there no refuge from the terrible consequences of our presumptive ignorance?—Ought we to go mad in "white satin," or go home and "burn all

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our books," or ought we, simply, to die and (we beg pardon for our unusual excitement) be d—d to us? But before we make up our minds—like Julius Cæsar —to "die decently"—before we sink under the consciousness that our annihilation is written in the decrees of Fate—we may as well perhaps, pause to look at the fulminatory instrument thus mercilessly hurled at us; few things are impossible, and among other improbabilities, we *may*, perchance, on calmer reflection, be enabled to strip the bolt of its vengeance—to separate the thunder from the lightning, and leave it to crack and bounce about, like any other mere noise, innocuously.

The first thing that strikes us is the obvious probability that this most luminous article in the "Conservative Journal" was written by no less a person than Mr. George French Flowers, Mus. Bac. Oxon., himself. Our readers may stare at such an announcement, but we can assure them that it is by no means easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a man to puff himself anent his musical, or any other doings, in the newspapers;—a little modest assurance goes a long way in such matters, and this we cannot permit ourselves to think has been wanting in the present instance. This probability as to authorship increases step by step as we wade through the article until it becomes a certainty, and as such we shall therefore consider it, meanwhile notifying in our advance the means by which we arrive at so remarkable a conclusion.

And now to summon all our fortitude to meet the grave charges preferred against us. Lo! we had at first a mind to tremble, but have since thought better of it. The first charge is enough to bring down upon us the whole faculty, Mus. Docs., Mus. Bacs. and all—being no less than that of "musical heterodoxy!" This is doubtless a University slap at our foolish method of conducting a discussion—(*vide* the Mozart Controversy)—since we positively had the astounding stupidity to hear *both sides* of the question, thereby vainly expecting to elicit the truth! Still, though thus palpably convicted, we were not, until now, aware that so intimate a connection existed between "musical heterodoxy" and an unfortunate distaste for the composition of Mr. George French Flowers as the "Conservative Journal" seems to imply. Again—we sincerely commiserate the case of Mr. Flowers, that he, being unwilling to write "attenuated sickly stuff," should receive "the chastisement of the unlearned!" The general tone of our reviews, truly, exhibits so marked an affection for the said "sickly" stuff, that we marvel why Mr. Flowers should cast *his* pearls before us. The next paragraph in the "Conservative" review is amazing;—"We will not trouble our readers with an answer to the whole of the review, but confine ourselves to a few words in reference to the canzonet." Good man that he is! Conderate alike to his readers and himself! His sagacity enabled him to perceive that by quoting the laudatory opinions we expressed of several points in his second song, he would seriously compromise his subsequent denunciation of our ignorance, seeing that if our taste were incorrect as to his faults it must be equally so as to his beauties—which latter is not *exactly* what he wished to demonstrate. From all this, we arrive at the first step in our conviction as to the authorship of the "Conservative" review.

We have suffered a minor martyrdom from the next sentence and its adjuncts, touching "rhythm." Having been accustomed—doubtless through ignorance—to regard general rhythm as distinct from mere *accent*, we can conscientiously declare that we did not assume the position so triumphantly refuted by Mr. Flowers;—our strictures did not apply to an "emphasis" in any particular bar, but to the *general* rhythm of the whole, which we are still reckless enough to maintain uncertain and obscure. Thus far we escape, but how shall we avert that potent insinuation that we never saw the *Andante* of Mozart's fifth quartett? Bless our ignorance, say we! Into what fresh scrape will it lead us? Perhaps Mr. Flowers *has* seen this *Andante;* and if so, he will perhaps inform us in what way it serves him as a scape-goat, since we have its score now lying open before us, and cannot, for the life of us, perceive the analogy. Mr. Flowers *might* indeed be "content to sin in the company of Mozart," but we are "heterodox" enough to think that most men, qualified to offer an opinion on the subject, would classify his peccadilloes *rather* differently to those of the man with whom he

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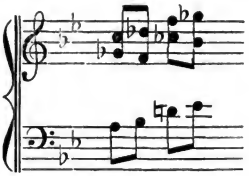
thus profanely couples himself. Step 2nd;—none else than Mr. Flowers would have written thus of Mr. Flowers we opine.

We grant—although the "Conservative's" English is rather obscure—that nothing can be simpler in modulation than "changing a major mode into the minor of the same mode;" but, if we mistake not, our review specifies a whole heap of transitions, not within this category, as the ground of our censure. And now for the "*false relation*," touching which Mr. Flowers has cast a noose about our feet, subtle enough to disturb the equilibrium of a legion of critics. We are charged with being "unskilled in the equivocal nature of diminished discords," and, moreover, with mistaking "modulation for false relation!"—bless our ignorance, again say we! We are loth to charge a disciple of Rink and Schnyder Von Wartensee with heaping together a quantity of cant phraseology, without any knowledge of its signification; but our disinclination must here yield to necessity. The term "equivocal," when properly applied to "diminished discords," means a susceptibility of resolution in at least two opposite directions, thereby inducing the appearance of one of two remote keys, at the composer's discretion. But, unfortunately for this fuss of words, we did not intend the most distant allusion to this "equivocal" susceptibility; our objection referred not to whither the "dischord" in question *went*, but to from whence it *came*. In order to put anything of an "equivocal" nature out of the question, we subjoin the disputed passage, extracted from the fifth bar of the second page:—



If, between the upper and lower part of the second and third chords in this example there be not a case of false relation, and that, too, of a most offensive kind, music has no claims on the ear, and the terms of art are but senseless jargon. That Mr. Flowers should have "looked in vain for it," is not at all surprising; he naturally regarded the deformities of his bantling with the blindness of parental affection; and against so amiable a weakness nothing can be urged, except that it has forced him into a very silly denial of faults which must be obvious to every less-interested critic than himself. From all which we arrive at step 3rd—no one would be so cruelly technical in defence of Mr. Flowers except Mr. Flowers himself.

The concluding paragraph of the "Conservative" review is especially worthy of notice. "We need not add, our opinion of Mr. Flowers' songs," &c. Why not, O most effulgent critic? Because you are incapable of opining? or because a laudatory tribute to your own works is too much even for *your* modest assurance? Alas, for the diffidence of humanity! we fear the latter is the true cause. Did this unwillingness to praise the songs in question appear under Mr. Flowers' sign-manual, it might be commendable, but being anonymous, it cannot be regarded otherwise than as unmitigated twaddle. No one, more than we, would emphatically warn all composers of real talent from writing "unsound sickly nothings," either to avoid "smart criticisms," or to "fill" their "coffers;" but we do not consider the penalty announced as contingent on such a proceeding, to be particularly threatening towards Mr. George French Flowers;—it may perhaps be necessary for him to *acquire* a "musical character" before he incurs any imminent risk of *losing* one. From all the foregoing considerations, collectively, we arrive—4thly, at the conclusion that Mr. Flowers is, really and truly, the author of that review of a review which we have here reviewed.

Mr. Flowers has been extremely wanting in plain discernment, firstly, in not accepting our conscientious praise of what we really liked in his compositions,

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in proof of the sincerity of our motives in finding fault with what we *did not* like; and secondly, in writing an article in the "Conservative Journal" professedly to review his songs, but in reality to puff himself off under cover of abusing us. Trusting that we have read him a serviceable lesson, we conclude by tendering a few words of advice. Of what may be the credit or discredit attached to his taking a Musical Degree, we have the best possible means of judging, and we advise him to exercise ordinary prudence in future, lest we deem it worth while to unfold certain particulars relative to his exercise for the said Degree, which may, perhaps, render the credit of the affair rather more "equivocal" than he now boasts it to be. Moreover, however appalling be the ignorance which is usually displayed in the pages of our journal, it has imposed so long and so successfully on the good nature of our subscribers, that we fear it is not to be exterminated by the literary scribblings of Mr. Flowers, even though he continue to vent them through so respectable a channel as the "Conservative Journal."

THE OPERA IN ITALY.

(*Translated from La France Musicale.*)

The tenors at present in the greatest repute in Italy, are Donzelli, Moriani, Salvi, Reina, Poggi, Pedrazzi, and Bazadonna.

The *basso-cantanti*, or baritones, are Ronconi, Marini, Baroilhet (a Frenchman), Colletti, Cartagenova, Salvatori, and Ferlotti.

The *cantatrici* are Choberlechner, Steponi, Unghez (all Germans), Derancourt, Hallez, Mequillet (Frenchmen), Frezzolini, Ronzi di Begnis and Marini. Be it understood I mention only undoubted *prime donne*.

Here then are the operatic means for the supply of La Scala at Milan, San Carlos at Naples, La Fenice at Venice, La Pergola at Florence, the theatres of Rome, Turin, Bologna, Genoa, (which are all first rate), and those of Trieste, Verona, Padua, Novarra, Mantua, Vicenza, Parma, Lucca, Sinigaglia, Ancona, Palermo, Udine, Treviso, Ferrara, Placentia, Bergamo, Belluno, Modena, &c. &c., which are all second-rate, and only become first-rate at those times of the year when each of these cities holds its *fête*. I do not speak of Spain and the states of Germany, both of which, from time to time, are visited by the best artists, nor of the hundred little towns which open their theatres at certain times of the year.

Looking at the names enumerated above, as those of the most distinguished members of the singing body corporate of Italy, and their extreme disproportion with the number of theatres, it may easily be imagined how much mediocrity of talent must rank behind this favoured few.

I proceed to tell you all I know of these *artistes "de cartello,"* as they say, in Italy.

Donzelli is well known at Paris. It is only necessary therefore to state what he still is. In voice and power he yet remains at the head of Italian tenors. In him we see again the vocal phenomenon presented by Nozzari, who appeared with great success in a new part at the age of 64. Donzelli was playing *Otello* at Bergamo when I was there, and was coming out in *L'Esule di Roma* with the most brilliant anticipations. I thought *Otello* wearied him, and that the music was too florid for his voice, and did not suit him. I heard him last year at Venice, in the *Bravo*. It was an admirable performance. The range of Donzelli's best parts is but limited. He is great in four or five operas only, and of these the *Bravo* is his brightest triumph. His voice is a *tenor seria*, scarcely rising to B flat. Donzelli is rich, and every year talks seriously of retiring—but every year begins singing again. At the next carnival he will return to La Scala to play the *Bravo*, which was produced two years ago at the end of the season, and could not be played more than five or six times. Mdlle. de Riewe, a countrywoman of ours, and a deserter from the Grand Opera, will take the part of *Theodora*, written for Schoberlechner, who has lost her voice, in order to make room for this overwhelming rival.

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The tenor Moriani has the most remarkable voice in Italy. It is an organ of rare power, *timbre*, and purity, and, in quality of tone, may rank with Rubini's. But it is an instrument not easily adapted to all kinds of music: it must have broad and flowing passages, slow phrases in recitative, andantes, and adagios. In allegros and rapid passages it is infinitely less effective: it wants flexibility too. Moriani is admirable in some parts of *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia*, and *Parisina*: his voice is divinely expressive of love, grief, melancholy, and the tender passions; on the other hand, it is wanting in fiery expression, in rage, impetuosity, and situations requiring energy and enthusiam. Moriani's greatest triumph is the finale to *Lucia*, which he sings divinely.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Most generally I concur with you in matters of which I am cognisant; and, therefore, am content to take your opinions without scruple or scepticism on doctrines which my less acute mental optics have not penetrated: on this account I excuse myself for offering the following remarks on your last week's essay on the Promenade Concerts—because I would not have my very pleasant faith in you disturbed, especially while there is yet no other musical expounder extant, upon whose orthodoxy the true lover of art can rely, or whose fairness and honesty ensure unqualified respect. For the sake of others as well as myself, I venture to hope you will not object to retrace with me the paper alluded to, in which I observe some hasty and typographical errors, which are evidence of its unusually undeliberative production; and of which the revisal may tend to reconcile what appears to me a discordance with your ordinary spirit and policy.

In the first place, I must question the thesis, that these concerts are injurious to the advance of musical taste in this country; that the conductors of them might easily do better for the art than they do, is indisputable; but that the congregation of two or three thousand persons nightly (more or less) into arenas where music is the sole attraction and entire entertainment, should be injurious to the uneducated million of this metropolis, or should disparage their aptitude and willingness to be taught under any circumstances, is a paradox at once startling and, I think, untenable. That the evening stragglers who have hitherto been solicited from the streets, and the idlers who were wont to be enticed from their parlour comforts by the clash of melo-dramatic swords, the brawling of coarse jests, and the roar of wild beasts, should be now drawn into the self-same legitimate and illegitimate temples by the voice of music only, is surely one step on the ladder of improvement for which we ought not to repine, and at which, much less, to murmur. The selections performed are, it must be confessed, trifling, common-place, and unmental; but so are the primers and story-books which have so widely diffused the love of reading in the present generation; and we are bound to consider the population of London as babes in all that regards music as an intellectual enjoyment—how should it be otherwise where the prejudice of fashion towards foreigners, and the neglect, almost to prohibition, of native talent, has kept this great city, and enlightened country, without one musical theatre, or one accessible place where the people generally could cultivate or enjoy their natural tastes?

We are now, at *last*, to have an opera, thanks to one enterprising spirit, where the aspiring young English composer may show his present and progressive capability; and where, if the fools of fashion do not attend to yawn, the better and wiser will find opportunities for national gratulation, and frequent and cordial encouragement. The musical public, particularly the professional portion of it, are bound to rally round Mr. Barnett, and struggle to render that, which must ever be an irksome enterprize, at least endurable, by unity of effort and rational success. This is another step on the ladder, from which I expect to see the courage and ability of the public stimulated to yet higher climbings. It is by no means unreasonable to anticipate a moment, not very remote, when these nursery fiddlings at the shilling concerts, aided by an occasional brief and pleasant precept from Mr. Barnett's *Gradus ad Parnassum*, shall have engendered such a desire, or at least curiosity, for the really great and excellent in music, as shall compel *one*, at least, of the Promenading Establishments, to offer a bill-of-fare worthy the best, and satisfactory to the most scrupulous. And this certain progress in the public taste, which, like jealousy, gains appetite on feeding, will afford a far surer, because continuous, inducement, than all that wisdom or patriotism can urge to the undertakers of these money-getting schemes; for, after all, Mr. Walter Arnold, whose family smartings you have detailed,

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Mr. Eliason, who, as a foreigner, can have no sympathy with our national wants, and Mr. Willy, who appears to have run headlong into his speculation without any other consideration than the desire to oppose the original party, with whom he had quarelled, each and all of these worthies can be classible only with the haberdashers, and hucksters, and chandlers of coarser wares, who, for the most part, care little (and feel less) for their commodities, except as their cost is low and their sale extensive.

Neither do I quarrel with the perambulation at these entertainments, since I have invariably observed that when any piece demanded attention, both silence and stillness came naturally over the spirit of the place; besides, we should remember that the deepest philosophies of ancient Greece were inculcated peripatetically in the groves of the Academia.

As for the Philharmonic band, I have no heart-burnings, whatever, for that institution; seeing that it is perhaps the most exclusive and anti-national of any in this very prejudice-ridden country; and persuaded that the growing musical talent of England has a far more sunny prospect for the unfolding of its tender blossoms, amidst the morning fog of the most inveterate quadrille concerts, than in the frost-bound *ultima thule* of the Hanover-square conservatory for foreign dullness. The instrumentalists, great and small, doubtless console themselves with Dr. Johnson's apophthegm "those who live to please, must please to live."

Pardon this very long letter, which I would fain believe to possess some vibrations in unison with your own feelings on the subject; if not, as exceptions are said to confirm a rule, so I trust this difference may prove our mutual agreement in, and constancy to, all that concerns the prosperity of music in this country and throughout the world.

Brompton, Oct. 26, 1840. PATRIA.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

THE INCHCAPE BELL.—*(Not an advertisement.)*

SIR,—I was highly amused with a well concocted article in your publication last week, respecting "the Inchcape Bell," which I conclude was written by a country correspondent; but I felt a little drawback on my pleasure, when I reflected that there was *not a word of truth* in the paragraph. Miss Bassano never sung the song during Lavenu's tour, nor did "Mr. John Parry, the poet, painter, and musician" *toll* a bell "cast expressly for the occasion," for there was no bell to toll withal; but he sung the song himself, accompanied by Liszt, "the celebrated pianist," who never rushed out of the orchestra in the manner described by your facetious correspondent. For your satisfaction I enclose a copy of Lavenu's programme. I should not have troubled you with this, had I not been a great stickler for upholding the motto of the Welsh bards, which is, "Truth against the world." Your's, &c.

Store-street, Nov. 2, 1840. JOHN PARRY, Sen.

[We readily give publicity to our correspondent's statement. Our information was obtained, as we thought, from authorities that might be relied on, which even handed to us the name of the bell-founder. The programme certainly makes no mention of the tintinnabulatory accompaniment, and we sincerely thank Mr. Parry for correcting this very important mis-statement.—ED. M. W.]

PORPORA AND CAFFARELLI.

THE following anecdote is not unknown, but is so admirably told in M. Choron's introduction to his "Treatise on Singing," as to justify us inserting the following translation of it:—

"One of those illustrious professors who formed the glory of the old Italian school, one of those consummate masters in whom the most profound learning and the greatest experience were united with the most exalted genius and the purest taste—one of those artists, in short, who are rare in all times, but whose race seems now to be extinct, was solicited by a young scholar to instruct him in the art of singing. The master, who already was acquainted with the applicant and knew him to possess a rare combination of natural gifts, granted the request; but, as a condition of his consent, required that his new pupil should place implicit confidence in him, and engage to pursue to the end, without the least deviation, the course of study he should direct, however tedious or irksome

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it might prove. He took a blank sheet of music paper, and wrote on it a few elementary exercises followed by some other nearly as simple; at the end of the sheet he added some passages exemplifying the utmost difficulties of the vocal art; he placed this paper in the hands of the pupil and the entire labour of the first year was confined to its study. The second year was spent like the first; the third year passed by, and there was yet no mention of any change of lesson—the pupil began to complain, but was reminded of his promise and obliged to yield. The fourth and fifth years were devoted to the study of the same sheet of paper; the sixth year arrived, and still the paper was not changed, nor was a single note added to its contents; to this eternal music lesson, however, instructions in articulation, pronunciation, and declamation were now subjoined. At the end of the sixth year the pupil, who believed that he was still studying only the elements of the art, was agreeably surprised when his master said 'you may now go, my son, you have no more to learn—you are the greatest singer in Italy, nay, in the world.' He said truly—the scholar was Caffarelli, the master Porpora."

REVIEW.

Moonlight! Moonlight! Boon of Creation; song, composed by Henry Smart.

This is a very charming little song which teems with artistical and poetical feeling. It consists of three short verses; and though any one would wish for more at its conclusion, we cannot lament its brevity, for its conciseness of character is half its charm. The very flowing melody possesses a certain quaintness, which is heightened by some old-fashioned diatonic progressions in the accompaniment, and gives it an air of great originality: "There is nothing new under the sun," has been said by wiser folks than we, and this is an instance of novelty resulting from exploring the resources of the past. The modulation into the minor of the third of the scale, at the conclusion of the second phrase, is a means of coming to an ordinary place in an unusual manner, and strikes us as very beautiful. The song is characterised by the delicacy, yet intensity of "the silvery silence" it addresses; and, short as it is, ranks Mr. Henry Smart by the side of Loder, Molique, or any other of the talented song-wrights it has been our pleasure lately to commend.

Third Duet Concertante for Violin and Pianoforte, dedicated to Mme. Dulcken, by Louis Spohr. Op. 112.

This is a grand and lengthened composition of the most classical pretensions. It gives us great pleasure in this age of insignificant bagatelle-writing to receive a work of this extended form; and, though it cannot be classed among Spohr's happiest productions, it contains enough beauties, albeit the peculiarbeauties of its author, to merit the attention, and command the interest of every connoisseur; and we give due commendation to the enterprising spirit of Messrs. Wessel and Co., who deserve the highest encouragement for bringing so important a work before the public.

The first movement in E major is the least effective part of the composition; it contains almost throughout that elaborate contrivance of parts, which is so peculiarly Spohr's characteristic, and greatly wants the contrast of bold and unisonous passages—the continual enharmonic modulations give it an air of monotony, and though we cannot but be pleased with the passages in which the two instruments are most gracefully intertwined, and struck particularly with the cantabile second subject in B major, which is introduced in a very novel and happy manner, the general effect of the whole is far from exciting. The second part appears to us very weak, being merely a repetition of some few of the preceding phrases, without any other variety than that of being taken on different notes of the scale; the anticipation of the key of E major before the return to the subject we should think decidedly faulty, for even the great name of Spohr does not awe us into a blind admiration.

The slow movement is a lovely barcarole in A major, in which the violin has a beautifully prolonged subject, with a flowing *à la rematori* accompaniment for

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the pianoforte: this is relieved by an agitato episode, chiefly in A minor, and repeated with some slight varieties.

The scherzo in E minor is most happy, sparkling, and original; the trio in E major is brilliant, and the two bars of prolongation at the end of the first and second part have an effect most quaint and captivating.

The finale in E major, ⅜ time, is in the form of a rondo; the subject is exceedingly graceful and flowing, relieved by a well-contrasted episode and some very brilliant passages. There are some bold and striking modulations; the interest is greatly maintained throughout by the happy use of false accent; and the difference of character in some places given to the two instruments produces an admirable effect. The extension of the subject at the last repetition is very happy. This is the largest and most showy portion of the composition, and affords ample display for both players. In conclusion, we may observe that we should be much delighted to hear a performance of this work by the fair dedicatee, and Mr. Blagrove, Mr. Willy, or any other violinist, worthy of the lady's companionship.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

We have received, from a friend in Paris, a report of the Grand Festival given in the Academie Royale, on the 1st inst. As it, unfortunately, arrived too late for insertion in the present number, we shall give it in full in our next.

METROPOLITAN.

Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall.—Handel's Oratorio of *Samson* was repeated on Friday evening, on which occasion the Duke of Cambridge was present. His royal highness' frequent attendance at public musical performances is a circumstance highly calculated to stimulate the growing appreciation of the art, and is equally honourable to his good taste and his good feeling: he was warmly greeted, both at his entrance and at his departure, by the numerous assembly; surely this test of public sympathy, where a better motive fails to operate, ought to induce other members of the royal family to follow so good an example. It is the misfortune of music, and indeed of all art in this country, that the public is a self-taught child, for those who, from their rank and their educational advantages, should guide the leading-strings of the common mind, neglect this most grateful duty of their exalted station, leaving the multitude to stumble upon good or bad taste, whichever accident may place in their way; and hence it is that political associations exist where we should have schools of mental refinement, and revolutionary discontent precludes the emulation of the beautiful, which can only follow the appreciation of it. The encouragement of music by the Duke of Cambridge, affords a bright exception to the evil we complain of; and commendable as it is in every instance, is most peculiarly so when extended to this self-formed, self-taught, self-directed, amateur association, who have overcome the impediments which legislative neglect has left in their way.

The second performance of *Samson* contained little to notice beyond what we have already stated of the first. The choruses were sung in a beautiful style throughout, and we cannot too much deplore the insufficiency of rehearsals, or of the director of those rehearsals, to correct the misreadings of some of the chromatic passages; in many instances the same note was sung sharp and natural at the same time, and in the divine chorus "Hear Jacob's God," the devotional feeling which inspired the whole choir, was rendered almost a caricature, by the many wrong notes that were perpetrated. Mr. Pearsall was less effective than on the former occasion; in short, we feel this gentleman to be utterly inadequate to the high station into which he has been injudiciously thrust during the last season; with the exception of his delivery of the recitative "Justly these evils have befall'n thy son," there was no approach to excellence throughout his per-

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formance, which was generally characterized by vulgarity of style and weakness of mind and organ. We are aware of the present dearth of tenor singers; but if the committee cannot find individual perfection, they might surely avail themselves of the chaste and delicate *cantabile* of Mr. James Bennett, and of the fine voice and energetic delivery of Mr. Frazer, instead of ransacking the aisles of a country cathedral, and petrifying the Sacred Harmonic Society with the hard coldness of its stony echoes. Of Mme. Caradori Allan, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. A. Novello, we could only repeat our eulogiums of the previous performance, and shall therefore leave our readers to take for granted their unequivocal merits. The band went well throughout, but we must object to the injudicious manner in which the modern instruments were introduced, and enter our most solemn veto against the insufferable lowing of the ophicleide.

Drury Lane Theatre.—Gluck's overture to *Iphigenie en Aulide* has been played at the Promenade Concerts here during the week. This beautiful, and because little known, highly interesting work, is better executed than it is understood; and obtains as little applause as it deserves much: this is not to be wondered at, for the digestive organs of the enlightened British public, being surcharged with the offal of the musical shambles of the present day, cannot be expected to perform their healthy functions on the wholesome diet of the last century; and the taste-mongers who propound the modern French operas in the butchered form of quadrilles and fantasias, till their unconscious patrons have forgotten that music is anything but an impetus to the mental pendulum that sets their heads a wagging, can only bring forward this chaste specimen of the ancient French opera in its natural, its beautiful simplicity, for the sake of holding up their forefathers to ridicule and intoleration.

We omitted to notice last week a very unseemly derangement of certain songs from *the Messiah*, which essentials assorted most perversely with the steamy vapourings of Strauss and Musard: certainly, *cornet-à-pistonization* is an honour to which the immortal Handel never aspired, and as surely his sacred ghost would perspire drops of mortal agony, could it be advised of this profane desecration.

Princess's Theatre, Oxford-street.—Beethoven's "Battle Symphony" has been given at these concerts during the week. It is—at this time of day to criticise the works of him whom time has placed above all criticism—beyond our feeble judgment; still, while we acknowledge our impotence to pass decrees upon one who has surpassed all laws, opinion is involuntary, like appetite or passion, and we venture to lay our notions before our readers, by way rather of suggestion than decision.

The "Battle Symphony" appears to us either a failure (which we have no right to suppose any work to be which Beethoven thought worthy to be trusted with his reputation) or as a jest. This latter is certainly far from an unreasonable supposition, from the external evidence of the author's well-known republican principles and admiration of Napoleon, and the anarchical administration which tyrannized in England at the time of its composition, which would offer a strong temptation to his satirical and independent spirit; and the supposition is strengthened by the internal evidence of the work itself, for the ludicrous distortions of the national airs throughout, and of "God save the King" at the end, most particularly, have more the appearance of laughing at the English, than of any other intention we can adduce. Of course the composition shows itself to have emanated from a great musician: a mind commanding the utmost resources of the art could not lay aside its mighty powers even in pastime: the lion sported with the mouse to disenthral his sovereign spirit, but he was the lion still: so, the "Battle Symphony," which we can only feel to be the *jeu d'esprit*, the relaxation of music's mighty monarch, teems with ingenious contrivance, elaborate treatment, and gigantic effect, which are all and only Beethoven. Undoubtedly this was a *piece de circonstance*, and whether meant seriously or satirically, was never intended to be the messenger of the author's genius to future ages, and as such we deem it highly improper to be brought forward at this time of day, when the feeling, if not the circumstance, that induced it, is utterly forgotten.

We cannot compliment Mr. Willy and his partizans upon the performance of

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this piece: in the first place they are deficient in number, it having been intended that two military bands should respond the different airs of France and England from one side to the other; instead of which, here is only one band in the centre, taking both sides of the argument, blowing hot and cold with the same breath: in the next place they want unity, which is as requisite for battle symphonies as for ball-room accompaniments; they however play several quadrilles and waltzes with their wonted spirit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The half-yearly general meeting of the members of this Society was held on Monday evening, when they did themselves the honour to fill up the vacancy in their list, occasioned by the decease of the late venerable treasurer, Mr. Dance, by the unanimous election of Mr. Sterndale Bennett. We say the Philharmonic Society did *themselves* an honour in this election, because Mr. Bennett's talents are fast becoming known in every musical province of Europe, and wherever known are proudly acknowledged; and the London Philharmonic, which is a waning institution, can only be famous in proportion to the reputation of its members, and must be exalted by the acquisition of so notable a name, and so growing a glory as that of the newly-elected:—besides, the Philharmonic have long disgraced themselves and the country by a wilful depression of the budding talent of the rising generation, and we consider the present election and the previous appointment of Mr. Lucas to a directorship, as indications of a better feeling, and prognostics of a better order of things for the state of music in England. The next business of the meeting was to make arrangements for the ensuing season. The first concert of 1841 is to take place on the last Monday in February, so that the whole series will be a fortnight earlier in the season than that of this year. The subscribers' tickets are to be made transferable in families, ladies' to ladies, and gentlemen's to gentlemen; and twenty-five single tickets, at a guinea, are to be issued for each concert: thus they hope to augment their income, which was this year sadly deficient, while at the same time they have been active in the diminution of their expenses: Mr. Martin has reduced their rental for the Hanover-square Rooms one-fifth, which, considering the exorbitant terms the Philharmonic have always paid him, is the least that he could do: Mr. Anderson and Mr. Calkin have undertaken the duties of treasurer and librarian as honorary officers, thus saving the society the expense of £100 per annum; and, which is perhaps the most of all important, the terms of remuneration to the band have been greatly reduced. With all these new regulations we see no improvement in the prospects of this society, which, till we get a better, must be considered the musical bulwark of the country. The radical evil is untouched, and while that is left to gnaw like a canker at the heart of the tree, no sunshine can induce healthy branches or fruitful produce. The Philharmonic Society was instituted for the promotion of classical musical taste in England, and for the support of those professors, native and foreign, whose talents would best adduce to this desirable end; but the recent policy of the directors has been to lavish the funds of the institution upon singers who can, or will, only sing compositions which are always destitute of classical pretensions, and which are frequently weak, idealess and faulty: and upon instrumentalists whose aim seems to be to show the superiority of the mechanical power in man over the mental, and to give illustrations of the unnatural uses to which their respective instruments may be applied. Acting upon this principle, it cannot be wondered that their outlay of late seasons has been enormous; and if we are to suppose that the subscribers patronize the society for its objects and not for its name, it cannot either be wondered that their income has been comparatively inconsiderable; for who can perceive anything to promote a classical taste in the singing of sickly solfeggios of Bellini, Auber, and the like, by Dorus Gras and Tamburini, or the playing of Chromatic Galops, and Norwegian Laments, by Liszt and Ole Bull? Moreover, we shall for ever assert that the appreciation of the beautiful induces a desire to create it, and if this is to be checked, that must at the same time be subverted: but our contrapuntal cabinet council seem always to have thought

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otherwise, and have deemed it more advisable to show their constituents that the generality of modern foreigners can*not* write fine music than that many Englishmen if properly encouraged might and would. The indications of this turn of thought in the directors, have been the constant seeking after such paltry works as those of Lachner, Hiller, Strauss, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, &c., and the neglect of the really beautiful productions of Mudie, Loder, Barnett, Lucas, and several others—nay, till forced upon them by the loud voice of continental eulogium, those even of the newly-elected member; in this instance showing English talent to be unworthy consideration at home till it shall have gathered foreign laurels to decorate, not beautify itself, and to throw dust (gold dust albeit) in the eyes of the undiscerning septemvirate of the Philharmonic Society.

English Opera House.—The "too solid flesh" of Mr. Walter Arnold's promenading speculation has "melted, thawed and resolved itself into a dew," which misty exhalation, from the decomposition of managerial insufficiency, will bid adieu to the public (who have had more than their due in the last three weeks of the wholly unpaid exertions of the "sixty first-rate instrumental performers") at the end of the present fortnight. In short, the English Opera-house has resolved itself into a committee; even Mr. Arnold has not the effrontery to demand another week's gratuities from the gentlemen of the orchestra; he therefore, in very shame for his past extortions, grants them the free use of the theatre for the present week, and promises to let it them at a very small rental next, in order that they may console themselves for the time and trouble they have lost; after which time, in all probability, the original promenade concerts will desist for ever. Messrs. Harper, Platt, G. Coote, and Hatton, and the other worthy quadrille players of this establishment have themselves alone to thank for their present dilemma; they acted as the midwife to a musical hydra, by founding the fanaticism of musical peristaltic philosophy, and they must not wonder that the monster they brought into the world is stinging them on all sides.

The Prince's Theatre.—The new lessees are most unfortunate in their negotiations with *prime donne;* they were on the point of coming to terms with Miss Nunn, to whom we alluded last week, when this treaty was suddenly broken off, as was previously that with Miss Delcy, and ante-previously that with Miss Romer. The arrangement, which at this moment seems probable, is, that the last named lady will be engaged with her exorbitant stipulation, that Mr. Frank Romer be co-engaged as *primo compositore*. Now the merits of the *cantatrice* are well known; but those of the *maestro* are not very well known, which is perhaps so much the better, and however desired may be the acknowledged talents of the one, we think the speculation of the other ought to be avoided. The affair seems to run thus—Miss Romer will not engage unless her brother's opera take precedence of every other; well, we cannot blame Miss Romer for this touching instance of family affection: Mr. Barnett cannot procure another lady that will answer his purpose, and is thus reduced to the alternative of taking the opera-encumbered or giving up his project; so we fear for both these cases, while we cannot blame Mr. Barnett if he decide upon either; Mr. Romer is naturally desirous for the production of his opera, and is content when he cannot bring it before the public upon the strength of its own merits to take advantage of his sister's uncompeted situation in the profession; well, we cannot blame Mr. Romer for this very excusable desire to distinguish himself. But with all this blameless innocence how much is there, alas, to deplore for the projected establishment of an English opera! The art of dramatic composition in this country is withering in its bud for want of a free atmosphere wherein to expand its leaves: the public have set up a strong wall of prejudice to the exclusion of all native talent. Mr. Barnett has encamped before this implacable fortress, and has succeeded in making a breach—that is, he has in some degree excited curiosity, and thus rendered the world at large susceptible of an impression; when Mr. Frank Romer steps forward, and not volunteers to be, but insists on being the forlorn hope of our despised opera, who has surely no reputation to dazzle the besieged into submission, and we very much question any tact to compel, or genius to allure them. The proof opera of our country's capability, should have been the composition of our most received composer, and we fear if the managers of the

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Prince's Theatre be forced upon the above arrangement, the world will attribute the loud cry for opportunity of display to the incorporeate voice of a wandering whirlwind, seeing that so inconsiderable a person thrusts himself into the first opportunity that presents itself. In our opinion Mr. Barnett might better, at almost any sacrifice, engage almost any other *prima donna;* and Mr. Romer might quite as well go with his sister and his librettist, Mr. Mark Lemon, to the Oxford-street Theatre; the story of which intention is scarcely cold upon the lips from which we heard it.

Musical Antiquarian Society.—The council of this society held their second meeting yesterday, when it was resolved that a mass for five voices, by William Bird, edited by Mr. Rimbault, is to be the first work issued to the subscribers, and it will be put into the engraver's hands immediately. This composition will be peculiarly interesting as being the last remnant of established Popery in England, having been written during the short interval of Catholicism in the reign of Queen Mary: it is also curious as being the earliest service of the Romish Church published in England. It was proposed by Mr. Macfarren that in all publications of operas a complete copy of the libretto should accompany the score, which proposition Mr. Edward Taylor and Mr. Hogarth objected to on account of the extreme freedom and even lewdness of expression in our old dramatists; this to us appears a piece of squeamishness, highly discreditable to a society based upon the very high and national objects of this institution. The number of subsbribers already exceeds one hundred and is rapidly increasing: this is an all-important consideration, for of course the larger the amount of subscriptions the greater will be the number of works issued to each subscriber.

Mr. Bunn is engaged as acting manager for the German Operas at Drury-lane. The ex-lessee manages very well for himself it is clear, but we are not aware how he acts towards the German opera; he obtained a lease of the Prince's Theatre last season, and though he paid no rent, it was said he refused to give up possession unless he were retained in a lucrative employment. He is now engaged by Mr. Eliason (much good may it do him!) at a salary of 500*l.* Well, it is much better that Mr. Bunn should fatten upon the superfluities of this nightmare of our national musical glory, than stand in his shoes to act as a horse-leech to our native artists.

Eastern Institution, Commercial Road.—Phœbus rises in the east, but has kept such bad hours lately at the polite end of the town, that he has become a lie-a-bed, and is only at this late hour about to dawn upon the maritime Maccœnæ of the orient world. The Eastern Institution, which has commendably been struggling to disseminate a taste for the arts among the ship-brokers and dealers in marine stores beyond Whitechapel, purposes to give a series of six subscription concerts during the winter, which it is proposed shall embrace the talents of Mesdames Caradori Allan, Birch, Hawes, and Dolby, Messrs. H. Phillips, J. Bennett, Brizzi, Allan, and Stretton as vocalists; with Mrs. Anderson, Mme. Dulcken, Messrs. Moscheles, Sterndale Bennett, Howell, Tolbecque, Lindley, and a host of other instrumentalists. The arrangements we believe are to be intrusted to Mr. Ollivier the music-seller, who has "undertaken" so many concerts that he is becoming quite *au fait:* we cannot but think that such affairs are much better in the hands of a man of business, than that a musician like Mr. Benedict, should continually condescend to the unworthy office of musical "clown to the ring."

"Orpheus and Euridice" is the subject which Mr. H. Smart has chosen on which to exercise his abilities for the Prince's Theatre. This is a dangerous theme for a modern composer, seeing how admirably it has been treated both by Gluck and Haydn; and with the greatest respect for Mr. Smart's talents we warn him from so daring a competition.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam sails from Bristol on the 7th inst. for a second year's sojourn in the new world: our actors reap so plentiful a harvest in the west, that when they return to our hemisphere they reasonably exclaim with the *Stranger,*

"There is another and a better world."

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Reception of Mr. and Mrs. Wood at the "Park" Theatre, New York.—When Mrs. Wood made her appearance the applause was deafening. So singular a spectacle as the rattling hands below us presented we have never seen before. Had they been galvanized, and acting under a common irresistible influence, they could not have struck with more unanimity. Mrs. Wood bowed—struggling against her feelings. She turned to the chorus at the first pause in the plaudits, and commenced, "kindest compan—" her voice broke, and she burst into tears. Again the house shook with applause, and after a few notes given in a trembling key from her excitement, the soul of song gushed out—and she sung, as the Queen of Song never sung before. It was electrifying, and again the house came down with applause most tremendous. When Mr. Wood, as *Elvino*, appeared—three shouts of applause shook the building. All in the house sprung to their feet, and Mr. Wood made his entry under such circumstances of reception as, we venture to say, he never met before. Gentlemen's hats and ladies' handkerchiefs seemed alive. Elssler never had anything like it. Mrs. Wood stood trembling under the support of Mrs. Vernon. She shook like an aspen, but it must have been with joy. Her affianced in the piece—her devoted and exemplary husband in real life, took her hand; and the gentlemanly attentions which the occasion prompted, brought down such demonstrations of sympathy for the actors, among the audience, as made the house ring again. At the close Mr. Wood was called for, and leading forward his wife, said just enough, and just what he should have said:—"Ladies and Gentlemen—For this reception, believe me, I am truly grateful. I have never (at least willingly) offended you. If I have done so in thought, word or deed, I deeply regret it. Allow me to repeat how grateful I feel, for the kindness of this reception, which, be assured, will never be forgotten." Amid prolonged and enthusiastic cheers, Mr. W. presented his wife with a bouquet which had been thrown upon the stage.—*Tattler.*

Mr. Willman.—We regret to state that this distinguished clarionettist is in most imminent danger from a complication of disorders, which a consultation of physicians has declared must prove fatal. This melancholy catastrophe has been accelerated by Mr. Willman's imprudent and obstinate attendance at the country festivals, where the exertions he made greatly stimulated the symptoms under which he labours. Notwithstanding there are many talented performers on the clarionet now before the public, for example, Mr. Williams, Mr. Bowley, Mr. Lazarus, and Mr. Dean, the loss of this, the most eminent and the most admired, cannot but be severely felt.

Dr. Becher, who has recently been appointed a professor in the Royal Academy, and whom we have the authority of Mendelssohn to declare a highly-talented and learned musician, is about to publish a "Treatise on Harmony," to be dedicated to Lord Burghersh. This book extends to four volumes, but the author announces it to be merely the epitome of a larger work which he intends hereafter to bring before the public.

Prince Albert.—The most ridiculous accounts are circulated of Dr. Elvey and his German pupil, the newly-appointed organist of the private chapel in Windsor Castle. Herr Koehl and his organic preceptor, it appears, are mutually ignorant of each others' language, and are therefore compelled to employ an interpreter. Is it not lamentable that the prince-consort should bestow an office, which might have been so ably filled by many Englishmen, upon a foreigner whose only claim to preferment consists in his having written a few songs published under the name of his royal highness.

Mr. Henry Broadwood entered the holy state of matrimony on Tuesday last: this gentleman has been long distinguished for his liberality to musical talent, and must enjoy on this happy occasion the hearty good wishes of the whole profession.

The Bath Theatre is re-opened this winter by Mr. Davidge, who has two years of his lease at present unexpired. He will not venture again on operatic performances, though his company contains a very promising tenore, Mr. Redfearne, late of the Royal Academy of Music, at present a pupil of Mr. John Barnett.

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Lord Burghersh arrived in town on the 28th ultimo, and was immediately waited upon by Mr. Balfe to solicit his patronage for an English *opera buffa*. This gentleman's managerial vascillations are far beyond our comprehension; so we can only describe, not dilate upon them. Lord Burghersh has during the week honoured the Royal Academy of Music with his benign presence; and on Friday evening, with the liberal feeling of an artist, he went to bask in the beauties of his brother-battle-symphonist at the Princess's Theatre. His lordship is said to have expressed himself highly gratified with Mr. Goodwin's solo on the bells in the "Carillons Quadrilles." His lordship left London for the winter yesterday.

List of New Publications.

PIANOFORTE.

Hummel, J.—New and corrected edition of his Capriccio, op. 49 (fingered) *Wessel.*
Davison, J.—Quatre Bagatelles à la valse *Ditto.*
Macfarren, G. A.—Overture to 'Chevy Chase' (duet) - - - - - *Ditto.*
Beethoven.—Dernier pensée (solo & duet) *Ditto.*
—— Works of, containing his original preludes through all the keys - - *Ditto.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Weber's Works, edited by Moscheles: no. 14, grand duet for pianoforte and clarinet, or violin, op. 47: no. 15, divertimento for pianoforte and guitar, or violoncello - - - - - - *Chappell.*
Tolbecque's new quadrilles 'Xacarilla,' music by Marliani, for full orchestra and quintett - - - - - - *Wessel.*
Series of Modern Quartetts, for piano, violin, tenor, and violoncello, book 9, the fourth by C. G. Reissiger, op. 138 *Ditto.*

VOCAL.

Ball, W.—The exile's sigh: adapted to the air 'Bella adorata' - - - *Chappell.*
—— On to the field of glory; duet, adapted to the air 'Yuando di sangue tinto' - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Linley, G.—The friends of early years *Ditto.*
Lover, S.—O give me at least thy sigh *Ditto.*

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TWO SINGING MASTERS.—Just published, LABLACHE'S INSTRUCTIONS FOR SINGING, on an entirely new system, with an analysis of the principles to be pursued in developing the voice, in attaining flexibility, and in forming the taste. With numerous examples, exercises, and solfeggi. Dedicated by permission to her Majesty Queen Victoria, by LOUIS LABLACHE, principal bass singer at the Italian Opera, &c. &c.

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JUST PUBLISHED, PART I. of Dr. William Croft's Service in E, containing a Te Deum, Jubilate, Cantate Domino, and Deus Miseratur (never before published), edited by W. Hawes. Price to subscribers, 15s.; to non-subscribers 20s. Now engraving, Part II., Dr. William Croft's Service in A, containing a Te Deum, Jubilate, Sanctus, Responses and Creed. Part III. will consist of 12 MS. Anthems by Dr. W. Croft. To be had at W. Hawes's Music-warehouse, 355, Strand, where subscribers' names continue to be received. Where may also be had Miss Maria B. Hawes's popular ballads, "I'll speak of thee," "The genius of the Spring," "As I walked by myself," "Thou art lovelier," &c. Also, Mehul's celebrated air from the oratorio of Joseph, "Ere infancy's bud had expanded."

MR. BINFIELD has a VACANCY for an APPRENTICE to the general MUSIC TRADE and TUNING.—Cheltenham Music Saloon.

HENRY HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall, East, where all communications for the Editor, Works for Review, and Advertisements are received.—R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row.—G. BERGER, Holywell Street, Strand, and the following Agents:—

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THE

MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,

AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν."
PLAT. Phædo. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

NOV. 12, 1840. No. CCXLII.—New Series, No. CXLX. PRICE 3*d.* STAMPED, 4*d.*

So, the murder's out at last! The Messrs. Barnett have committed themselves to typography, and have announced the opening of the Prince's Theatre, together with a long list of singers, actors, and composers. Although, we trust, the fact is already sufficiently public through the means of the bills themselves, we think it worth while to call particular attention to it, for the sake of a certain snappish spirit of comment which invariably treads on the heels of any novel and bold enterprise, like thieves on the rear of a marching army, to pick up any stray object of plunder which chance may throw in the way. Mr. Barnett has not escaped the notice of those curs—(we cannot call them *lions*)—who go about seeking what they may devour;—nor could he expect to go free. The greatest amount of energy and talent is insufficient to secure complete unanimity of public opinion. It is enough that an undertaking be spirited for it to be pronounced "rash;"—it is sufficient that it be not completely understood to ensure for it a prediction of failure. The direction in which these "dogs of war" have been "let slip" at the Prince's Theatre and its manager, is eminently characteristic of such manœuvres in general, but, at the same time, so strange, so perverse, and so unexpected, that it would be tolerably difficult to guess it without the aid of some such direct revelation as we propose to give. Let our readers recollect that Mr. Barnett does not promise English operas, as arrived at *an ultimate state of perfection*, but as a means of *improving* the art of producing, and more especially, of performing, dramatic music, in which this country has hitherto been much behind others; and then let them imagine such a course of objection as the following;—"Talk of English operas, indeed! Here's a pretty prospectus to put forth—not a single name of any consequence upon the face of it! No, no, the public are not such fools: they know how to patronise *good* music. They know how to choose between the promised English operas at the Prince's Theatre, and the promised German operas at Drury-lane. Look at your com-

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posers; Barnett, Romer, Loder, Macfarren, &c., pitted against Beethove Gluck, Mozart, Weber, and Spohr: think of your singers, Romer, Collett, Frazer Morley, and Phillips, contrasted with the host of *real* artists to be imported from Germany. English opera, indeed!—can't succeed—all fudge!" And this is really the patriotic, liberal, and considerate style of declamation spouted forth in certain high quarters to the prejudice of Mr. Barnett's enterprise! Now, with regard to the long list of composers complained of, it is quite true that there are many persons therein set down who do not appear fit to rank as champions of our native opera. We say *appear*, since those to whom we allude are for the most part *untried* men, and if assumption be worth anything, it is just as fair to *assume* them to be excellent composers as the contrary. But at least three persons in this list—Barnett, Loder, and Macfarren—are unequivocally and undeniably able to produce *better* operas than those of any living continental writer, except Mendelssohn, Spohr, and perhaps Molique; wherefore all cause of objection with respect to *music*, falls to the ground, unless it be insisted on as just to disadvantageously contrast the works o. English artists with those of the illustrious dead, in which case the same process must operate on all the foreign composers of less note than the three above-mentioned, and so virtually forbid them, on pain of public censure, to attempt any improvement in the cultivation of their art—an absurdity almost too gross to need exposure. There is no doctrine, however, so false, so wicked, or so insane, that it does not occasionally make converts, and we are therefore anxious to destroy, as far as possible, the plausibility of the objections we have quoted, by showing, at least to the rational portion of our music-patronising countrymen, that they have not a particle of truth or justice to back them. In a country like this, in which a man may generally pass for a musical critic without being precisely able to define the distinction between a common chord and a carrot, and in which the tenure of a box in the Italian Opera confers on its possessor a marvellous and peculiar accuracy in detecting the artistical failings of his countrymen, we need not be surprised to find many persons singularly dextrous in condemning English music which they never heard, and equally happy in enlarging on the beauties of foreign works which they never understood; still, notwithstanding this remarkable aptitude for blundering, it was not too much to hope that dramatic composition was universally understood to be an art in which perfection could only be attained through severe practice, rather than regarded, as does *Sam Weller* his master's great-coat—as something into which first one arm must be put, and then another, and then "one strong conwulsion and its on!" And how, we would ask, is this necessary practice to be obtained by our young composers of, at present, second-rate reputation, if the names of Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven are to be planted, Cerberus-wise, at the doors of our operatic theatres to the exclusion of all who may not have power to vanquish them? Do the double-distilled idiots who cavil at English art, suppose that the great operatic writers of Germany jumped at once into perfection without study or opportunities for practice, or do they admit them to have undergone a gradual initiation into the mysteries of dramatic effectiveness? If they can concentrate their faculties sufficiently to admit the *necessary* truth of this latter position, they must also perceive that either a practice-ground must be opened and supported for the use of our young musicians, or that all attempts at operatic composition must be suspended until it shall please Providence to visit us with a share of musical organization sufficiently large to

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dispense with all future necessity for study and experience. Be it remembered, we now write in defence of our yet untried composers and their just claims to be allowed a fair field for the display of their talents and the acquirement of experience. The three Englishmen whose names we have quoted above, stand in a different position. If their music, unfortunately, be not elaborate enough for the hypercritical blockheads before-mentioned, it has heretofore found abundant grace in the eyes of foreign critics, who usually possess discrimination to recognise fine music when they hear it, and liberality to acknowledge what they feel.

The objection to encourage the efforts of English singers, because they have not yet arrived at perfection, stands on just as rotten a foundation. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that there is not one singer named in Mr. Barnett's prospectus at all comparable to any one in the expected German company, such a fact, far from warranting a contempt for the undertaking, merely proves our singers' present want of experience in a good dramatic school, and indicates the urgent necessity that some well-regulated practice-ground be established and patronized for their behoof. And even admitting, again for argument's sake, that, by reason of some inscrutable circumstance, the singers of this country never *could* be educated to the perfection of their continental brethren, it only follows that our composers are by so much in a worse position than they otherwise would be; for to *them*, surely, no part of the blame of a bad performance can possibly attach; and *they*, surely, have a right to demand that their music, if it *cannot* be executed in perfection, should be received by the public in the best dress which the circumstances of the country allow, without prejudice to its intrinsic merits.

What Mr. Romer's opening opera may be, we have not the minutest means of judging; we have neither seen nor heard a single note of it, and would not receive hearsay upon the matter. There are, however, three promised operas—Mr. Barnett's *Cathleen*, Mr. Loder's *Red Ridinghood*, and Mr. Macfarren's *El Malhechor*—of which we have both heard and seen large portions, and can vouch that they have, each and all, intrinsic power to cope with any modern German opera that may be produced at Drury-lane. If they be *well* performed their success is indubitable; if otherwise, we must think it a vast deal too bad that the coxcombical stupidity of persons who habitually confound the qualities of *music* with those of *performance*, should for an instant be permitted to influence public opinion.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—No. XV.

ARCANGELO CORELLI.

Arcangelo Corelli was a native of Fusignano, a town situated near Imola, in the territory of Bologna, and born in the month of February, 1653. His first instructor in counterpoint, according to Adami, was Matteo Simonelli, a chorister in the pontifical chapel. It is generally believed that his master on the violin was Giambatista Bassanina, of Bologna, a man of considerable talents, and justly famed for his excellence in that style of composition which Corelli early adopted, and which, to the end of his life, he fondly continued to cultivate.

Though to promote his progress in composition, Corelli doubtless practised upon the clavicembalo and organ, yet the extraordinary command he acquired in the performance of the violin, is a sufficient proof that his chief and almost constant application must have been directed to that instrument. It has been asserted by very respectable writers that, in the year 1672, Corelli went to Paris with a view to attend to the improvements which were making in music under the patronage of Cardinal Mazarine, in consequence of the establishment

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of a Royal Academy, but was driven thence by the jealousy and violence of Lully, who could not brook so formidable a rival. Burney, however, has clearly shown the fallacy of this statement. Gaspar Printz informs us that, in the year 1680, he went to Germany, where his reception was worthy of his extraordinary talents and spreading reputation. Most of the German princes, but particularly the Elector of Bavaria, by whom he was for a time retained, received, and treated him honourably.

After remaining in Germany about two years, he returned to Rome, where he pursued his studies more ardently than ever, and, in 1683, published his first twelve sonatas. In 1685 these were followed by a second series, which appeared under the title of "Balletti da Camera," and gave rise to a controversy carried on by the author and Paulo Colonna, concerning the diatonic succession of fifths, between the first treble and the bass of the allemande in the second sonata. In 1690 appeared the third series, and, in 1694, the fourth, which, as they consisted of movements adapted to the dance, he termed, like the second set, "Balletti da Camera." But the share Corelli had in the performance of the music of an allegorical representation at Rome, in 1686, invites us for a moment back to that period. James the Second of England, desirous of cultivating a good understanding with Pope Innocent the Eleventh, sent the Earl of Castlemain, with considerable pomp, as his ambassador to the court of Rome. Upon this occasion Christina of Sweden, who had lately abdicated the crown, and taken up her residence in the capital of Italy, entertained the city with an operatical drama, written by the celebrated poet, Alessandro Guidi of Verona, and set to music by Bernardo Pasquini. The performance of a piece proceeding from the combined talents of one of the first poets, and one of the greatest composers of the day, produced at the instance of a queen, and for the purpose of celebrating the recent ascension of a Catholic prince to the throne of a great empire, demanded for its leader the most skilful violinist of the time. The choice of course fell upon Corelli, and he acquitted himself with an ability, and produced an effect, correspondent to his exalted reputation.

About the year 1700 the opera had attained to great perfection in Rome, an excellence that may naturally be attributed to the circumstance of its being conducted by the united talents of Pasquini, Corelli, and Gaetani; the first presided at the harpsichord, the second led the band, and the third excelled by his exquisite performance on the lute. While thus engaged at Rome, Corelli was honoured by the regard of that liberal patron of poetry and music, Cardinal Ottoboni. We are informed by Crescembini, that he regulated the musical *accademia* held every Monday evening at the cardinal's palace. It was here that he became acquainted with Handel, of whom the following anecdote is related:—On one of these musical evenings, a serenata, written by the latter, entitled "Il trionfo del Tempo," was ordered to be performed, out of compliment to this great composer. Whether the style of the overture was new to Corelli, or whether he attempted to modify it according to his taste and fancy, does not appear, but Handel, giving way to his natural impetuosity of temper, snatched the violin from his hand. Corelli, with that gentleness which always marked his character, mildly replied: "My dear Saxon, this music is in the French style, which I do not understand."

During his residence at Rome, the number of his pupils was very great: not only his own countrymen, but even persons from distant kingdoms, resorted to him for instruction, as the greatest master of the violin that had as yet appeared in the world. Among the most distinguished of his scholars must be reckoned Lord Edgecumbe. It was under the auspices of this nobleman that Smith produced his fine mezzotinto print of Corelli, from the original portrait, painted at Rome by Henry Howard. The following anecdotes of this eminent musician were communicated by Geminiani, one of his most illustrious pupils, and who was himself an eye-witness of what he related.

At the time Corelli enjoyed the highest reputation, his fame reached the court of Naples, and excited a curiosity in the king to hear his performance. He was accordingly invited, by order of his majesty, to that capital, and though very reluctant, yet he was at length prevailed upon to accept the invitation; but fearful lest he should not find any one to accompany him, he went attended by his own

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second violin and violoncello. At Naples he found Alessandro Scarlatti, and several other masters of eminence. He was entreated to play some of his concertos before the king: this he for some time declined, on account of not having his whole band with him; and there not being any opportunity for rehearsing. At length, however, he consented, and, in great anxiety and apprehension, performed the first of his concertos. His astonishment was very great to find that the Neapolitan musicians executed his productions almost as accurately at sight, as his own band after repeated rehearsals, and when they had almost learned them by heart. "They *play* here at Naples," whispered he to Matteo, his second violin.

After this, being admitted into his majesty's presence, and desired to perform one of his sonatas, the king found the adagio movement so long and dry, that, being tired of it, he quitted the room, to the great mortification of the timid and nervous Corelli. On another occasion, he was desired to lead in the performance of a masque composed by Scarlatti, and which was also to be executed before the king. He was prevailed upon to undertake the task, but from Scarlatti's imperfect knowledge of the violin, the part he had written for Corelli was awkward and difficult: in one place it went up to F, and, on coming to the passage, Corelli failed, and could not execute it. But what at once astonished and mortified him beyond measure, was to hear Petrillo, the Neapolitan leader, and the other violins, perform with ease the passage that had baffled his skill. This was succeeded by an air in C minor, which Corelli led off in C major. "Let us begin again," said Scarlatti, good-naturedly. Still Corelli persisted in the major key, till Scarlatti was obliged to call out to him and set him right. So mortified was poor Corelli with this public exposure, and the deplorable figure he imagined he had made at Naples, that he stole back to Rome in silence. The texture of Corelli's mind was all sensibility. He was tremblingly alive to every impression, and what would scarcely have affected common feelings, was to him a source of intense pleasure or pain. A mind thus singularly constructed could not endure a rival, though not in the same branch of music in which he himself excelled. A hautboy player, whose name Geminiani could not recollect, acquired such applause at Rome, that Corelli retired in disgust, and could never again be prevailed upon to exhibit his talents in public. All these mortifications, joined to the success of Valentini, a composer whose concertos and performance, though infinitely inferior to those of Corelli, were become fashionable, threw him into such a state of melancholy and chagrin, as was thought to have tended greatly to hasten his death.

This account given by Geminiani, of Corelli's journey to Naples, besides affording a characteristic anecdote of the man, throws a light upon the comparative state of music at Naples and Rome in his time, and exhibits a curious contrast between the fiery genius of the Neapolitans, and the meek and timid character of Corelli, so analogous to the style of his music.

The greater part of his concertos were composed many years before they were published. In 1712, they were beautifully engraved at Amsterdam, by Etienne Roger, and Michael Charles la Cene, and dedicated to John William, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, but the author survived the publication of this admirable work only six weeks. The dedication bears date at Rome, the 3rd December, 1712, and he died on the 18th of January, 1713.

Corelli was buried in the church of *Santa Maria della Rotunda* (the ancient Pantheon), in the first chapel on the left hand of the entrance to that beautiful temple, where a monument, decorated with a marble bust, is erected to his memory, near that of the greatest of painters, Raffaelle. It was executed at the expense of his illustrious patron, Philip William, Count Palatine of the Rhine, under the direction of Cardinal Ottoboni. The bust represents him with a music-paper in his hand, on which are engraven a few bars of that celebrated air, the "Jig," in his fifth sonata.

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THE OPERA IN ITALY.

[TRANSLATED FROM LA FRANCE MUSICALE.]

(Concluded from page 290.)

MORIANI, like all the Italian singers (except Ronconi), is a poor actor, and takes too little trouble to accommodate his gesture, and the *forte* and *piano* of what he is singing with the word or sentiment expressed. However, it must be said that, take him with his excellencies and defects, he is the only tenor who can succeed Rubini at the Italian Opera at Paris. Of this I feel quite confident.

Salvi's reputation has greatly increased within these two years. He is a graceful clever singer, but his natural powers are limited. Salvi's voice, though not like Donzelli's or Moriani's, a chest voice, is not without its charm, especially on a first hearing. Afterwards it tires rather, for it comes from the throat, and its emission seems to fatigue the singer by combining tones from the head, from the throat, from everywhere, in fact, but the chest; Salvi sings very high, but with little strength. He vocalizes well, has infinite art and taste, and does all that can be done with the rebellious nature of a voice which a less clever singer would make very little of. Salvi is a good-looking man, a bad actor, monotonous in his acting, and rather so in his singing—as, indeed, must be the case with a voice which cannot command great contrasts in power. There is a talk of having Salvi at Paris. He would not, I think, succeed there. He might please for a time, but would soon tire. The monotony of his action and singing, the immobility of his manner, the scrupulous way in which, every evening, he repeats a particular gesture with a particular note, and the inflexible and studied regularity of his pace, are so many defects which, added to the scanty resources of his voice, would forbid the success his vocal science and excellent method might otherwise insure. Both he and Moriani are about thirty-four or thirty-five years of age.

To these three singers, it must be confessed the *elite* of the Italian tenors is limited. The rest are but second-rate. Of these Poggi is the most distinguished. He, too, is an elegant singer; and does some delicious things in the *half-voice*. But he wants power beyond "fa," and his acute notes are of a mixed kind, and do not come clearly from the chest. He is an excellent musician.

Reina has more power than elegance. He is capital in *strettes* and recitative effects. But his voice is capricious, often clouded, and can never be depended on. I heard him twice successively in Mercadante's *Giuramento*, and the same artist was not recognizable. Reina is not young.

Pedrazzi is celebrated in the north of Italy. He "created" *Lucrezia Borgia* at La Scala in 1835. Since that time he has greatly declined. He is another tenor of the Salvi school—a good musician—a wretched actor. He is said to be on the decline, and so he must be, for he has a reputation which I thought he certainly did not support when I heard him last year at Venice.

As for Bazadonna he is completely broken up. It is said that this is owing, in great part, to Mercadante's operas, yet Bazadonna is only thirty-four years old. His performance at La Scala last year, in *Anna Bolena*, was nothing but a prolonged noise. He was still in favour at Naples when our poor Nourrit arrived there. They say that many of the obstacles our great singer met with arose from a useless rivalry which the partizans of the Neapolitan Bazadonna were resolved to support. On the evening that the unhappy Nourrit terminated, by a frightful catastrophe, his glorious career, Bazadonna had been outrageously applauded, in an air from the *Pasticcio*, which Nourrit, under many disadvantages, sung for the last time.

No doubt I could give a list of a hundred names, if I wished to furnish a complete statement of all the Italian tenors who supply the theatres; but it must be confessed that the class of artists of any distinction, and occupying the most prominent stations, is limited to these six or seven names. Duprez was a great loss to Italy. Everywhere he is said to have been an excellent *Italian* singer. Unfortunately his place has not been supplied, and, it may boldly be said, never

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will be; so difficult, or rather impracticable, is it for a French singer to become adopted in Italy. The numerous attempts which have been made only show how few are the exceptions to the general rule. The French *cantatrices* may have been able to succeed in Italy, and I shall mention examples of some who have; but the male singers whom I met with were all confined, through the ill-will of theatrical secretaries and managers, to the most inferior companies.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I have no great love for Promenade Concerts, but I could not read the article in a recent number of the "Musical World," about them, without feeling that, however correct its statements might be, its reasonings were not always incontrovertible.

It is very well for a man, hot from the study of Mozart and Beethoven, and putting aside all considerations but those of love for the diviner portion of his art, to come forth and preach a crusade against the luxurious worthlessness of modern instrumental music, and to hold up to scorn and castigation those Sybarite priests, the professors, who are the means of instilling this new faith into the minds of the ignorant. All this is very eloquent and philosophical: but there is one consideration which is apt to upset all the eloquence and all the philosophy in the world, and that is, necessity. Talent will not feed or clothe a man. His Straduarius may utter divine strains in his little suburban parlour; or his flute, with melancholy complainings, woo the whitewashed walls of his neighbour; yet will they not soften or satisfy his landlord at quarter-day, or supply himself with bread. "What right," says the article, "has Mr. Willy to drive—we cannot say to lead—the public to the very lowest grade (in music), and the lowest order of that degree?" and the querist answers himself, but not probably as Mr. Willy would answer him. Mr. Willy would say that he only followed where others had led, or driven (if so it must be), the public taste. But this is the point—must Mr. Willy, or rather, must others, less gifted or less fortunate than he, with the prospect of a barren season before them, and the offer of permanent employment at a Promenade Concert, fold their arms, and wait till fortune may bless the public with a better taste, and them with a more desirable engagement?

The experiment of introducing classical works at these concerts, has been tried, and does not answer. The state of the argument between the writer of the article in the "Musical World" and the shilling concert givers, simply amounts to this: "The public will support good and cheap performances; but if they will not, you have no right to give them trash." Messrs. Eliason, Arnold and Co. reply, "that the public refuse substantial fare, and that they themselves must live."

But after all, I cannot believe in the full extent of the mischief these concerts are said to produce. It seems to me that the be-piloted and satin-stocked gentry, who, for the trifling outlay of one shilling per head, are permitted to exhibit themselves on these occasions, and who form the majority of the audience, are usually much more engaged in the contemplation of their own personal appearance and importance, than in listening to what may be going on in the orchestra; and that there is very little danger or hope of prejudicing or ameliorating their musical tastes, if they have any. Think of *his* agony under the infliction of a symphony or overture, who finds a quadrille of Musard too great a burthen for his attention! Depend upon it, sir, these people are not to be made partisans of the science of sweet sounds, and are not worth having if they were.

As for the Sacred Harmonic Society, so peculiarly constituted as it is, all mention of its system or its success is inadmissible here, except for the purpose of showing, what is not to be denied, that the public will patronize very good and very cheap musical performances. In fact, the gains and profits of this society, with its four hundred unpaid, afford the strongest argument possible against the existence of a similar professional body. I am, sir, your's, &c.

Camberwell, Nov. 6, 1840, T.

[There are many points in the above on which we differ with our correspondent. We promise ourselves an opportunity next week to discuss this letter, as also that of "Patria," which appeared in our last number.—ED. M. W.]

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REVIEW.

Winter; cantata, composed by Henry Westrop.

Among the host of publications which it is our vocation to inspect and report on, we now and then stumble on one which, having read to the end, if we cannot pronounce it faultless, at least affords us the gratifying conviction that its composer sincerely loved his art, and wooed it for the love he bore it; and such is Mr. Westrop's *Cantata* now under notice. In general terms, we may describe it as a song of considerable pretension as to length and style, conceived with much power and an abundant eschewal of the common-place, and put on paper with that peculiar tact which at once distinguishes the orchestral musician from the mere pianist; but as such a wholesale description neither does justice to its merits, nor points out the faults of construction from which it is not exempt, we propose to notice both more minutely.

Four bars of stormy symphony, in C minor, after the manner of Haydn, introduce a short recitative, which, with the following symphony, is full of vigorous feeling and effect, although in the second bar of the recitative the indicated harmony—that of the dominant seventh—is oddly and somewhat disagreeably omitted in the accompaniment. To this succeeds an *aria*, also in C minor, which is in every respect the most imaginative portion of the composition. The theme of this movement is a phrase of four bars, commencing with a bold progression of unisons, and immediately repeated in E flat minor. This sudden change of key, although striking and beautiful in itself, is, in this place, one of the prominent faults of the movement; it occurs *too early*—it too soon destroys the *certainty* of key which the original tonic should leave on the ear, and therefore ought to have been reserved for some subsequent recurrence to the subject. This false impression as to key is immediately increased by the course of modulation; for, four bars further on, F minor becomes the prominent key, and so continues through the episode of the first part, and down to within a few bars before the commencement of the *cantabile* subject in A flat major. This is evidently faulty; good taste in construction would require that, up to the episode, the *prominence* of the original tonic should be preserved, or, at least, not entirely destroyed by the constant presence of another; all which could have been attended to in this case without necessitating the omission of any important point in the movement. But we have not been thus particular in noticing the defects of this part of the movement without being equally observant of its beauties. The treatment of the first subject is, with the reservation we have already made, extremely musician-like and beautiful; at the words, "Wrapped in black glooms," the musical expression is bold and vigorous in the highest degree; and the words, "First joyless rains obscure drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul," are rendered by a very masterly passage, in which, among other things, we find an admirable use of parts of the first subject, finely harmonized, and contrasted with a series of ascending notes in the voice-part, with beautiful effect. The *cantabile* subject is agreeable, but we feel that we have a right to expect something more than this almost negative kind of goodness from the author of the preceding pages. At the close of this subject, however, there is a singular and highly expressive passage to the words "Calm, sluggish, silently;" although, we must remark, the composer has chosen to escape a consecution of fifths between the common-chords of G and G flat, by means of a process which we think less agreeable than the fifths themselves would have been under the circumstances of their situation. The first subject is now repeated, and the treatment is, for twelve bars, as before, when the line of tactics is changed to regain the key of C minor, and the movement concludes with a fine and energetic passage constructed from materials furnished by the opening symphony to the recitative, which is here reverted to with the happiest effect.

The last movement—an *Andante Sostenuto*—we like less than any other portion of the song. Its melody is pleasing, and not deficient in breadth of outline; but its whole effect is injured by a constructive fault, somewhat analagous to that we pointed out in the preceding movement. The *Andante* may be divided into three complete sentences, of which, the first terminates at the tenth bar

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(including the symphony), in the key of the tonic; the second, at the twenty-second bar in the key of the dominant; and the third comprises the remainder, of the movement; and in the brevity and modulatory march of this last sentence is found the defect of which we complain. Its vocal length is only fourteen bars, and of these, the first four are entirely in F major, and the last six are occupied with a kind of *coda* on a tonic pedal; thus leaving but four intermediate bars to destroy the effect of the key of F, and substitute that of C—a space altogether inadequate to the purpose assigned to it.

We cannot close this notice without sincerely complimenting Mr. Westrop on the high tone of musical feeling displayed in a great portion of this *Cantata;* and, at the same time, beseeching him to show us a little mercy, and, not abuse us in the "Conservative Journal," or any other paper, for honestly finding a few faults with his really clever composition.

No. 1 *of the Siren; a collection of Vocal Duets, with German Music and English Poetry.*

The first number of the "Siren" is a worthy opening of the series, and we trust may be accepted as an assurance of the spirit with which the work will be continued. It contains the grand duet for the *Berggeist* and *Alma*, in Spohr's opera *Der Berggeist*, and is one of his finest compositions of that class. The poetry is well adapted to the music, and although the latter is extremely difficult, we will undertake to say that none will repent the trouble they may be at in attaining its just execution.

[We are obliged to postpone the further notice of Mr. Wesley's Anthems, until the arrival of the second part, since the one we now have contains but two movements of the third anthem.—Ed. M. W.]

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Paris Musical Festival.—*(From our own Correspondent.)*—I take up my pen to give you some account of the performance of last night. It was the first musical entertainment on a large scale ever given in Paris, or, I believe, in this country; and the adoption of our term, *Festival*, was more in relation to the magnitude of the arrangements, than to any similitude, in the performance itself, to our gigantic music-meetings. The theatre of the Academie Royale was illuminated as for the *bals masques* of the carnival, the dramatic orchestra being covered so as to extend the proscenium; and the stage presenting an amphitheatre, filled by vocal and instrumental performers, to the number of five hundred, under the special direction of M. Berlioz, whose tact and generalship were productive of the most satisfactory results. The arrangement of the band was novel to me, very striking, and certainly contributive to perfect effects—the female chorus occupied the centre of the front, they were elegantly dressed and looked extremely pleasing—the male chorus were placed at the sides, under the direction of two sub-conductors, who took and conveyed the time and accent from Berlioz, who was elevated on a platform behind the choristers, on which the principal singers also appeared; behind them, on a higher stage, were arranged the violins and tenors, backed by the wood wind instruments; in a still higher range were the double basses and violoncellos, and the brass, cymbals, and drums crowned the whole. The theatre was crowded in every part by the very best and most elegant company in Paris, and the *ensemble* was of a truly imposing character.

The concert commenced with a selection from Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride*, that *chef-d'œuvre* of the good old master which elicited such wonder and applause last spring in London, and which, to the disgrace of the opera directors here, is as utterly unknown to the French people, for whom it was originally composed, as it has hitherto been to us. This marvellous music, which is essentially dramatic, lost little of its interest and effect by the divorcement from scenery and action—a true test that it is the natural music of the passions, and can tell its own story in a way never to be misunderstood. The effect given to it by this band, *great* in every sense of the word, was felt throughout the audience, and

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surprised even me, who had so recently heard it frequently played correctly. The storm scene was perfectly thrilling—the movement is spirited and full of striking harmonic progressions—the frequent recurrence of the minor dominant ninth, struck me as very modern and beautiful—the recitative, in which *Iphigénie* describes her half prophetic dreams, was finely delivered by Mme. Stolitz; and the tender supplicating air which follows, deserved and elicited great applause. Massol gave the succeeding song, which so well contrasts with it, in a masculine and artist-like manner—and the short, wild, clamorous chorus of the barbarians, so full of character and effect, that terminates the first act, electrified the house, which rang with plaudits for some minutes after its conclusion.

The *Requiem* of Berlioz, which followed, is certainly his *chef-d'œuvre*, and was never better executed, or received with more rivetted attention; it is, however, a work of too extraordinary a character to permit of any accurate description; it must be heard to be duly understood.

Handel's double chorus, "The Lord is great," seemed to strike the hearers with astonishment; for his works are almost entirely unknown to the French *dilettanti*, and the fact of his great popularity in England has deteriorated his fame amongst those, who narrowly insist that *we* are not a musical people. In the deafening shouts that followed this chorus, I observed Lablache, who occupied a conspicuous box, most vociferous and enthusiastic.

Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet Symphony* formed part of the programme: I had heard it at his concert, and so could more perfectly comprehend its merits; but, as is the case with all this writer's works, it is impossible, without writing a treatise, to give any rational notion of their character. I know not why, but the *scherzo* descriptive of *Queen Mab*, which I consider the gem of the piece, was omitted—I could have better spared the choral movement—it appears out of place, and the *symphony* would certainly be more compact and perfect without it.

The performance of one of Palestrina's most beautiful *madrigals* wanted that delicate *chiaroscuro*, that nice distinction of piano and forte, which characterizes the performances of our London madrigalists, but it gained a due share of approbation.

The *Funeral March*, composed for the ceremonies of last July, concluded the performance, which has been of too excellent and exciting a nature to admit of the supposition, that similar entertainments will not be speedily and frequently repeated. Early in the evening, a call for the *Marsellaise* was got up by a few pit-ites, but was instantly repressed by general dissent—this little incident has been construed by some, as indicative that the war clamour is in its wane; for my part, I leave such inferences to persons more interested by, and more capable of judging matters of that sort, and rather ascribe this proof of good taste and good order, to the better feelings of a most superior assembly, unwilling to tolerate the introduction of politics on an occasion devoted to a purer and more enlightening pursuit.

Meyerbeer's Opera is completed and in the hands of the directors of the Academie Royale, but is delayed until the composer shall be satisfied with a *prima donna*. Auber has assigned the leading *role* in his forthcoming opera to Anna Thillon, in consequence of which Cinti Damoreau has resigned her engagement at the Opera Comique. Halevy's new opera, *La Guittarreco*, is just ready. A Mdlle. Capderille is to make her *debut* in the principal character; and Adolph Adam's novelty, entitled *Les Diamentou de la Caronne*, will immediately succeed it. A *debutante*, named Bianci, has been very favourably received at the Odeon in *Lucrezia Borgia*, but the Italians are at a discount at present, and the opera went off coldly, notwithstanding the support of Lablache, Mario, and Grisi. Duprez returned to the Academie on Sunday, and was loudly greeted in *Robert le Diable*

Hotel de Nantz, Place Carousel, Nov 2, 1840.

METROPOLITAN.

Hanover Chapel, Regent-street.—A very numerous congregation, which included the Duke of Cambridge, and many persons of rank and fashion, assem-

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bled at this chapel on Sunday last, to hear the first performance of a MS. *Te Deum*, composed by the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh. Upon principle we consider it unfair to criticise the works of an amateur, but the compositions of his lordship are so constantly forced upon the public through the influence, not the talent, of their author, that the barrier of our reserve is broken down, and we feel at liberty to animadvert upon them, as though they came from the study of a life-devoted artist, it being evident that his lordship thinks them worthy of such notice, by his taking every opportunity to place them in juxta-position with those of the greatest writers that adorn the art.

The *Te Deum* is in B flat major, and is of the same noisy, vapid, theatrical, but certainly not dramatic, character throughout, which marks the generality of Lord Bughersh's productions. There are many conceits of imitation which do not fit, and many common-place commencements of sequences which are not followed out. There are innumerable full closes, and the chord of the German sixth is, of course, very conspicuously introduced.

We must also notice *the hymn*, which was from the same illustrious hand, and this was certainly pretty and flowing.

The choir consisted of the *elite* of the Academy students, past and present, including Miss Dolby, Miss Bassano, and several others, with many of the male chorus of the Ancient Concerts, and the noble author, whose stay in town has been prolonged in consequence of this performance, and who occupied a place near the organ, and sustained a part. We think it highly derogatory to the Royal Academy of Music, as a public institution, to allow, much more to compel, its disciples to associate with hired chorus-singers in the service at a chapel of ease, for no other apparent purpose, than to exalt the importance of the academic organist, thus affording him a stepping-stone to a more lucrative appointment and to flatter the vanity of the distinguished amateur, who thinks it no profanation to make God's own temple the scene of the fulsome adulations which he is so prone to court and so pleased to receive.

Drury-Lane Theatre.—Locke's *music in Macbeth* has been played here to the promenaders during the week. To say the least of it, it is very ingeniously arranged, and has certainly this merit, beyond the fantasias from modern operas, which are so popular at these concerts, that it is played entire, the adapter having merely given the voice parts to different wind-instruments, without introducing any hyphenous passages of his own to compound disconnected and disagreeing movements into an imperfect whole; and all the pieces in *Macbeth* being in the key of F, there is an uniformity of character, if not of design, throughout, that gives the performance a considerable air of continuity. The part of *Hecate* is sustained, on the ophicleide, by M. Prospero, and truly this is a most marvellous performance; for his extreme piano, his judicious expression, and, indeed, his wholly musician-like style, could scarcely be surpassed on the most delicate instrument. The other soli parts are arranged for the oboe, bassoon, and cornet-à-pistons, and the vocal *tuttis* for the whole choir of brass instruments; these in the forte passages are painfully overpowering, and the ophicleide, which erst was "sighing like a sucking-dove," here resumes its wonted character of lowing like a herd of oxen.

The overture to *Euryanthe* has also been played, and its performance is as complete a specimen of the conductor's bad taste and of the sickly sentimentality of the modern Gallic school as can possibly be adduced. The movement is varied a dozen times in the course of the overture, and the constant *ritenuto* and *stringendo* give an air of mawkish fine gentlemanism to this really chivalrous composition that renders it perfectly ludicrous. After the first eight bars, which, to our feeling, are taken decidedly too fast, the time is not bent, but broken, and all the energetic passage for wind instruments that follows is squeezed, and languished, and humbugged, in a manner to remind us of the gentleman in armour in a Lord Mayor's procession, who rode up Ludgate-hill ogling the spectators through a pair of double opera-glasses. The brass instruments always overpower the strings, and the whole performance may be looked upon as a burlesque. Surely it is enough to put classical music in a situation where it cannot be appreciated without holding it up to be publicly laughed at.

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Islington Amateur Society.—We omitted to notice last week the first concert of this Society, which took place on Tuesday, the 3rd instant, in the Infant School Room, Church-street, Islington, where a capacious orchestra has been erected. The vocal performers were Mesdames F. Lablache, Reed, and Dolby; Messrs. Parry, Horncastle, and Purday. Mr. Handley played a solo on the trumpet, and Messrs. T. G. Reed, Keating, and G. Keating a trio for pianoforte, oboe and bassoon. A MS. overture, by a Mr. Thomas, was much and deservedly applauded, but we recommend the author, in future, rather to aim at the production of a classical work, than to rest contented with pleasing the million by means of such clap-traps as solos on the cornet-à-pistons. The numerous band was led by Mr. Dando, and conducted by Mr. T. G. Reed.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

Southampton.—*The Sacred Harmonic Society* held its first meeting on Thursday evening last, at the Royal Victoria Assembly Rooms, and was attended by a brilliant and numerous assembly. Our space will not permit of our entering into the full detail of this delightful musical treat, but we cannot forbear adverting to the admirable execution of the chorus "Praise his awful Name," the chromatic passages in which were executed with a precision that was truly astonishing; Mr. Hobbs displayed his usual masterly and scientific powers. The duet between Miss Birch and Mr. Hobbs, "Forsake me not in this dread hour," was given with real pathos, and the quartet between Miss Birch, Mme. F. Lablache, Mr. Hobbs, and Signor F. Lablache, "Blessed are the departed," produced an effect that was truly electric. The trio on the violin, violoncello, and contra-basso, from Handel, as performed by Messrs. Blagrove, Lindley, and Signor Dragonetti, was a most delightful performance, and not to be surpassed, we venture to say, by any professionals in the kingdom. Miss Birch finely sustained her high reputation in the air "From mighty kings he took the spoil," which was enthusiastically encored. Mme. F. Lablache sang from Handel's Messiah, "He was despised and rejected of men," with a taste and tenderness rarely equalled. In reference to the whole performance, which concluded with "The horse and his rider," from Handel, we can truly state that a more exquisite display of harmony never before delighted the county of Hampshire. Mr. Truss led, and Mr. G. Hammond conducted.

Exeter.—*Devon and Exeter Quartet Concerts, 2nd Series.*—The first of these performances took place on the 4th inst., under the patronage of Lady Acland. Beethoven's magnificent Septuor, part 21, was a glorious commencement, and was exceedingly well played; the glees "Return blest days," "Thro' nature's wide domains," "Health to my dear," and "Bring me flowers," were all sung admirably, especially the one by Sir S. Rogers, sung by Miss Cole, Messrs. Down, Carpenter, and S. Haycraft. Miss Cole made her *debut* in her native city, and although rather timid at first, very soon convinced the audience that she was in every way deserving the very flattering encomiums that have been bestowed upon her; her songs "O, whither shall I fly?" and "Deh per questo," were chastely sung, and with great feeling; but her scena from *Der Freischutz*, was the *chef-d'œuvre* of the evening; the effect with which this was given displayed perfect command of a rich and powerful voice, and careful study of the composer: it received an unanimous encore. Schubert's little gem, "The two roses," was also encored; Spohr's duet, which she sung with Mr. S. Haycraft, was very feelingly given by both. Mr. Carpenter gave Weber's difficult scena, "Thro' the forest," in excellent style. The two quartets were admirably played, and the duo concertante, by the leader and conductor (Messrs. Rice and H. J. Haycraft), was a great trial of skill and display of talent by both. The piano certainly wanted strength, but when we consider the arduous duties the conductor had to go through this evening, we almost wonder at his imposing such a heavy task upon himself. The room was fully and fashionably attended, and the evening's performances, on the whole, were eminently successful. The second concert will take place the first week in December, and will be under the patronage of the Right Hon. Lady Francis Ley.

Cheltenham.—Signor Marras gave a concert here on the 4th inst., which was a bumper. The programme gave great satisfaction, the pieces being exceedingly well chosen. Mme. Marras made her *debut* on the occasion, and was uncommonly successful: her style of singing is strictly Italian, and reflects great credit on the tuition of

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her husband. Marras gave Pergolesi's "Fenesta vassia" in a most finished style. Borrani sang several songs excellently: his voice possesses the power of a legitimate bass, with the sweetness and flexibility of a baritone. Pio Cianchettini was the conductor; he extemporised on two favourite airs, "Ye banks and braes," and the "Marsellaise," which, whether Whig or Tory, such is the captivation of music, everybody must like.

OBITUARY.

Mr. George Richards.—It is our melancholy task to record the decease of this talented and promising young violinist, who expired at Longford, near Windsor, on Friday last. Mr. Richards was a native of Brighton, where his father formerly kept a large hotel. He was born in 1814, and having early evinced considerable musical ability, was, in his fifteenth year, placed in the Royal Academy of Music, where he became a pupil of the late Mr. Mori, for the violin; his progress on that instrument was very striking; insomuch that, when he left the Academy in June, 1836, he was appointed a professor of that institution. From this period, his irregular habits have at once retarded his professional advancement and broken up his constitution. In April last he was seized with a fit during a rehearsal at the Italian Opera, where he sustained a forward rank in the orchestra; and though he sufficiently recovered to take his place at the Promenade Concerts that same evening, and did not for a considerable time relinquish the pursuit of his profession, he never enjoyed a healthful moment after that attack. After he became perfectly debilitated by the growing ravages of a rapid consumption, he was for a considerable time nursed at the house of Mr. Coventry, the music-seller, till his disease demanded change of air, when that gentleman, with the liberality and kindness which are so strongly his characteristics, took him to the quiet seclusion of Longford, where he, as well as several of the professional friends of the deceased, have been unremitting in their attention and consolation. The benevolent zeal of Mr. Coventry so constantly evinced in favour of many of our young struggling artists has been particularly extended towards the unfortunate subject of the present notice; for having acted as a kind patron, so long as Richards's talent could profit by encouragement, he has defrayed all the expenses of his *protegè's* long illness, and will also bear the charges on his funeral.

Richards was of a frank and generous temper, and while his talents gained him many admirers, his disposition ensured him as many friends; he had a single enemy, who, together with the memory of his follies, was interred on Tuesday. He was followed to the grave by Mr. Sterndale Bennett and some other academicians, his brother students, and by Mr. Coventry, Mr. Henekey, and Mr. Wright, who had all been his warm friends.

We have been informed that Lord Burghersh, on hearing the other day of Mr Richards's dangerous and necessitous situation, immediately forwarded him a sum of money; we are unable to vouch for the truth of this report; but it is so highly honourable to his lordship, and so entirely worthy of the self-styled "Father of the Academy," that we cannot resist the pleasure of inserting it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Drury-lane Memorial which we noticed last week has been coldly negatived by the Lord Chamberlain, in consequence of a counter-memorial of the sub-committee, who maintain that the aforesaid petition of the exiled actors was drawn up in a malicious feeling towards Drury-lane Theatre, that empire of the muses, which has thrust its native children from its soil, to nourish foreign votaries of an art foreign to the purposes of its original institution. This is not the worst evil of the Promenade Concert system, though it is surely bad enough, that a large number of men of education and talent should be hindered from the pursuit of an intellectual profession so highly calculated to enlighten and reform

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the public mind. In other countries the government leads the public into a fitting school of taste; here a cock-pit is thrown open, and the world at large may enter, and relax their already loose minds, until it shall become impossible to fix them on any beautiful or important subject.

Prince Albert's Opera.—This long-talked-of, anxiously-expected, and politically-withheld production, which is (perhaps) destined to throw a new and glorious light on this already enlightened age, and to illustrate the fame of its illustrious author, is at length about to be brought before the public. Mr. Eliason, that spirited artistical speculator, who has made the multitude acquainted with the noble works of the gifted Burghersh, has, it appears, been courting court favour, and flattered His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort, into the condescension of allowing his melodious subjects to be introduced to the harmonious subjects of his *cara sposa:* we hope they will be well received, for the British people and the princely tunes must be cousins-german. Seriously, the director of the Drury-lane Concerts has obtained the scores of His Royal Highness's opera, which was to have been brought out last season, and he will give the overture next week, which will in due time be succeeded by the airs and concerted pieces. He has also made arrangements for the production of a MS. overture of the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh.

Mr. Charles Kemble is exceedingly unwell, and the operation to be performed by Liston is delayed in consequence. Mr. Kemble is stopping at the Hummums in Covent-garden, where his indisposition confines him to his room. It is lamentable to observe the cloud which has recently come over this last star of the house of Kemble; it is almost impossible to recognise in the present emaciated invalid the buoyant *Mercutio* of last season.

Mr. Lavenu with his corps musicale will enter the *lists* again on the 23rd instant, when it is to be hoped the *list*less provinces will *list*en with more attention than on his last experiment, or he will have en*list*ed his talented *list* to very little purpose.

Mr. Mitchell, the Bookseller, has an Italian Opera scheme in progress, but we are not yet at liberty to publish full particulars. We surely do not want a renewal of the third-rate representations for which this speculator has twice already levied subscriptions; however desirable may be the model afforded by the first-rate performances of the first-rate singers in Europe, our native artists are sensible of their failings, and need not an example of what should be avoided in the Italian school

The German Operas will commence in March next; that is, provided the Lord Chamberlain do not think proper to enter his fiat against their performance at Drury-lane Theatre, which is a catastrophe by no means unlikely to take place at the present juncture.

Remuneration of Dramatic Composers.—We are anxious to know on what terms Mr. Barnett has secured the services of the long list of composers which he announces in his prospectus. Mr. Barnett's many spirited letters in the public prints, and his constant struggles to overthrow the unreasonable system of extorting the gratuitous labours of musical genius, are sufficient demonstrations of his feeling on the subject; and though the limited size of the Prince's Theatre cannot enable him to disburse large sums on composers, we feel convinced that he will so far act liberally, that they will have reason to congratulate themselves on having to treat with a brother artist and a friend, instead of an ignorant speculator and a stranger to their interests.

The Council of the Musical Antiquarian Society differ in their opinions on the disposal of their plates after they shall have printed off the copies for the members. Mr. Oliphant is desirous that they shall be destroyed, alleging that it will be difficult to induce subscriptions if there be any probability that the works may be publicly obtained; and he is seconded by Mr. W. S. Bennett: this motion is strongly opposed by Mr. Rimbault, Mr. Macfarren, and Mr. Chappel, on the grounds that the Society is established for the purpose of perpetuating the classical compositions it intends to print, and not merely to form typographical curiosities for private libraries. In this latter opinion we fully concur, and we think, further, that the accumulation of a property such as

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the valuable plates of this Society will form, must act as a great temptation to subscribers. Another matter of contention appears to be the printing of the dialogue with the scores of operas. For ourselves, we think it impossible to enter into the merits of dramatic composition unless one be fully acquainted with the characters, the situations, and the conduct of the story; because operatic music should have a meaning beyond the mere words to which it is set: as to the impropriety of reprinting our early dramatists, on the score of their freedom of expression, as urged by Mr. Hogarth and Mr. E. Taylor, it appears to us a piece of that maudlin Society-for-the-suppression-of-vice-ism, which is the emasculation and the ridicule of the present age, and which, if tolerable in the propagation of books for a lady's boudoir, is preposterous in the collation of works for an antiquarian study. If Dryden is too lewd to be reprinted, we shall soon be forbidden to look at Shakspere, and we may then dread the time when the Holy Bible itself will be prohibited.

Lord Burghersh's "Te Deum," which excited so much admiration on the 8th inst., will be repeated with his *MS. Hymn* on Sunday next, when Mr. C. Lucas the organist, Miss Dolby, and the whole of the previous choir will perform. We mention this, that the opportunity of hearing this composition may not be lost by such of our readers as prefer the music of nobility to the nobility of music.

Lablache and the Duchess.—At a *fête* given by the late Duchess of St. Alban's, at Holly Lodge, in the year 1835, Signor Lablache was frequently observed as one of the most prominent, and indeed, inveterate dancers of the evening. When about to take his leave of the hospitable hostess, her grace remarked, "that Signor Lablache looked very much overheated by his recent exertions on the *light* fantastic toe," and kindly inquired if he was provided with a cloak. Being informed that he was not furnished with one, and fearing lest he should take cold, she called one of the household, who was desired to see that the *primo basso* was attended to. In a few minutes afterwards Lablache was seen seated in one of her grace's carriages, tastefully enveloped in the ample folds of a *large blanket!*

Self-criticism.—It has been said, that the best means to correct our faults is to remove our work out of sight for some space of time, that we may hereafter review it, as it were, with other eyes, or as the effort of another. Our own productions do but too much flatter us: they are always too pleasing, and it is impossible not to be partial to them at the moment of their conception: they are children of a tender age, which are not capable of drawing our hatred on them. It is supposed that apes keep their eyes constantly fixed on their new-born offspring, and are never weary of admiring their beauty; yet a few weeks bring satiety and indifference. Nature doats upon her productions, but nature herself is changeful—if we let some weeks, or at least days, pass over our heads without looking at our composition, that intermission will faithfully point out the faults and bring to light the real beauties if such exist.

MARTIALANA HARMONICA.—No. I.

Quoth bouncing B—,
The late lessee,
To little B—, the present,
"You'll find the claims
Of singing dames
More positive than pleasant."

Quoth minor B—,
"Too late I see
My post's a sad misnomer:
'Tis plain to all
That I sing small,
The manager's Miss Romer!"

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[Editorial promises, like other sublunary crockery, are often liable to fracture from uncontrollable circumstances; and on this ground we solicit the indulgence of our readers for having disappointed them of Beethoven's "Miserere" and "Amplius" announced to appear in this week's "Musical World." An accident occurred to the musical type, during what is called the "making-up" of the present number, which was found to be wholly incapable of timely remedy. The promised music will, however, positively appear in our next number.—Ed. M. W.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr. Becher.—We will correct the mistake referred to by our correspondent, in our next number.

Mr. Stimpson.—Received, and will be immediately attended to.

Mr. Lavenu is informed that the "brainless absurdities" to which he politely alludes, were sufficiently refuted by the insertion of Mr. Parry's letter in our last number. We were not previously aware of the "amiable facility" at turning his pen to "any side of a question" which is imputed to the writer of the article referred to, but we recommend Mr. Lavenu to cultivate the art of writing on *one* side of the question with gentlemanly temper and propriety before he again thinks proper to address us. We peril our reputation for "candour" by rejecting his letter, in preference to endangering the decency of our pages by its insertion.

T.—The notice to "J." was intended, as our correspondent suspects. We beg his pardon for misinterpreting his caligraphy.

A Constant Reader.—Received,

List of New Publications.

PIANOFORTE.

Marschan.—Galoppes Charmantes, or 5th set of Galoppes - - - - - *Boosey.*
—— Handbook for Pianoforte-players *Ditto.*
—— Zephyr et l'Amour valses brillantes, for two performers - - *Ditto.*
Plachy.—Three Morceaux de salon; no. 1, Dormez Dormez, from 'Rieci Prigionere de Edinburgh;' no. 3, Favourite Air from 'Lucia di Lammermoor' - *Ditto.*
Kalkbrenner.—Scales in all the major and minor keys - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Kohler, F.—Canadian air - *T. E. Purday.*
—— Banks of Allan Water; variations *Ditto.*
—— Neva boatman's song; ditto - *Ditto.*
Grantham, W.—Polish Air; ditto - *Ditto.*
Hutton, J.—Hunter's horn is sounding *Ditto.*
Schmitt, A.—Marseilles March, with brilliant variations - - - - *Ditto.*
Gems de Labitzky.—A selection of Labitzky's most favourite waltzes - *Ditto.*
Quadrilles, La Vendetta; solo and duet *Wessel.*
Lanner.—Anima waltzes - - - - *Ditto.*
Czerny.—Homage to Victoria and Nicholas; grand variation, no. 2, on the Russian national hymn - - - - *Ditto.*
Chopin.—Sixth set of mazurkas, 'Souvenirs de la Pologne;' solo and duet - *Ditto.*
Jullien.—La Caille waltzes - - *Chappell.*
—— Rosita Valse - - - - - *Ditto.*
Burgmuller.—Variations on 'La Romanesca' - - - - - - *Chappell.*
Standard Operas, no. 17.—Semiramide *Cramer.*
Czerny.—Brilliant fantasias, nos. 1 and 2, Anna Bolena - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Duvernay.—Deux divertisemens from Zanetta - - - - - - - *Ditto.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Military Journal, book 75, containing Labitzsky's 'Russian' waltzes, arranged by Tutton - - - - - - *Wessel.*
Molique.—Grand duet concertante, flute and violin - - - - - - *Ditto.*

VOCAL.

Io te voglio bene assage; canzone Napolitana - - - - - - - *Boosey.*
Burnett, H.—Gentle Therese - *Coventry.*
—— The Young May-queen - - *Ditto.*
Last dying speech of Bartlemy Fair; comic *T. E. Purday.*
Lovely night - - - - - - *Chappell.*
Negri, G.—La Sera d'estate - - *Ditto.*
—— Il canto delle Alpi - - - *Ditto.*
Benedict.—The Frank lovers; song *Cramer.*
—— The sleeper; ballad - - *Ditto.*
Carpenter, A.—Rondoletto from 'Zanetta' *Ditto.*

Just published,

LOVELY NIGHT.——Song sung by Madame VESTRIS in "Fashionable Arrivals."

Chappell, Musicseller to her Majesty, 50, New Bond-street.

HENRY HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall, East, where all communications for the Editor, Works for Review, and Advertisements are received.—R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row.—G. BERGER, Holywell Street, Strand, and the following Agents:—

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THE

MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,

AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν."
PLAT. Phædo. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

NOV. 19, 1840. No. CCXLIII.—New Series, No. CLI. PRICE 3*d.* STAMPED, 4*d.*

In the course of our critical labours we have been frequently called on to notice the compositions of musical amateurs, and, nearly as frequently, found it necessary to censure them severely and justly. Many and loud are the complaints which this line of conduct has drawn down on us. We have been charged, by correspondents and otherwise, with professional illiberality towards amateurship in general, with attempting to stifle a spreading knowledge of art, and with unwittingly doing our utmost to array the members of the profession in order of warfare against their patrons. The correspondence on this subject has never been inserted in the "Musical World," because some of the letters were ignorantly concocted, others teeming with accusations just sufficiently absurd to serve no other purpose than that of provoking general ridicule at the expense of the writers, and all more or less impertinent to their contemplated end. Neither have we hitherto noticed any other method of remark on the matter which has, from time to time, been adopted; choosing to reserve our defence until the absence of more important topics should afford us disposable space in our pages. The present week presents us an opportunity which we therefore embrace to make a profession of our faith on the point, which must serve for once and all.

Musical amateurship, then, we hold to be of the greatest importance, for two reasons—firstly, that without such disseminating influence, music would be shorn of its sanitory power over men's minds, which, in an abstract sense, it is directly its mission to exercise: and secondly, that only by its general cultivation as an art, can professors hope for encouragement and reward. That the power of completely estimating, as well as of producing, beautiful music, is as much a birth-gift as the craft of the poet or painter, is incontestable. A man may be fond of a tune without liking *music*. He may not be able to restrain his head from wagging, or his feet from keeping time to the marked movement of a

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German Waltz—he may feel hot with military ardour at the twang of the *Marseilleise*, or persuade himself into a fit of sentimentality at the dolorous simplicity of "Water parted from the sea"—and all this without knowing or loving *music* abstractedly. He may be *astounded* into admiration by the noise and strength of Handel's mightiest choruses, without at all perceiving those beauties which strike home at once to the musician's heart. All these are cases of mere *physical* effect in music but slightly different from that which, under similar circumstances, would be produced on the rudest peasant of England or the savage of Southern Africa. Still, if it be not possible to acquire the faculty of enjoying music in the supremest degree, an approximating state of feeling may, at least, be attained. Education and habit may, in ordinary men, beget a comprehension and liking for those musical perfections which their more gifted brethren feel and love by instinct. This, then, is the office of that state of cultivation which is properly termed "amateurship," and highly important we again declare it to be, since without it, the enjoyment and patronage of beautiful music would be confined to a fraction of the human race too minute to hold out the slightest prospect of reward to its producers.

It, however, unfortunately happens that, in all arts in which imagination is greatly concerned, or which are supposed to confer some peculiar distinction on their successful cultivators, the amateur is too speedily satisfied with his own progress. The vanity of present acquirement too frequently extinguishes all desire for further research. In no liberal art is this so abundantly manifest as in music. Of nothing is the amateur so intolerably conceited as of his musical attainment, and in nothing, consequently, does he so slightly approach success. The examples of the finest professional composers or performers are useless weapons against the triple brass of self-esteem in which he is ensconced. He fills a sheet of paper with a string of diluted reminiscences of Donizetti, publishes it as a song, and straightway imagines himself as securely booked for immortality as Mozart or Beethoven. If he sing, ever so little or vilely, and be compelled for a moment to give place to the most finished artist, he is sure to ask, mentally, and sometimes even, audibly, what right any one had to sing while *he* was there unemployed? Should he have crossed that *pons asinorum* to amateurs—the attainment of a modicum of execution on the "German flute"—he scruples not to swagger about "Nicholson's fantasias," as though he felt assured of his ability to double-tongue the memory of their deceased composer into utter oblivion; and should he, by some chance, have betaken him to practice some such rarer annoyance to the neighbourhood as the double-bass, he would, if permitted, walk into the first orchestra in England, instrument in hand, and feel irreparably insulted if placed even one stand behind Dragonetti! There is not, in fact, a greater pest to artistical society than the thorough *fashionably*-musical amateur; —without the power, or even the wish, to give pleasure to any save himself, he puts forth his performances with an effrontery solely his own; and without a smattering of musical education or feeling, he takes on him to criticise, undervalue, and perhaps sneer at, the best works of his professional countrymen. Our picture may be highly coloured, but it is taken from observation and from the life; and there is, we will undertake to say, scarcely a single professor who will not recognise its truth in every feature.

Not, then, because we under-estimate the importance of musical amateurship, but because we are fully sensible of its value, because we would direct it to use-

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fulness, would lessen its conceit, and improve its acquirement in art, we have ever been severely just in our comments on such amateur compositions as have fallen in our way. So long as an amateur preserves the manuscript virginity of his scribblings, he is, at once by right and in fact, out of harm's way; he rests satisfied with the praises of friends as little skilled as himself and there ends the matter. But the case is widely altered when he comes into print. His publication of his works is, virtually, an avowal of his confidence in their title to public favour, and he cannot wonder that it should equally be deemed an invitation to public criticism. All such pretensions, if justified, we have encouraged; but if unsustained, we have never spared and will not spare an atom, Let us be understood. We wish not to check the amateur's ambition to *compose*, but we would still deter him from the folly of invading the province of genius, if unstrengthened by native ability and educational knowledge. We would have him study music, not as a thing for silly exhibitions in the drawing-room, but as an art to be loved for itself. We would have him read hard, aye, and compose too, if he will, but *not publish* until he be able to cast aside the child's go-cart without stumbling at his first step; for as well might a rivalry of Milton be expected from the spelling school-boy, as even tolerable music from an *ignorant* composer. In music, as in poetry, a man must acquire the rudiments of language before he can wield its graces and intensities. All this we would have amateurs do, and the greater their success the more we shall rejoice. Should they, in time to come, even rival the best of the professional composers, we shall have but the greater reason to rejoice, for that fact will bring with it the assurance that music is, at last, successfully and *generally* cultivated in England.

To such unfavourable remarks as we have here had occasion to make, there are, we are happy to acknowledge, many and honourable exceptions. We know several amateur performers, and some few composers, of unquestionable ability and just perception of their own attainments; but experience is drawn from the mass and not from a few of its constituent parts, which, in this instance, stand out but more brightly by contrast with the darkness from which good sense and education have assisted them to emerge.

THE DEVIL'S DOINGS IN MUSIC.

We have all heard of the Devil's Sonata, that sub-sublimated composition with which the celebrated Tartini was impregnated and inspired during a heavy sleep, induced by a still heavier supper of fried pork; and the publication of which has sent forth the maestro's name and fame far from the boundaries of his native place, and beyond the narrow limits of Time. It is known that Tartini's skill on the violin had far exceeded the reputation of his notes on paper, until the production of the piece of *diablerie* above alluded to; and it is accredited, because well authenticated, that during his "gentle slumber," after having taken the Devil's name in vain, on account of some vexatious failure in a passage on the double shift, while performing at the duke's palace, it is well, though perhaps not generally known, that his Satanic majesty entered the chamber of the quiescent violinist, whose perturbed spirit lay dormant as the powder in a pistol-pan, scarcely dreaming of a flash—that he snatched the professor's instrument from a peg in the wall, whereon it hung, exactly between the carved ivory crucifix and the portrait of Lucrezia Benoni, the two shrines at which Tartini divided his daily prayers and invoked his nightly inspirations, that he, the Devil (with reverence be it spoken), performed upon the said violin the aforesaid sonata, with a taste, brilliancy, pure intonation, and masterly effect, so overwhelmingly surprising as to leave upon the sleeper's mind, when he woke, an impression suf-

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ficiently vivid to infuse new ardour into his bow-hand, and new nerve into his finger; in short, to qualify him for the perfect echo of this *infernal* rhapsody; and what is more, for the publication of it in good legible black notes, which have long survived those he was wont to draw from the said instrument without any mundane rival. By-the-by, one satisfactory proof of the above remarkable circumstance is easily attainable, the violin of Tartini being at this moment in the possession of a celebrated Scotch professor, who very obligingly lends it on occasions to his *fiddling* pupils; the handling of the neck of the instrument, which is naturally highly saturated with brimstone, most generally proving efficacious when the ordinary sulphuric or other remedial applications have totally failed.

It is not a little surprising, in this age of occult doctrine and experiment, that some of our Czernys, Burgmullers, Hunteus, Osbornes, Burroweses, Wades, Linleys, Billy Holmeses, and other musical doers for the present generation, albeit they do not scruple to borrow of their betters, or even to steal from each other, have not cultivated the example of Tartini into a theoretical system, by which to rival their own efforts and eclipse themselves: what an incalculable dead weight might thus have been saved from the counters of our music-sellers—what an obesity of emptiness would thus have been prevented in the portfolios of our maiden aunts and sisters! But the marvel is still greater, that our elders of the craft should have suffered the Tartinian hint to have escaped them, seeing that the Horsleys, Elliotts, Addisons, Dr. Essexes, and Gresham professors, are really shrewd fellows, hard thinkers, and men who do not usually trifle with any means that promise the aggrandisement of their fair fame or lawful profits—the natural supposition is, that the speculative ebullition of these worthies has subsided like the effervescence of soda-water, and that the stagnant element of their genius is not now to be roused by preternatural agency—or, in other words, that their mortal leases being now considerably advanced, they decline to have dealings with the Devil, at least before their appointed time. However, the musical public will be gratified to learn that the notion has been acted upon and turned to the very best account by Mr. F. Romer, in producing the opera which is destined to decide the fate of Mr. Barnett's enterprise at the Prince's Theatre, and establish the claims to a musical propensity in the whole British nation.

This talented and aspiring Tyro, it seems, has been rationally imbued with an ambition to outdo his "former outdoings," and accordingly after a course of reading, comprising the *roles* of *Mephistophiles, Asmodeus, Zamiel, Der Vampyr, Robert le Diable*, the *Diavoletto* of the *Devil's Opera*, and other *infernal* attempts, together with a few biographical notices of *Beelzebub, Lucifer, Satan*, and the *Serpent*, extracted from the erudite works of Jeremy Taylor, Johanna Southcote, and Hutchinson, the coal-heaver—and after having procured a *Germane* drama to be concocted into English rhyme from the German poem of "Fridolin"—and after causing his pianoforte to be entirely strung with brass, as a safer and better conductor of meteoric influences, and after having insured his life in the Phœnix Fire Office, and his immortal fame in the London Joint Stock Assurance Company, after these and a few other preliminaries and precautions, it is credibly stated that this indomitable musician repaired to a noted house of entertainment (not the *Devil* Tavern, though close in its locality) the Shakspeare, in Wych-street, and there "supping full of horrors" upon a plenitude of German sausage and sour krout, abundantly peppered by mine host of witty and literary notoriety; he diluted the same with sundry magnums of Lord Byron's Hippocrene, conventionally called gin and water; then, bidding adieu to all terrestiral ties and associations, he betook him to a studio-dormitory, engaged for the purpose in the basement story of one of the petty *Hells* in Leicester-square, and reclining his head on six tomes of German and French Dæmonology, with the treasured *libretto* of *Fridolin* in his bosom, he soon fell, as might be expected, into that busy sort of rest which Coleridge has aptly denominated "the pains of sleep."

Presently uprises through the the sink-trap of a neighbouring drain, the much-talked-of, much-dreaded, much-blackened, GREAT UNKNOWN! He seats himself at the brazen-wired pianoforte—HE preludes—HE modulates—HE runs

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chromatic scales with super-scientific harmonies and cross-handed evolutions; HE rattles through impossible combinations of passages with fifteen-fingered dexterity; and lo! the sleeper is roused into super-human wide-awakedness; the chamber becomes illuminated, as well it might be, with lurid light blue coruscations of sulphuric vapour, and the BLACK MUSE of Tartini is apparent! Our ambitious composer, spell-bound in person, but not in spirit, prostrates his unsubstantial self before the MAJESTY OF EREBUS, and would have kissed the toe, but that the cloven foot forbade the homage. Rising alacritous, he spread the twenty-four-lined scoring-paper before his wonder-working guest, and invoked assistance in that mute persuasive eloquence, which 'tis said "the Devil can understand, though nobody else can." Three nitrous hems! with a slight expectoration of ignited carbon, ensued—the mighty work proceeded—the overture was rattled off "in one fell swoop!" the effect being considerably heightened by the execution of the *corni* passages on the gilt horns of the PERFORMER, and the incredibly rapid articulation of a double staccato solo by his sharp-pointed tail; while the caligraphical operation was dispatched, in less than no time, by the simple process of dotting the staves with the ebony tips of his fingers! Judge of the astonishment produced in the laborious brain of our young enthusiast,—the treasured libretto was now drawn forth from its "embosomed concealment," it was read at a glance by lightning light, it was set in one peal of thundering thunder; it was written down, as it were, by a momentary shower of black hailstones; the lurid light subsided, the vibrations of the brass wire died away;—the GREAT UNKNOWN, self-absorbed, vanished to his unfathomable, mystic abode; the sleeper's dreaming spirit slunk back into its drowsy encasement, and silence, and slumber, and sulphur, dwelt in the chamber!

But though darkness had possession of the world during the remainder of that memorable night, yet the opera of the *Seneschal* was composed, and there was a light in store which no opposition could extinguish, and no rivalry shall eclipse! How wisely, then, the directors of the Prince's Theatre have acted in selecting this work as their opening test and palladium, remains to be decided by that world which it is destined to enlighten, as the sonata of Tartini has charmed it through receding ages. We are not to look on this as on the previous productions of Mr. Romer; we are not to expect the innocent simplicity which formed the great attraction of the *Pacha's Bridal*, tinged as it was occasionally by the hectic of bashful pretension, and chequered now and then with crudities which plainly showed that the composer was in the habit of gulping what he could not digest; no, we are now to feast upon a perfect work—we are to be satisfied by no u nexpert simplicity, and of course no maudlin innocence; but we are to banquet on real, solid, substantial fare, cooked up in the most *recherché* and high-savoured mode; for, as the old playwright says of his comedy, "If this be not a good opera, the *Devil's* in it;" and though the newspaper critics, with their usual blundering acumen, may for once rightly call it *infernal* stuff, yet we trust, nay we feel persuaded, that the enlightened British public will pronounce it to be a *Devilish* good thing; and both Mr. Barnett and Mr. Romer will find it as attractive as matters derived from the same source invariably are to the unsophisticated sensibilities of poor human nature.

The gentle readers of the "Musical World" are candidly admonished, that their implicit credence is not enlisted for the acceptance of every iota, item, and particular of the above statement; it is but an attempt to give the essential spirit of a matter essentially spiritual, gleaned together from the many tongues of Rumour, and collated with the results of most diligent inquiries, preferred in quarters likely to be authentically informed on the subject; much has been omitted that might perchance have startled the nerves of the gentle reader, and many minute details and characteristic colloquies have been discarded, from a sincere wish to avoid any betrayal of confidence, which might run the risk of being offensive to our fortunate young countryman, or possibly be deemed libellous by his more *fiery* and less tolerant coadjutor. The subject is a dark one, and is morever "enveloped in thick-coated mystery," a mystery which editorial eyes, even with the assistance of microscopic spectacles, can scarcely be expected to penetrate; nay, if a pilgrimage had been undertaken to the GREAT UNKNOWN

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himself, if a Printer's *Devil* had been expressly despatched (pardon the Irishism) *down* to the very fountain-head, one could hardly have relied on the truth from so questionable a source. We feel persuaded that Mr. Romer's well-known frankness and good-nature will afford any explanations or corrections that may be required; and we fervently hope, when the excitement and occupation consequent upon the getting-up of his opera shall have somewhat subsided, that he will put forth under his own hand and seal, a full, true, and particular account of all circumstances connected with this marvellous affair, for the satisfaction of the curious; together with the scientific formulæ and practical details requisite for obtaining this short cut to musical eminence, both for the benefit of his professional contemporaries, and the advantage of harmonious generations yet unborn.

* * * We stop the press to record a most melancholy misfortune:—poor Mapleson, the copyist, having been sorely pressed for the parts of the *Seneschal*, most imprudently worked upon the same by night as well as day; and precisely at thirty-one minutes past twelve, last Saturday night (or Sunday morning), being engaged with the score of the first finale, either by an accidental spark from the candle, or by spontaneous combustion, the movement exploded with a loud report, blowing the unfortunate operative from the theatre across the river, to his dwelling in the Waterloo-road; it is some consolation to add, that Mr. Mapleson is doing as well as might be expected; and that Mr. F. Romer has, with great promptness and talent, concocted an imitation of the lost movement, a chorus of soldiers in the florid fugal style, which, as an imitation, will of course be received by the public with the kind indulgence due to its merits. We rejoice to learn that Mr. Braidwood and the London Fire Brigade are specially retained, with their respective engines, water-hose, full buckets, &c., during the completion of this most combustible, fulminant, and precious piece of artistical handywork.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—The affair at Hull, considered in a moral point of view, and as an index to the politico-religious state of society as at present constituted, is really one of the most mournful events that any man, with a spark of philanthropy in him, can contemplate. The spirit of persecution has certainly progressed. In the piping days of popery, men burnt one another at the stake, and had some show of reason for it; it awed the apostles of the new heresy, and prevented the spread of its fatal contagion. Besides, these burners held a man who disagreed with them to be eternally damned; and, of course, concluded that, hang, burn, or drown, it mattered little what became of him. But, at any rate, the awarding and infliction of punishment was the affair solely of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and might sometimes be palliated by mistaken motives and fanatical zeal. Laymen, awestruck, looked sadly on and blessed themselves, but seldom added one faggot to the pile. We, however, of the nineteenth century, each possessing or claiming the right of individual judgment on the most abstruse and important matters, have altered these things. We cannot burn and slay bodily, but we carry on our zealous attack against the integrity of a man's pocket—we undermine him. If some among us, with a warmer heart and more generous hand than the rest, but with whose opinions our own may not happen precisely to coincide, come forward, and, in a truceful spirit, propose that we join them and give to the poor, our pride is alarmed, our independence endangered, our creed questioned; we raise the standard of our sect, we pamphletise, anathematise, distort motives, disdain overtures, draw tight our purse-strings, and triumph: sickening poverty moans loud, but her complaint is unheard amid the din of victory. And mark how gratifying that victory! The battle has been an individual warfare—man to man—Jenkins to Tomkins—and the defeat and conquest are individual. With what exultation does Jenkins see neighbour Tomkins unburthen his pocket of the heavy deficiency which the subscriptions of Jenkins and his "connection" might materially have alleviated. The principle of "every man his own avenger" is amply illustrated throughout, and a noble and christian principle it is.

What you say about Exeter-hall and its directors, and the Sacred Harmonic Society, makes one wonder what saintly recommendation the society could have had, with no funds and scanty numbers, to open the spotless portals of Exeter-hall in the first instance. What could it have been, under such circumstances, that gave them footing in this reve-

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rend pile? Music may "have charms to soothe the savage breast," but it certainly falls pointless against the triply-armed in cant. Possibly the odour of the dissenting chapel in Lincoln's Inn-fields, once the resting-place—or hiding-place, rather—of the society, savoured gratefully in the nostrils of the priests of this modern temple of humbug—the directors; or, it may be, that these gentlemen gave not sanctuary to the harmonious brotherhood without something more tangible—something in the shape of a binding agreement to ensure the rent, for instance—than the good character they brought with them.

It was not to be expected that the society could touch pitch and be undefiled. The directors of the hall very soon found occasion to inoculate them with the *virus* of their own humbug. The directors were horrified at the idea of applauding a piece of sacred music, and the society, in the spirit of accommodation, became horrified too; so, a respectable-looking individual used, at the early concerts of the society, to get up in the orchestra, just before the commencement of the performance, and remind the audience, in language not remarkable either for perspicuity or grammatical propriety, that what they were about to hear was in the nature of a *religious service*, and, on that account, ought to be received in profound silence. This would have been all very well, if the audience had not invariably, at the conclusion of the address, been seized with such an enthusiastic fit of applauding the speaker, that the means defeated their own end. At last, the Sacred Harmonic Society and their orator were fairly laughed out of this dainty piece of humbug, and the directors are fain to put up with the applauding thunderings of profane thousands, which, doubtless, they are enabled to do with considerable philosophy, while their noisy tenants are so desirable in other and more important respects.

As for the directors objecting to the performance of *profane* music in their room, the fact is plain enough, that, though they may be all very religious men—as they think—it never formed part of their deliberations whether religious considerations should give place to those of a pecuniary nature. They cannot, say they, serve cant *and* Mammon, but they and their room are to be disposed of to the highest bidder of the two. The unlucky treaty with Musard, in which they encountered all the odium consequent on offering their hall for profane performances, and the mortification of his refusal, abundantly proved this, if there could have been a doubt about it; so we need not be at all uneasy about finding a gathering-place for such performances. The Sacred Harmonic Society is, however, prevented, by its constitution, its rules, and its very title, from embarking in such an undertaking. But the materials composing that society are at the service of anybody who has spirit and sagacity enough to use and direct them. Can we not, then, compose another metropolitan musical society? Pray agitate this matter a little, sir, and rest assured of the support and gratitude of all lovers of music, one of whom subscribes himself your admirer, and very obedient servant, O———S.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Observing, in your Journal of last Thursday, a paragraph under the head of the "Eastern Institution," in which you very complimentally make use of my name as the presumed ENTREPRENEUR of the winter concerts to be given by the directors, I beg to acquaint you that I have not had the honour of receiving any communication whatever on the subject from the committee of this highly-praiseworthy institution.—I am, sir, your obliged and obedient servant, CHARLES OLLIVIER.

41, New Bond-street, Nov. 10, 1840.

[Our authority for announcing Mr. Ollivier as the manager of the series of concerts about to be undertaken by the committee of the Eastern Institution, was the scheme that he himself left in the hands of Mr. Gearing the secretary.—ED. M. W.]

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I beg leave to remark that the notice you have been pleased to insert in your last number of my literary designs contains an error, which I request you to rectify. The *System of Harmony* (not "Treatise of Harmony") which I intend to publish within a short time, and of which Lord Burghersh has condescended to accept the dedication, will by no means extend to four volumes, but form *one* very moderate volume, accessible, from its price, to every student. Though complete in itself, this work may certainly be considered not as the "epitome," but as the *precursor* of a general *Theory of Music* on a larger scale, historical, mathematical, and æsthetical. *This* book, which can only be the fruit of ripening years, may, if I do at all succeed in finishing it, undoubtedly occupy four volumes, or even more.—I have the honour, sir, to be your obedient servant,

42, Somerset-street, Portman-square, Nov. 9, 1840. A. J. BECHER.

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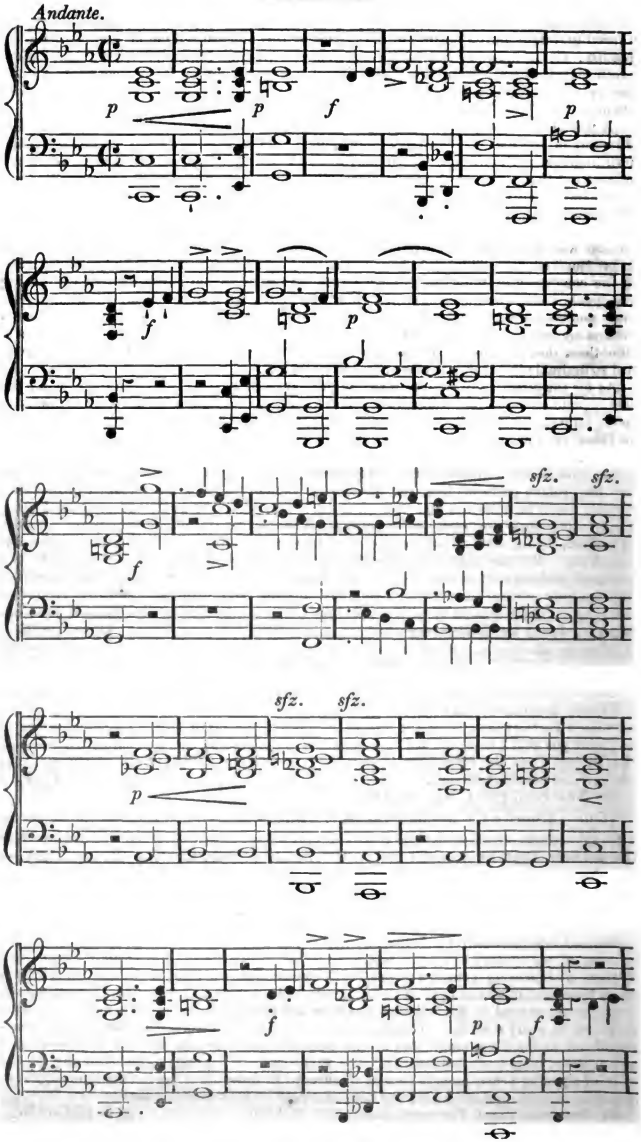

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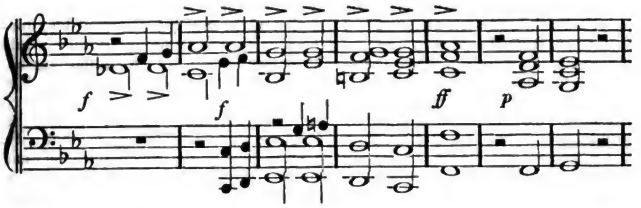

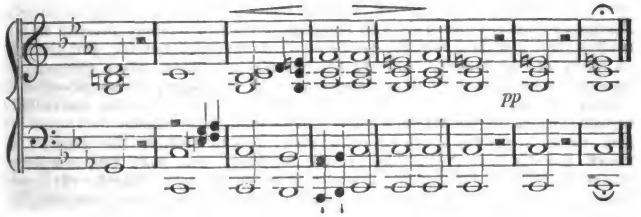

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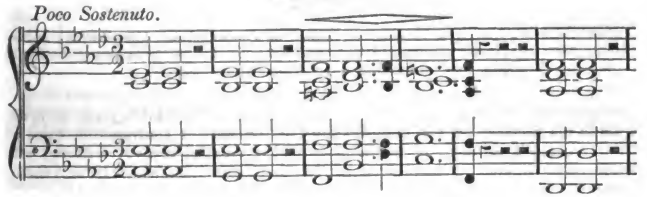

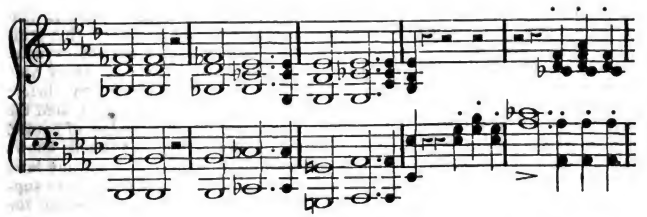

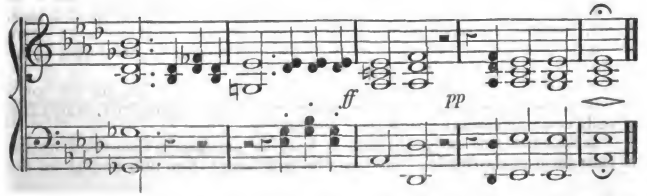

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These short but beautiful specimens of Beethoven's genius, in all probability, owe their preservation to their having been discovered shortly before the composer's death, and their selection to form part of the musical service at his funeral; since, from the circumstances under which they were produced, they would otherwise, most likely, have shared the destruction of other similar vagrant efforts of imagination, or, at least, have remained in unknown existence. The following history is given of these compositions:—Some time in the year 1812, Beethoven went to Lintz, in Austria, with the double purpose of recruiting his health, and visiting his brother, then practising as an apothecary in that city. His fame soon drew around him all the musicians of the neighbourhood, and among other candidates for the honour of his acquaintance was the cathedral organist of Lintz, M. Glöggl, who, desirous to possess himself of some *memento* of the illustrious visitor, besought him to compose, for the then approaching festival of All Souls, an *Equale* for four trombones. With his usual promptitude, Beethoven quickly finished the two compositions which we here present to our readers, resigned them into the hands of the Lintz capell-meister, and thought no more of the matter. During Beethoven's last illness, these manuscripts came by some chance into the possession of M. Haslinger, the music-seller of Vienna, and he, conceiving the idea of employing them on the melancholy occasion which it was foreseen must almost immediately ensue, developed his plan to capell-meister Seyfried, who undertook to arrange the *Equale* for voices, and adapt to it the words of the *Miserere*. The work was completed on the night after Beethoven's death, that is, on the 27th March, 1827, and during the service at his funeral, on the 29th of March, the whole was sung by a select choir, accompanied by four trombones.

REVIEW.

Antoine Reicha's Complete Treatise on Practical Harmony and Composition; translated from the Author's original Work, and dedicated to the Professors of the Royal Academy of Music, by C. Rudolphus. In Nine Parts. Part I.

This work is highly interesting, as an attempt to reduce the apparent irregularities of modern music to a comprehensive system. The author justly animadverts in his preface, on the inapplicability of the narrow contrapuntal rules of the seventeenth century, to the widely-extended ideas of present writers; yet, while there is much to commend in the novel principles which he sets forth, there is even in this fragment of his work, an apparent contradiction, which proves those principles insufficient to supply the hiatus he complains of. The present system is built on the theory of acoustics, the author truly observing, through the inelegant medium of his translator, "Acoustics are to music that which optics are to painting;"—page 7. But, as we shall point out, this principle is infringed upon at the very outset. The system of our countryman, Alfred Day, is founded on the same original notion, which, so far as we have been able to ascertain, is better carried out by him than in the work now before us. One of the phenomena of acoustics is, the vibration of harmonics, and the perfect fifth is one of the earliest harmonics produced: this is the law of nature, but M. Reicha tells us, page 9, that "nature, under certain conditions, allows the fifth to be modified." Now, it appears to us, that if nature has any laws on the subject, such laws must be irrefragable; and we have no right to suppose that she makes "certain conditions" to favour our author's ideas on the subject. After the analysis of fundamental harmonies, the portion of the work of which we disapprove, we have a series of rules for the formation of a bass, which, though illustrated by the practice of all writers, we have never before seen defined on paper. These, more particularly as regards the treatment of the fourth, are worthy of the attention of every student.

We have already alluded to one impropriety of the translation, and are sorry to notice many instances of similar faulty expressions throughout, which frequently combine obscurity with their inelegance.

It is the custom of our publishers, in bringing out foreign theoretical works, to place them in the hands of any one who will render them into English on the

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lowest terms; a practice which cannot be too much vituperated, since the meaning of the author is refracted through his translator; and according as this medium is more clear or dense, we receive his ideas in a more correct or perverted form. There are two requisites for a translator: to understand his original, and to be able to express himself; in one or both of which desiderata, Mr. Rudolphus is certainly wanting.

It is unjust to the work to pronounce a judgment from the perusal of so small a fragment as has yet reached us; but as we have found much in this to praise, we do not delay to recommend it, and we point out what appear to us its defects, in order that those who profit by its merits may not be misled.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Berlin.—A new opera was produced at the Konigstadtisches Theatre, in celebration of the coronation of his Majesty the King of Prussia, termed the *Gipsy's Warning*, by Theodore Hell, the music by J. Benedict, which, from its German character, equally discernible both in words and music, was well suited to grace so important a festival, and was extremely well received by a very numerous auditory. Every German reader is well acquainted with the name of the poet; but, on the contrary, the patrons of the opera will have to make a new and agreeable acquaintance in the composer. Jules Benedict is, we believe, a pupil of C. M. von Weber, and if he does not embody, has at least imbibed somewhat of the soul of that great master. Of this, as also of his talent and skill, the opera, in its most striking parts, namely, in the first act, gives sufficient evidence; we here find all the distinguishing characteristics of the muse of Weber, naturally modified by the innate style of the composer; several new forms and turns, inclining towards the late improvement made in opera music, have been judiciously used, and many originalities which distinctly elevate the man of talent above the mere plagiarist are to be observed. The overture presents at once an example of this, which, although here and there slightly savouring of Weber, taken as a whole, stands boldly forth, dependent on its own merits, and by introducing one of the most beautiful motives of the opera (the air sung by *Berengar* in the first act) arrives at a very good conclusion. The arietta of *Bertha* is very pleasing, and ought shortly to become a favourite ballad; also the air given by *Wilhelm*, and the delightful aria sung by *Berengar*. The succeeding duet between *Wilhelm* and *Berengar* was also successful in many parts, and, by the contrast, the almost too simple air by *Marie*, is rendered doubly interesting. The dramatic climax of the opera is the end of the first act. The composer here completely succeeded in making good his claim as a German musician, and by the skilful efforts of the singers, who had no easy task to perform, the most striking points of the composition were rendered distinctly perceptible to the audience. The second act, although containing many beauties, falls somewhat short of the first, which is partly owing to the text becoming more tame, and the ballad style of composition being somewhat too liberally introduced. The whole was, however, eminently successful. The orchestra left nothing to wish for, and the choruses were, for the most part, conducted in the ablest manner.

METROPOLITAN.

Drury Lane.—The promenade novelty of the week has been a grand overture, "composed by his Royal Highness Prince Albert," and very well would it have been if, indeed, *really* composed by the Prince Consort. We, however, could not enjoy the bliss which is said to result from ignorance, since we well knew the *real* Simon Pure to whom the composition of right belongs. The fact is, that about twenty-four bars of the whole are claimable by Prince Albert, being in the shape of certain snatches of tunes appertaining to his Royal Highness, and that all the rest—the body, the frame-work, the concocting, the fitting in, and the composition, in fact, of the entire overture, save and except the aforesaid twenty-four bars—are from the brain of Mr. G. A. Macfarren, who, during last

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season, was engaged to put this, and a considerable portion of an opera, also by "Prince Albert," together; and, after all, we believe, experienced the effects of theatrical trickery in being bilked of his promised remuneration. We would much rather that this precious piece of work could honestly be claimed for the Prince, than be obliged to tell this history of its real authorship; for, to say sooth, in no way does it confer any credit on our talented countryman whose name is *not* to it. He evidently did not like the work on which he was employed—he was ashamed of his engagement—and, consequently, we can trace nothing in the work at all worthy of his hand. It is, at best, a piece of indifferent patch-work, and such a one as we did not believe Macfarren would have permitted himself to be mixed up with. On principle, and if the work were ever so good, we object to such a prostitution of one man's talent for the benefit of another man's reputation. We think it wholly unjustifiable, that an artist like Macfarren should degrade himself into a stringer-together of silly tunes, to please any body, or serve any object whatever; and we cannot, therefore, feel regret that his overture attracts neither notice nor applause at Drury-Lane.

Princess's Theatre.—Nationality is in the ascendant at this establishment: after an infinite list of foreign works of various merits, the programme at length exhibits the names of two English authors, the overture to *Chevy Chace* and a fantasia from the *Mountain Sylph* having been played during the past week. One of the evils we have vituperated in the conduct of promenade concerts is the almost total exclusion of English music; for while the public have been occasionally reminded of the established works of classical authors, and have had the ephemeral outpourings of Strauss and Musard dinned into them incessantly, the works of our own writers have been thrust into oblivion, and thus the spirit of composition, which was beginning to rise with considerable promise in England, has been sadly checked, though not wholly depressed. It is evident that the instrumentalists devoting themselves to such performances, have hitherto been utterly indifferent as to what music has employed their talents, whether good or bad, English or foreign; and it should seem that Messrs. Howell, Hatton, Patey, Banister, Dando, and the other worthy shooting-masters to the musical young ideas of the public, have felt as much artistic enthusiasm in singing the chorus of the *Gondolier's Quadrilles*, as in playing their legitimate parts in the *Naiads Overture*. Mr. Willy, however, now evinces a better feeling towards his creative brethren. He has it in his power, as we have shown on a former occasion, to render a great service, or as great a disservice, to the art; let us hope that the present instance of the good feeling we commend is an augury of much advantage that is to follow: and while we award to Mr. Willy our unqualified praise for such a beginning, we earnestly recommend him and his contemporaries to persevere in this un-antinationality.

The overture to *Chevy Chace* was not so well played on the night we heard it as the ability of the band gave us reason to expect, and there was great evidence of insufficient rehearsal.

The fantasia from the *Mountain Sylph* contains portions of the *Bridal Chorus* and the *Fortune-telling Scene*, with *Farewell to the Mountain*, and is very admirably arranged by Mr. Tutton; but we had much rather hear either of these scenes "from the text" of John Barnett, than with the new readings of his adapter. As we noticed last week, the arrangement of the *Macbeth music* at Drury Lane pleased us much better, because the original is not mutilated.

We must not omit to notice the performance of Mr. Holt on the trombone, which, though remarkably ugly, exhibits a truly surprising command over this singularly unfit-to-be-singular instrument: it is greatly applauded.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

Shrewsbury Festival.—*(From our own Correspondent.)*—I have been so much occupied during the past week that I have been quite unable, until now, to send you any

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report of the festival in this town, and even now I fear you will not consider it worth its space in the "Musical World," as (did time permit, which it does not) the performances have, in most respects, so much resembled everything else of the kind, that I find nothing of much consequence to say on the subject. I don't know whether any charity was intended to be served by the festival, but, as far as I can understand, the principal object in view was to celebrate the opening, and defray the expense of the new Music-hall, which is certainly a large and handsome room, though not quite so extraordinary in either way as the good folks here seem to imagine. They bounce about it prodigiously as the finest in the kingdom, &c. &c., from whence I conclude that they have never travelled so far as Birmingham. The musical provision though mostly good, was extremely small by comparison with the festival arrangements in other places, which, considering pecuniary expectances, was, I thought at first, judicious, and so the event proved it. The principal singers were Misses Birch and Hawes, and Messrs. Hobbs, Pearsall, and H. Phillips. The band, including a few crack metropolitans, consisted of about fifty performers, and was generally fairly effective. Of the number of the chorus I know nothing, and should not have been displeased to have known less than I do of their existence, since they were feeble, ill-disciplined, and altogether out at musical elbows—comparatively, I mean, for they were doubtless regarded here with all the veneration of town-feeling. Taste is, without doubt, a most unargue-able commodity. The *Shrewsbury News* talks rather hugely about the choral societies of York, Norwich, and Liverpool, how they completely beat the Londoners at singing Handel's choruses, and how their example ought to be followed at Shrewsbury; but, without intending any offence to such near neighbours of the irascible Welsh, I must tell the people here that, unless some apostle of music come, backed with forty-horse power, to preach subordination, time, tune, and all the other little necessaries for choral performance, they will have very little chance, as things go, of seeing their ambition gratified. To finish my orchestral catalogue, Mr. Blagrove led, Mr. H. R. Bishop conducted, Mr. Saxton accompanied on the pianoforte, and Mr. Hiles officiated at the organ.

The festival commenced with a performance on the evening of Tuesday the 10th inst. The programme contained the overtures to *Zaira* and *Zauberflote*, three of Mr. Bishop's glees, a concerto on the violin by Mr. Blagrove, a fantasia on the trumpet by Mr. Harper, a duet for violin and violoncello, by Messrs. Blagrove and Lindley, and a quantity of the usual songs, duets, &c., including the stupid "Alexis" of Dr. Pepusch. The overtures were very well played, the instrumental solos were, of course, admirable, Miss Hawes and Mr. Phillips delivered themselves of their vocalities superbly, Mr. Hobbs sang with exquisite taste, and Miss Birch as I have always heard her—with a beautiful voice and about as much articulation and feeling as may be procured from an organ-pipe.

The second performance, on Wednesday morning, was of a higher character, but not a bit more novel than the preceding—always excepting its opening, the grand and beautiful overture to *Iphigenia* by Gluck. For the rest, we had the first part of the *Creation*, the "Hallelujah" from Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, a new cantata by Bierry, Handel's "Let the bright seraphim," done, of course, by Miss Birch and Mr. Harper, and a pretty long selection from the *Messiah*. The solos in the *Creation* were distributed, exactly as we hear them at Exeter Hall, between Miss Birch and Messrs. Hobbs and Phillips, and I therefore need not say another word about them. The choruses were literally vile. In the straightforward things they were bad enough in all conscience, but of all the "despairing" and "cursing" I ever heard, this, if not the most picturesque, was certainly the most wicked. The cantata by Bierry I never heard before, nor am I particularly solicitous for any further acquaintance with it. It is at best a dull affair, and not at all enlivened by its juxtaposition to Haydn and Handel. The selection from the *Messiah*, which began "at the beginning," and, taking the most popular portions of the first part, dipped slightly into the second and finished with the "Hallelujah," was altogether very fairly executed. The solos were sustained, again as we hear them at Exeter Hall, by Misses Birch and Hawes, and Messrs. Hobbs and Phillips, and the choruses went rather better than I expected. During this performance Mr. Tomlins took Mr. Blagrove's post as leader.

The concert of Wednesday evening was another of those miscellaneous affairs which are, unfortunately, perpetrated at all provincial festivals;—an overture or two, a few glees, a whole batch of ballads, and a slight touch of the classical, by way of sop to the critical curs who usually prowl about in musical localities. That which I most wished to hear I missed, as ill-luck and my own tardiness would have it. In point of fact, I went too late for the opening piece of the selection—an organ-concerto performed by Mr. Hiles, and said to be composed by Beethoven. I never heard of such a composition by the musical wizard of Germany, and therefore counted on it as a curiosity. Of all the rest I know not what to say, except that it was the old story over again—song, ballad, glee,

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glee, ballad, song, until one fairly wondered how such things came to be considered novelties at but a few miles from London. "The light of other days" was called for, *extra* the programme, and produced accordingly, together with a cornet-a-piston for the use of Mr. Harper, borrowed, it was said, for the occasion—of a dealer in marine stores, I presume, since even Harper could make nothing of it, and if after that it would sell for more than the worth of old brass I'm much mistaken.

The *Shrewsbury News* seems so learned in other matters connected with the festival that, in defect of any other source of information, I take from its columns the financial state of affairs. It appears that the three performances produced 661*l.* 19*s.*, from which taking the estimated expenses, 560*l.*, leaves a balance of 100*l.* in the hands of the committee—thanks to the good sense of the Salopians and the absence of pulpit-hypocrisy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The English Opera closed on Saturday evening, and the original disseminators of the promenading system held a meeting on Monday, for the purpose of concerting measures for the re-commencement of their labours. It was then proposed that the concerts should be resumed on Monday next, with the additional attraction of a powerful chorus for the performance of madrigals; but, as there were not present above one-third of the "sixty first-rate instrumental performers," no definite arrangement could be entered into. The fact is, that the many weeks of unprofitable labour which these gentlemen have undergone have served to sicken them of this speculation; and the principal performers all have sought, and most of them have obtained, engagements at other establishments. Where a body of musicians are associated from mercenary motives, without the stimulus of artistic enthusiasm—when their desire for profit is unfulfilled—as a matter of course there can be no tie to hold them together.

Vauxhall Gardens.—At the Bankrupt Court, on Saturday, Messrs. Hughes and Gye, proprietors of this once popular place of amusement, passed their final examination; when it appeared that, besides a large sum already in the hands of their assignees, a balance was expected from their separate estates, after payment of their private debts, towards the general fund; which, with the produce of the sale of the Gardens, and of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, would realize a very handsome dividend to the creditors, whose joint claims amount to 40,000*l.* The Gardens will shortly be brought to the hammer, and it is to be hoped that somebody will yet preserve from unhallowed hatchets, and the desecration of bricks and mortar, the groves which have re-echoed with the melodious warblings of a Billington, a Mountain, an Incledon, a Bland, a Stevens, a Braham—and rejoiced in the music of our best composers, from Bishop, back (we believe) to Handel himself. It is quite lamentable to contemplate the stifling of Vauxhall ballads, the utter extinction of rockets, and entire evaporation of those "airy nothings," the ham-slices, that were wont to feed our hopes, but not our appetites.

Mr. Wilson and the Misses Smith, neices of the Countess of Essex, have been giving a series of concerts at Glasgow, during the last fortnight; the young ladies were received with great expectancy, in consideration of the unforgotten warblings of their ennobled relative; and it is but fair to add, anticipation was fully realized. Mr. Wilson's countrymen gave him a sample of their national tenacity to an "auld acquaintance," to which he responded by reminiscences of "auld lang syne," and mutual satisfaction attended each performance.

Mr. Braham in America.—Intelligence has reached us of the safe arrival of our extraordinary countryman in the New World, and intense interest is felt by "troops of friends" in the old one, for the success of an artist who has delighted the past age, and who astonishes the present. Mr. Braham was advertised to *debut* at the Park Theatre on the 10th inst. As might be expected, the whole of the boxes and tickets were disposed of within twenty-four hours of the announcement. This experiment on a new public, is a bold one; but Mr. Braham is a giant in his way, and we have no doubt that "the hundredth victory" will be his, whom none hath ever vanquished. We are promised, from a quarter that may be relied on, some details which we are sure will be acceptable to our

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readers, as they will tend to remove a very painful impression on the public mind, by showing that Mr. B.'s embarrassments are but temporary, and by no means so extensive as rumour has asserted them to be.

Liszt in the Provinces.—Mr. Lavenu and the pianoforte phenomenon, associated with Miss Steele, Miss Bassano, and Mr. Parry, have chosen the following line of attack for their second campaign: Reading, Newbury, Oxford, Leamington, Birmingham, Manchester, Chester, and Liverpool; which said fastnesses having duly ransacked, and set their several populations by the ears, the party then crosses the Channel, to take old Ireland by storm. "Joy go with them:" and if they bring back the "six-pence" that usually tags the adage, we, amongst the number of Mr. Lavenu's friends, shall be most happy to congratulate him on escaping from his hazardous enterprize.

Mr. Eliason purposes to give a series of subscription concerts in the saloon of Drury-lane Theatre, during the fashionable season, the avowed objects of which are, to promulgate a knowledge of classical music, and to introduce the works of living writers, English and foreign. These are very commendable objects, and if the avowal be fulfilled, the *entrepreneur* will confer an equal benefit on the public and on the profession; and will either stimulate the Philharmonic to a more liberal conduct than it has ever been the policy of that society to pursue, or will loosen their already tottering hold on public respect. Mr. Eliason speculates for his own interest, to which he has hitherto sacrificed both the cause of music and of the drama, and until the scheme to which we allude be really in action, we have no right to trust to ostentatious announcements.

Orpheus and Euridice.—We were misinformed respecting the nature of Mr. Henry Smart's embryo opera: *Orpheus and Euridice* is certainly the subject upon which he is engaged, but, instead of tearing the laurels from the brows of Gluck, Haydn, and the rest, who have treated this story so successfully, he is endeavouring to sport like a grasshopper among their dusty leaves—videlicet, his music is to be a burlesque of the quaint peculiarities in the compositions of the last century. The libretto, a one-act operetta, is by Mr. Macfarren, sen., who evinced his fun-facturing facility in the construction of the *Devil's Opera*.

Signor Curioni, so long the *primo tenore* of our Italian Opera, was originally introduced to this country by the recommendation of Lord Byron. The poet, in a letter to Murray, his bookseller, most urgently invoking the bibliopolist's countenance and assistance towards the signor, describes him as a highly-talented performer, a person of amiable manners, and a gentleman. Byron was no great admirer of music, beyond that of the simplest order; but he was a diviner of character, and never lost an opportunity of doing a service in the handsomest way.

Mr. Balfe has gone to Paris.

Cramer's Studio.—The remainder of the unexpired term of the copyright for France of the first volume of this work, was sold by auction, at Delahaute's sale, in Paris, last week, for 25,000 *francs* (1008*l. sterling.*)

MARTIALANA HARMONICA.—No. II.

At famed Covent Garden and *poor* Drury Lane,
All the world has been charmed by great *Hamlet, the Dane;*
But a far greater *Hamlet* now comes on the stage
With a Promenade Concert to tickle the age;
Where the fiddlers all sigh, and the public all gape,
For he pockets the *rosin* and leaves them the *scrape.*
In short, if the stories they tell us be true,
He's not *Hamlet the Dane,* but old *Shylock the Jew!*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The article on Promenade Concerts is unavoidably postponed for want of space.

We have a whole batch of letters requiring answers and attention, but must plead the crowded condition of our pages, for deferring any individual notice of them until next week.

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List of New Publications.

PIANOFORTE.

Chevatal.—Les favorite modernes; 3 airs varié (duets); no. 1, Beethoven's Le Desir; no. 2, Carafas, O cara memoria *Wessel.*
Neate, C.—Second grand duet, op. 33 *Ditto.*
Albert, R.—La Tarantella - *Z. T. Purday.*
Kohler, F.—Melange, introducing Lo! he comes, and Adeste Fideles - - *Ditto.*
Hunten, F.—France and Italy, 2 airs, nos. 1 and 2, op. 111 - - - - - *Chappell.*
Horsley, W.—Handel's chorus, From the censer, as a duet - - - - - *Ditto.*
Donizetti.—Io l'udia - - - - - *Mills.*
——— Rondino on Vivi tu - - - - *Ditto.*
——— ditto on airs in Ugo Comte di Parigi - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Gillespie, W.—Brilliant Waltzes - *Ditto.*
Crotch, Dr.—Handel's How excellent, as a duet - - - - - - *Ditto.*
——— ditto Let their celestial; duet *Ditto.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Clinton.—Operatic Gems for one Flute—La Dame Blanche; Cenerentola, by Rossini - - - - - - - *Wessel.*
Collection of Duets, piano and violoncello, by Reisiger, and Kummer, 7th grand duet - - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Hummel.—Sonatas piano and flute concertante, op. 19 and 50 - - - *Ditto.*
The Musical Bijou for 1841 - *d'Almaine.*

VOCAL.

Crouch.—Forget thee; canzonet - *Wessel*
Balls, C.—Cot where I was born *Z. T. Purday*
Westrop, H.—Winter; cantata - *Ditto*
Tully, J.—Lovely night; ballad - *Chappell.*
Bendixen, Miss.—She breathes no more *Ditto.*
Wade, J.—Come where the wild bird; cavatina - - - - - - *Ditto.*

LA SONNAMBULA, complete in ENGLISH and ITALIAN, &c.—This delightful and most popular of all the modern operas—equally the favourite of the public, on the Italian or English stage—is now published by T. BOOSEY and Co., 28, Holles street, in all the following forms:—

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6. ——— Come per me; Tutto e Sciolto; Vi ravviso; and Ah non giunge, by Czerny, Herz, Dohler, Plachy, &c., from 2s. to 5s. each.
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9. Flute and Piano—the favourite pieces, in 2 books, each 6s.; and Fordes l'Anima della Sonnambula, in 6 books, each 3s.

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THE

MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,

AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
και πάγκαλόν τι και θεῖόν ἐστιν."
PLAT. Phædo, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

NOV. 26, 1840. No. CCXLIV.—New Series, No. CLII. PRICE 3*d.* STAMPED, 4*d.*

But a few hours will elapse between the publication of this number of the "Musical World" and the opening of Mr. Barnett's theatre, and we therefore again take occasion to draw attention to the subject. The opinions and expressions of the young composers of the metropolis have a greater influence on the success of such an undertaking as that at the Prince's Theatre, than might, at first sight, be imagined. Personally their number is small, and *directly*, in consequence, their power to advance or retard any matter of public amusement, is limited; but each one has his circle of friends and admirers; each one has his particular *clique*, who swear by the supremacy of his talent, trumpet forth all his opinions, and exclusively support his interests. These, in turn, by their known intimacy with a reputed composer, acquire a kind of second-hand importance in the eyes of others, and thus, collaterally and indirectly, a valuable amount of influence is placed in the hands of the rising musicians of London to be used whichever way their opinions or caprice determine. To our young composers, then, we would address a few words touching the wise use of this power over their friends and adherents, in the matter of Mr. Barnett's scheme for the regeneration of English opera. None but those who are engaged in, or intimately conversant with, the management of a theatre, can form a just conception of the difficulties, the nice manœuvres, and the disagreeables, which have to be surmounted by a manager at every step in his progress. He is necessarily placed in the predicament of attempting to please everybody, and, of course, usually fails to give satisfaction anywhere. This is not his *fault*;—it is a misfortune coincident with the nature of his office; and to this fact we would particularly direct the attention of those composers who have sent, or may hereafter send, their works to the manager of the Prince's Theatre. It is perfectly natural that every composer should wish to hear his own music before that of any one else, but it is also perfectly certain that disappointment on this score

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must fall somewhere. Mr. Barnett cannot produce a dozen operas at once, and in the choice of their succession he must be guided by a due consideration for the welfare of the cause in which he has embarked. But here, unfortunately, is a most fruitful source of jealousy, discontent, and misrepresentation. Every one thinks his own work at least quite as good as that of his neighbour, and no one will suffer himself to be persuaded that there can be two opinions on the subject, or that the interests of a theatre *could*, by possibility, be better served than by the immediate performance of that work in which he has packed up his cargo of ideas and hopes. Some such grounds for dissatisfaction will probably be created at the very commencement of Mr. Barnett's undertaking; and we, therefore, most earnestly conjure our young composers—before their temporary disappointments expand into heart-burnings and settled ill-will—to reflect on the peculiarity of Mr. Barnett's position, the manifest and extreme risk to which he is voluntarily exposed for the sake of art in general, and on the real nature of the cause which they all profess a desire to serve. We cannot suspect the young artists of the metropolis of cold and heartless selfishness; we cannot think of any one that he has helped to stir up all the fuss that has been lately made about English opera, merely and exclusively on account of *his own* work, and that he cares not one fig's end for the success of the cause generally, after his turn is served;—such a plan of action would discredit the sense of a bedlamite, not to mention the liberality and feeling of a musician. We say we cannot suspect our young artists of such things *at present;* but we warn them that they will infallibly and justly expose themselves to all the odium of such charges if they suffer themselves to depart from the equitable line of reflection and conduct which we advocate. Let them, then, consider that Mr. Barnett has no prospect of benefitting *himself* at the Prince's Theatre, save by the production of one opera of his own;—should the house be crammed to the ceiling every night, the receipts *cannot* do more than defray his expenses; and, consequently, they are under serious obligations to him for taking on him that which every one else shrunk from—the opening of an English Opera-house—quite as much for their benefit as his own, and at imminent risk of severe losses in which they do not participate. Let them also reflect that this theatre is opened, not for the production of any one particular opera—not to afford a field of action for Mr. Barnett or Mr. Loder, Mr. Nokes or Mr. Styles—but as a *general* means of proving to the public that England possesses every capability for operatic composition, and in the hope of commencing a better order of things, and of forcing on our countrymen the conviction that English composers ought to possess a theatre for their own uses, as large and well appointed as those of the continent. But, let them rest assured, that while, on the one hand, an untoward fate *may* deny to their best and most united exertions the fulfilment of the proposed object, the common and obvious course of things *must* inevitably blast and destroy their avowed hopes, *if they forget for one instant, the strength of unity, and suffer their tongues to be tipped with the jealousy of their hearts instead of the discretion of their heads.* Again we say, let them not forget that every individual success promotes the welfare of all, increases the means of the establishment, and improves the prospect of those whose fate remains yet undecided; but every individual failure assuredly hastens the ruin of the whole, and reverses all the other conditions. *A still tongue and a wise head,* is a motto which we recommend to our young composers. Let them not be too critical (*in public,* we

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mean) on the works of their neighbours, lest, through the ramifications we have pointed out, their unfavourable opinions be adopted by so large a portion of the public *as to prevent the management, by compulsion of money, from bringing out any operas of their own.* We trust we are thoroughly understood by our young friends to whom particularly we address ourselves; and that we have said enough to convince them that, for every sake, they must abstain from all silly little expressions of jealousy and dissatisfaction with the unavoidable arrangements at the Prince's Theatre. By the ordinary operations of tell-tales and repeaters, every word they utter will be swollen to the size of a chapter, and every sentence to the dimensions of a volume;—their own vexed whisperings can never better their certainties, *but the disconted bellowings of their friends will infallibly ruin their expectations.* If, even, they have no better principles of action, let them remember that in supporting Mr. Barnett's undertaking they are aiding their own *only* prospect of appearance before the public.

In conclusion we have only to say that the cause of English art demands of all who profess to love it that they should support Mr. Barnett, both in and out of his theatre, by every means and influence they possess.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—No. XVI.

PIETRO GUGLIELMI.

Pietro Guglielmi was born at Massa di Carrara, in 1727. Under the patronage of the Duke of Modena he was sent, at ten years of age, to the Conservatorio di Loretto, at Naples, at that time under the direction of the celebrated Durante, to whose school Italy is indebted for some of its most distinguished composers—Majo, Traetta, Piccini, Sacchini, Paisiello, and a long list of other illustrious musical names. Of the great men here named, Guglielmi was the fellow-disciple; but during the first years of his studies he gave no proofs of that genius which was destined to shine for a time with so much splendour. On the contrary, he seemed to manifest a distaste for the art in which he was afterwards to excel. Convinced, however, of his latent powers, and mortified at his pupil's want of disposition, Durante persevered in his instructions; and in forcing the boy to apply to the dry and painful study of counterpoint, he would often exclaim to the indocile youth—"Ah, of these asinine ears, I am determined to produce ears truly musical."

During eight or ten years Guglielmi made but little progress; he was frequently punished for his indolence, and at last appeared to have completely wearied out the patience of his instructor. At length a public examination of Durante's pupils was to take place before the amateurs and most distinguished personages of Naples. The subject given by the master for this important occasion was a fugue in eight *real* parts, a composition, the difficulty of which was sufficient to put to the test the patience and ingenuity of the most persevering. The evening of the day but one previous to that fixed for the examination had arrived, and Guglielmi had not yet put a note of his exercise to paper. Durante employed every effort to stimulate his pupil to emulation, but in vain, and he was obliged to abandon the attempt in despair. His indignant companions chased their idle comrade from the class; this last degradation had the effect of rousing his spirit. He was heard to exclaim, as he angrily withdrew, "I will be revenged for this affront, and in a way that shall cover you all with confusion!"

He accordingly shut himself up in his chamber, where he remained above twenty-four hours without nourishment, labouring incessantly upon the subject of the fugue. At length his task was completed, and, feeling perfectly secure of the successful result of his exertions, he took a few hours' repose, and boldly presented himself at the examination. The exercises of his fellow-pupils had

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undergone the scrutiny of the assembled critics, and the general voice was about to pronounce in favour of Sacchini, when Guglielmi produced his fugue and bore away the prize. Durante could not conceal the triumph which he felt at the success of a favourite, though ill-disposed pupil; he sprang forward, and embracing him, exclaimed—"Yes, I was right in my predictions; I always said he would prove one of my best scholars."

Guglielmi had attained his twentieth year, when he quitted the Conservatorio, and it was not long before he brought his talents into active employment. It was in 1750, at the theatre of Turin, that he produced his first opera, which obtained a degree of applause very encouraging to the young composer. He followed up this early success by other productions of increasing merit, till his name became familiar to every amateur, and his talents were placed in active requisition. Between the years 1750 and 1760 he traversed the whole circle of the theatres of Italy, and everywhere left behind him unequivocal proofs of his genius and industry.

In 1763 he paid a visit to Vienna, where he delighted the Germans with a display of his abilities. Thence he proceeded to Dresden, in the theatre of which he filled the situation of composer for some years. In 1768, proposals of a liberal kind were made to him by the management of the King's Theatre in London, which he accepted. The reception he obtained in this country was sufficiently flattering to induce him to prolong his stay four or five years, during which time he composed the operas *Ifigenia in Aulide, Sesostri, I Viaggiatori ridicoli, Il Disertore, Le Pazzie d'Orlando, Ezio,* &c.

At the age of fifty he returned to Naples, preceded by a reputation which was the slow but certain growth of long years of labour and perseverance; and great as his fame had already become, his exertions here were calculated to increase it.

At this period Paisiello and Cimarosa were disputing the palm of public favour in all the theatres of Italy, and particularly in that of Naples. The former, alarmed at the return of his ancient friend and companion in study, had created a powerful cabal against him. An opera buffa of Guglielmi was to be performed for the first time at Il Teatro dei Fiorentini. Upon the rising of the curtain the tumult began, and redoubled on the commencement of a quintett, the probable effect of which alarmed Paisiello more than any other part of the opera. The angry partisans in the pit were even on the point of coming to blows, when fortunately the king entered the house. His presence had the happy effect of re-establishing order—the quintett was heard without interruption, and excited general enthusiasm—

"E'en those who came to scoff remain'd to *praise*."

At the conclusion of the opera, the more ardent and *able-bodied* of Guglielmi's admirers—for nature had not been parsimonious to her favourite in the more solid gifts of flesh and blood—elevated the composer on high, in the chair in which he had directed the music, and bore him in triumph to his house.

The nerve and vigour of Guglielmi acquired additional power in the contests that he sustained with Paisiello, and in which he almost always proved the victor.

But though he had devoted himself with so much zeal to dramatic music, he had been far from neglecting a more serious department of the art—church music. He had composed several masses, anthems, and sacred cantatas, which, in melody, sweetness, and expression, were pronounced by some critics to surpass his secular compositions. Hence, in 1793, Pope Pius VI., who was at once an enlightened patron of the arts, and an ornament to the high station which he filled, nominated Guglielmi to the distinguished appointment of *maestro di capella* at the Vatican. From this period his labours for the theatre closed, and he devoted himself exclusively to sacred compositions, and to the duties of his honourable situation.

The talent of Guglielmi was not less fruitful than original. His works are calculated to amount to more than two hundred. The best of his operas buffa are considered to be—*Le due Gemelle, La Pastorella Nobile, La Serva Innamorata,* and *La Bella Pescatrice,* which are at once remarkable for their spirit

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and vivacity, and for the unity and perspicuity of the musical conceptions. Among his operas seria those particularly distinguished are—*Artaserse, La Clemenza di Tito, Didone,* and *Enea e Lavinia;* and among his oratorios, *La Morte d'Oloferne,* and *Debora e Sisara.* In the opinion of Zingarelli, the latter oratorio is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Guglielmi.

The general character of the works of this composer are purity, precision, simplicity, and the knowledge—so rare—of judiciously economising the resources of harmony. His motivos are striking, frequently original in a high degree, and of a kind at once to fix themselves in the memory; the manner also in which they are developed is clear and masterly, and always in conformity to the character and situation. He was the first who knew how to give to concerted pieces all the effect of which they are susceptible, an effect, in place of which some of the later composers have substituted a *remplissage* of the most revolting kind.

Though all condescension on other occasions, Guglielmi was laudably tenacious of his rights as a composer, and of the necessity of giving a proper check to the insolence of singers. He said one day to Mme. Mara, in a decided tone, "My duty is to compose, your's to sing; for heaven's sake, then, sing my music, and not alter and spoil it." On another occasion he said to the tenor, Babbini, "My friend, I entreat it as a favour that you sing my music, and not your's." It will not be forgotten, that Rossini made the same request to Velluti, who replied by never singing another note of his composition, till he performed here in his *Aureliano in Palmira,* one of the weakest productions of the great master, and therefore possibly chosen in pique.

As a proof of the caprice of some of the greatest and, in other respects, most judicious singers, it may be mentioned that David mortified the subject of this memoir most sensibly, by refusing to take part in the duet "Al mio contento, in seno," in *Debora e Sisara,* urging, as a plea, the simplicity of the piece, which the singer, in his wisdom, was pleased to term its insipidity. Guglielmi was inflexible, and carried his point. The result was, that the duet in question was hailed with the most enthusiastic applause, and tended greatly to the success of the oratorio.

The compositions of Guglielmi are thus characterised by the judicious Rossi—"A melody at once simple and natural—a harmony, pure, yet full—a warmth and originality of fancy, form the distinguishing characteristics of this master."

The facility of composition retained by Guglielmi in his latter years, has not inaptly been compared by Carpani to that of Lucca Giordano in a sister art. He died at Rome, the 19th of November, 1804, universally regretted as a genius of a superior order, and, what is a still higher title to praise, as an honest man. He was replaced by the celebrated Zingarelli, both as *maestro di capella* to the Vatican and associated member of the Institute of France.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

In resuming this subject which we cannot consider but as one, though trifling in its nature, from its very triviality of the highest importance to music, we do not intend to exult over the fallen, to depress the falling, nor to adulate the still-standing and waxing in their strength; but to iterate our notions of the ill that has arisen and of the good that may even yet result, from these cheap entertainments. Since last we treated at length of Promenade Concerts, the English Opera-house has been closed, the Princess's Theatre has been kept open by the semi-satiated services of the band, and Drury-Lane has been supported by royalty and rank, and, therefore, of course, by the public; added to this, we have been favoured with two clever and argumentative letters, to which we gave due publicity; but our opinion is yet unaltered, and we only find in all these facts, and all these arguments, matter to illustrate our own position.

The English Opera corps, having originated these peripatetic pursuits, claims first attention. The majority of our first-rate instrumentalists, those men on whose shoulders chiefly rests the great reputation at home and abroad, of our Philharmonic band, associated themselves under the direction of M. Laurent, for the

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very bread-and-butter-getting purpose of playing down to the level of the public want-of-taste; and forming a joint-stock prosopopœiation of a grinding organ, to have their performances listened to, or talked through, gazed at with infantile delight by those of the uninitiated who take the important names of the players as guarantee of the excellence of the music, or walked to by such others as consider perfection beneath their notice, and avail themselves of the shilling *entrée* to lounge away their leisure, to look at the ladies of various character who are in some cases the attracted, in others the attracting, and to laugh at the languid loss of time of those who listen. We deny that these gentlemen have benefited the art; but admit they have done something for Strauss, much for Musard, and not a little for themselves. From the time they commenced operations we have heard everywhere of "those lovely waltzes," "these charming quadrilles—and then only think of Grattan Cooke making an echo in his hat!" and "those dull overtures that are evidently played for the sake of making the light music the more brilliant." Messrs. Wessel, Cocks, and Boosey have presented the committee with the orchestral parts of their several publications, in order to get an advertisement for their *catalogues dansantes*—the public have flocked to an entertainment that cost little to obtain and nothing to comprehend, and the "sixty first-rate instrumental performers" have taken their shares of guineas and half-guineas per night with the complacent satisfaction that they have filled up their leisure time and their capacious pockets. But the importers of promenadism into this country had no patent for the dissemination of three-in-a-bar, no freehold in the ringing of bells, and the firing of pistols, and since the new appetite they have created in the public can be as easily fed at any other booth as at theirs, of course it has been open to any and every one to follow in their steps, or, if they could, outstrip them. The consequence is, that we have been indulged with quadrilles and waltzes at every place of public resort, from Covent-garden Theatre to the Bower Saloon, and with Promenade Concerts wherever a sufficient number of people could obtain sufficient space for perambulation. The original party having divided and gone to law amongst themselves, the association was broken up and patched up and is now done up by the opposition of a new speculator, who imports a number of foreigners, and places at their head the mighty Musard, who has been glorified into greatness by the very men who are now overcome by that very reputation they have made for him: my Lord Grizzle says of Tom Thumb—

"He made the giants first, and then he slew them."

The "sixty first-rate instrumental performers" certainly made a giant of him, the original propagator of musico-peripatetic philosophy, but he, alas, has reversed the catastrophe we have quoted upon them. The English Opera corps did not improve the public taste, they did not extend the fame of our native authors; but they engendered a new desire in the world which the world can gratify better at other hands: they quarrelled with each other—they engaged themselves to a mercenary lawyer who took advantage of them, till that advantage became, even to him, a disadvantage—they dwindled and they died.

The Quadrille Band of the Princess's Theatre may be considered as an off-shoot of the parent stock. Mr. Willy having differed with his Brothers-in-notes, broke his plight, and entered the field against them, finding Mr. Hamlet, the proprietor of the new theatre, better pleased to speculate with the attraction of the violinist, and his coadjutors' talents, and to pocket a large share of their scanty earnings, than to appropriate his elegant and valuable property to a more worthy purpose. Mr. Willy began by confiding in the old serpent, which betrayed him; namely, the quadrilles and waltzes proved no attraction. He then had recourse to the worn-out clap-trap of the Zoological Gardens, trusting that the name of Beethoven, which he had degraded by enlisting it with so unworthy associates, added to the bombast of a "Battle Symphony" would excite public curiosity, if not admiration; but the weakness of a great man cannot be a strong hold for any one. Mr. Willy has now taken to the "native talent system," to which he has doubtless been advised by his conductor, Mr. Tutton, who has done so much for the cause of English music, by founding the Society of British Musicians: there must remain a certain degree of interest in the minds of our countrymen

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for the works of their brethren; and we feel assured that if the resources of this society be appealed to, and the scores of our native operas be turned also to account, that the advantages to the private pocket of the speculator, will not be less than those to the national name of the musician.

The Concerts d'Hiver come next under arraignment. It is confidently reported, and we cannot contradict it, that Mr. Simpson, of the Albion, and Mr. Frederick Gye, late of Vauxhall, are the undertakers who have executed the upholstery at Drury-Lane, and who perform the funeral obsequies of the national drama. Be this as it may, our concern is with the undertaking, and not with the undertakers. Mr. Eliason assumes to himself the credit of the management, and therefore to him belongs also whatever of discredit there may be. He has certainly brought over some admirable performers, who will teach our own professors, if not to play, at least to work better together; for it is greatly to be expected, and we can hardly say to be feared, that the eminent talent in his orchestra will not be disengaged during the coming musical season. The direction of these concerts has also the merit of giving several complete dramatic pieces without altering their author's meaning and their own effect, by derangement and mutilation, which have been properly received, and we think appreciated, by the audience. And thus our commendation ends, for the influenza of quadrilles and waltzes is here at its height; the king of *Contredanse* sits enthroned on a chair of state and works his subjects in a manner more kingly than musicianly: and, in addition, the many trashy overtures which contain nothing to comprehend, and the few classical productions which it is impossible to appreciate in the situations where they are played, we have been lately humbugged with a monarchical *mescolanza*, which is alike disgracefully, discreditably, and derogatorily illustrative of the vanity of the Prince Regent, who acknowledges it; of the impolicy of the Lord Chamberlain, who allows it; of the ill-judgment of Lord Burghersh, who approves it; of the quackery of Mr. Macfarren, who concocts it; of the impudence of Mr. Eliason, who introduces it; of the indiscrimination of Mr. Mapleson, who copies it; of the manuflexion of Monsieur Musard, who conducts it; of the subjection of the Band, who perform it, and of the credulity of the pubiic, who receive it.

(To be continued.)

THE MASKS AND CHARACTERISTIC PARTS OF THE ITALIAN THEATRE.

Tragedy and comedy expired in Italy at the invasion of the Goths; but nations the most remote from refinement still delight in mimic representations, and these amusements were not even then wholly lost. During the period of barbarian darkness, mountebanks diverted the populace by low jokes and ludicrous gestures; these farcical exhibitions continued even after the re-establishment of the drama; they then acquired a new name, and were called *Comedie dell' arte*, to distinguish them from regular compositions, which were entitled *Comedie erudite;* the former were buffoon dialogues, in which, excepting a rough sketch, and a few written fragments, everything was left to the fancy of the actor; in order to make them still more ludicrous, these dialogues were carried on in dresses and masks, in ridicule of some town or particular profession.

The most ancient personage of the *Comedie dell' arte* is the Bolognese doctor; yet his appearance was not till the twelfth century, when Irnerius founded in Bologna a new school of jurisprudence. This character was originally exhibited in a mask, with a black nose and forehead, and red cheeks; it still remains on the stage in the person of a tiresome pedant of logic.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century *Pantaloon*, the caricature of a rich merchant, appeared in a red-coloured mask. The rise of Venetian commerce occasioned the introduction of this character.

The *Zani* also are among the earliest characters that figured on the Italian stage. Some have supposed that this word was a corruption of *Giovanni*, but from a comparison of arguments it seems far more probable that it is a corrup-

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tion of the Latin *Sanna* and *Sannio*, a grimace, and maker of grimaces—a buffoon. This etymology is the more probable, as, from the remotest period, those who played buffoon parts covered their faces with a grotesque mask.

Zani is the generic name of two characters, *Arlichino* (Harlequin) and *Scapino*. The dress adopted by the buffoon who plays the harlequin belongs, in fact, to no nation; it consists only of a flannel waistcoat, and long loose breeches made of triangular pieces of red, blue, violet, and yellow cloth; his face is covered with a black and flat-nosed mask, with eye-holes; on his head he wears a small grey hat, and on his feet black pumps: in character he is a slyboots, a composition of the craftiness of the knave and the simple obtuseness of the fool, and the pleasure he affords is derived from the oddness of his gestures and the broad humour of his pleasantry. The other Zani resembles the slave in *Plautus and Terence:* he is a rogue and cheat. It is not known who introduced these characters, but it is probable they first appeared in the farces which were acted at the carnival.

Another Italian mask, which has travelled into the mimic scenes of every country in Europe, is that entitled *Pulcinella*. The Abbé Galiani gives the following account of the origin of this word:—In the middle of the last century, a peasant from the environs of Torrento was in the habit of bringing capons *(pulcinelli)* to the market at Naples. He was of an irritable sour temper; was singularly deformed, had a squeaking voice, and was altogether so absurd, that the people turned him to raillery, gave him the name of *Pulcinella*, and made fun when this peasant was in a passion and poured forth his abuse. After his death, when he was soon forgotten, a Neapolitan, at the time of the carnival, hit on the idea of reviving his memory, by dressing like him, and amusing the people by an imitation of his sallies. The director of the puppet-shows of San Carlino determined to take advantage of the Neapolitan's success, and brought Pulcinella again upon the stage, from which time he has become a popular favourite.

Another account of the origin of this name, and a far more probable one, is the following:—A company of actors came to Acerra at the season of the vintage, a time when the peasants indulge in the most mirthful gaieties, and exercise the license of making sport of persons who happen to pass. Among others, the actors were the object of this kind of merriment, and the more they endeavoured to retort it, the more salient and caustic it became. Among the peasants was one of the name of *Puccio d'Aniello*, who, while he distinguished himself from the rest by the vivacity of his sarcasms, had also a peculiar cast of face, which laid him peculiarly open to those of his adversaries. The actors, therefore, being unable to meet the reiterated provocations of the vine-gatherers collectively, poured their revenge on Puccio, who in his turn soon compelled them to a retreat.

The resentment which they felt at this humiliation soon ceased, and they only laughed at the adventure. One of them, far sager than the rest, proposed to turn it to account, and convert it into a theatrical representation; the suggestion was approved, and Puccio d'Aniello was engaged to enter the company; he appeared on the stage *en chemise*, and with his long flowing hair, and soon became a favourite of the Neapolitans. The part which he played was so popular, that after his death the company could not dispense with it; another supplied the place of Puccio, and in order the more to resemble his predecessor, took a mask with a long black nose. The name of Puccio was changed, in analogy with Neapolitan usage, to *Pulcinella*, and at length designated the part of which Puccio had been the inventor, and which, to the present day, is the delight of the Neapolitans.

These two accounts equally prove that Polichinello is of comparatively modern origin, and posterior to Pantaloon and the other characters which we have described. A French writer, in allusion to this pedigree, with ludicrous gravity asks, "Have we not here a striking proof of the vanity of human affairs? Among the families that, from similarity of name or other circumstances, flatter themselves they are descended from princes or heroes, how few are there whose origin is as well traced as that of Punch or Polichinello!"

Hence we see that the genuine Neapolitan Polichinello was at first merely the

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faithful representative, or rather the caricature, of a peasant of the canton of Acerra, in Campania. In the present day his costume consists of large white woollen drawers, a jacket of the same material, with large sleeves, fastened with a girdle of black leather, or a hair cord of that colour; this jacket is covered or ornamented with pieces of red cloth, cut in the shape of hearts, and sewed to it; at the bottom it is fringed with white or some colour. Around his neck this mimic actor wears a linen ruffle, and on his head a white woollen cap, terminating in a point, with a tassel of red wool; his face is three parts covered with a black mask, the nose of which is crooked and beaked like a bird's.

At Naples Pulcinella was, a few years since, and perhaps is still, the most amusing personage of the theatre which takes its name from San Carlino (for in Italy many theatres take their names from the neighbouring churches), but he is rarely the hero of the piece; he generally plays only a secondary part: formerly the pieces in which he was introduced were of a gay and grimacing cast; but, in the present day, sentimentality and pity have invaded even the theatre of Polichinello.

It is at the carnival that Pulcinella appears in the plenitude of his glory; he struts about with a bull's horn, which is his principal attribute, suspended from his girdle; and often holds it up to the ridicule of jilted lovers and jealous husbands; his double meanings are always gross, but more or less gay, according to the talent of the person who wears the mask. To one of the most celebrated of the Polichinelli, Tiberio Fiorillo, who went to Paris, and was known under the name of *Scaramuccia*, Moliere is said to be indebted for some of his best comic traits, as well as for many secrets of the scenic art. The actors of the old Italian Theatre were known to the public only by the names under which they appeared on the stage. The women were always called *Colombine, Coraline,* or *Camille.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I am at all times most reluctant in obtruding myself on the notice of the public, but as the remarks contained in your journal are calculated to do me some injury, inasmuch as that they impeach my veracity, I have considered it necessary to inquire into the origin of the report; and I now find that the scheme to which you refer was submitted to the directors by my brother WILLIAM, formerly in the establishment of the late Mr. Mori. I need only appeal to your *love of truth*, to allow these few observations to occupy a space in your forthcoming number.—I am, Sir, yours, most respectfully,

41, New Bond-street, Nov. 20th, 1840. CHARLES OLLIVIER.

REVIEW.

Services of the Church, arranged for the use of Congregations and Choirs, by James Stimpson, Organist of St. Andrews, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

This is a kind of hand-book of chanting; and to say that it is the best publication of the kind, would be but small recommendation;—it is, in fact, the *only* practical work on chanting that even fully explains its author's intentions, and is therefore the only one which can be applied to a useful purpose. Mr. Stimpson has reprinted the whole of the Psalms, all the Canticles introduced in morning and evening service, the Creed of St. Athanasius, and all those parts of the occasional services of the church as are usually chanted; and these he has syllabically divided for chanting, to the best of his judgment, by means of a process at once novel, ingenious, and perfectly comprehensible. As we can most easily illustrate this method by quotation, we extract the first verse of the twenty-third psalm with Mr. Stimpson's marks;—

"The Lord | is · my | Shepherd : therefore | can · I | lack | nothing."

The explanation is as follows;—The single chant consists of seven bars, with a double bar after the third—(for a *double*-chant the process, of course, need only be repeated)—and the verse above quoted is correspondingly divided into seven portions, the places of the single bars of the chant being indicated by the mark | ,

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that of the double-bar by the colon in the middle of the verse, and the termination of each *half*-bar of the chant by the inverted point (·). From this description the mode of chanting the quoted verse will be perfectly clear; the only irregularity occurs in the third division of the second part of the verse, which contains no inverted point indicative of the half-bar's place, and in which, therefore, the word "lack" must be sung to a *whole* bar of the chant.

We do not *invariably* agree with Mr. Stimpson as to the accentuation of the words, but except in a few instances, he is undoubtedly correct in this particular. There can be no doubt of the usefulness of such a work, thus admirably explicit in its directions; and if the beauty of its externals can add anything to its value, we may safely declare it to be the most exquisite specimen of typography and general *getting-up*, that ever came under our notice.

No. 21 of Wessel and Co's Series of Modern Bass Songs.

This number contains the magnificent *Bolero*, "Der Kriegeslust ergeben," for *Tristan* in Spohr's *Jessonda*. The accompaniment is from the German pianoforte-score, and the English translation is well-adapted to the music.

Echo of the Opera. Wessel and Co.'s Series of Modern Overtures, arranged as pianoforte duets.

Nos. 1, 3, and 18, of this work, now before us, contain three of Spohr's finest overtures—those to *The Alchymist, Faust,* and *Macbeth,* which are very effectively and judiciously arranged.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

Drury-lane Theatre.—The musical wonder of France, the idol of the French people, the fondling of the French critics, the expelled of the French Conservatoire, the founder of *l'ecole romantique,* the protegè of Paganini, the essayist of the French journals, the terror of the French musicians, the husband of Miss Smythson, the extolled of Mr. Oury, the "too great genius,"—Hector Berlioz! is at length brought before the notice of the enlightened British public, and if they cannot understand his magnificent incomprehensibility, we incline to the opinion that the fault is not wholly theirs, and if they are not led away by the mad enthusiasm which has taken possession of their more inflammable neighbours, we should rather attribute it to their good living, which naturally renders them slow to take fire, than to their bad taste which renders them too easily misled. M. Berlioz's ouverture fantastique, *Les Francs Juges,* has been played at the Concerts d'Hiver during the week; and though this extraordinary concoction was attempted last season by the Società Armonica, that band not being on so large a scale, and the general feeling of the players being less prequalified to render it complete justice, we may say that we have not had a fair opportunity to judge of its merits till the present occasion, when the band being principally composed of Frenchmen, and the conductor having doubtless been present when it has been performed under the author's direction, we are likely to have a considerable smattering of his intentions.

The overture, *Les Francs Juges,* is to the last degree *fantastique;* a more unconnected assemblage of experiments, that scarcely bear the substance of ideas has never been seriously submitted to the public. It is intended to describe the sufferings of the prisoners of the Inquisition, the menaces of their judges, their sentence, their despair, their immolation; and to do it justice it possesses a very great deal of character, though we find it impossible to follow it through all these details. The clearest, and in our opinion the best part of the composition, is the introduction, where some melancholy wailing unrythmical phrases are broken in upon by bold and very striking passages on the brass instruments, in which some most effective, and sometimes some most novel combinations are employed. This is followed by an allegro, which, so far as we can discover, is without subject, without plan, without interest, and without effect; in this movement we can only see a concatenation of undeveloped ideas, and it appears to be written as a series of experiments of instrumentation; there is only one phrase

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that deserves the name of a subject, which has the manner and triviality of the modern French tunes without any of the prettyness; towards the end is a march introduced by a very long crescendo, which so strongly reminds us of the opening of the finale of *Fidelio* that we should suppose that movement to have been intentionally copied, but are at a loss to imagine what the joyous exultations of the emancipated prisoners of *Don Pizarro* can have in common with the lamentations of the condemned victims of *Les Francs Juges*. It is impossible to form a notion of the author's intention in the construction of this very enterprising work; it begins and ends in F, but there is so long a stop in C minor and E flat as to make us entirely lose the feeling of the original key. There are many harmonic combinations that are not only incompatible with any laws we have met with, but so remarkably ugly in their effect that we should be very sorry to meet with any system of harmony that would account for them, and so render them available to other writers. The chief merit of the whole is the instrumentation, which, however, has more the effect of being a series of experiments than the result of knowledge previously obtained. We give the author every credit for striving after originality; but originality, if not founded upon nature, can never be beautiful, and we find nothing that is natural, and very little that is pleasing in the whole production: wherever a natural idea has presented itself to the author he has perverted it into something uncouth and disappointing.

And this is Hector Berlioz! this is the glorified through all Europe! the reputed successor of Beethoven, the inheritor of his genius, the heir to his fame! It is a daring thing to assert an opinion in defiance of the judgment of a whole people—critics, cognoscenti, and canaille; but whether we are more sensible or less sensitive than our Gallic neighbours, or whether from any other cause which it is not worth while here to conjecture, certain it is that we are infidels in the doctrine of M. Berlioz's divinity, and if there be any truth in Mr. Oury's often repeated assertion "that this prodigy has but one fault, namely that he has too much genius," we are glad to take refuge under the old axiom, "it requires as much talent to comprehend a great separate work as to conceive it," and we should feel proud in the possession of *sufficient* genius without aspiring to "too much" of that enviable endowment.

Lindpaintner's descriptive *Overture to the Tragedy of Faust* has also been given at this theatre. This is a trashy affair wholly unworthy of the immortal subject, and we consider it equally presumptuous of M. Lindpaintner to appropriate the title which has become identified with Spohr's beautiful opera, and to attempt the illustration of Goethe's magnificent poem.

There has also been a *melange* by Musard of old French airs, introducing "La Clochette," a popular air of the time of Henry the Third, a song composed by Clement Marot in the fifteenth century, a choral with ritournelle composed by Louis the Thirteenth, and a sarabande of the thirteenth century; which compilation has been well received.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

MANCHESTER.—*The Cheetham Glee Club* held its third meeting on the 16th inst. The chair was occupied by Mr. G. E. Barker, and the vice-presidents were Messrs. John Middleton, jun. and Bridgeford. The chairman said, that the committee had prepared a selection of music for the evening, in honour of Mr. Bishop, to whom they had sent an invitation, but in consequence of that gentleman's presence being urgently required in the metropolis, he was unable to accept it; and, though they all had to regret his absence, they still had his genius with them, and he trusted they would all spend an harmonious and a happy evening. After opening with "Glorious Apollo," the first piece of the evening was Bishop's fine choral four-voice glee, "Breathe my harp," which was very ably sung by Messrs. Walton, S. Cooper, Clough, and James Isherwood. Webbe's "Swiftly from the mountain's brow" was next sung by Miss Hardman, Messrs. Barlow, Walton, and Isherwood, sen., who was greeted with a cordial welcome of plaudits. Then came another glee of Bishop's, upon whose rich and varied stores of vocal harmony the club had well and

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wisely drawn large drafts for the evening's enjoyment. "Under the Greenwood tree," which is a glee full of merry loud-voiced joy, was ably sung by Messrs. Barlow, Walton, and the two Isherwoods. The next was Bishop's "Though he be now a gray, gray friar," sung with a nice attention to the gradations of harmonic light and shade, by Miss Graham, Mrs. Winterbottom, and Messrs. Cooper, Gale, and Sheldrick. Mrs. Winterbottom is a *débutante* here, and we have great pleasure in expressing, even thus early, a decided opinion that she will prove a valuable acquisition to the vocal corps of Manchester. Her voice is a pure contralto of great depth, firmness, roundness of tone and volume. Its compass is about two octaves, not ascending higher than about D. The first part closed with Bishop's chorus, "Allegiance we swear," which was sung with all the spirit so essential to its true expression, by Miss Graham and a full chorus. The second part opened with Bishop's "Give me a cup of the grape's bright dew," which was very well given by Mr. Walton and the chorus.—To it followed his fine glee, "Where art thou, beam of light?" Then followed Tom Cooke's splendid prize-glee, "Hohenlinden," sung by Messrs. Barlow, Walton, Clough, J. Isherwood, Graham, and chorus,—and very ably accompanied by Mr. Anthony.—The next was a new glee (at least in Manchester) of Bishop's, from a collection of Haynes Bayly's lyric poetry, with melodies composed or arranged by Bishop. It is for four voices; the subject consisting in the wild inquiries of a maniac girl on the beach, of some fishermen in a boat, if there are any tidings of her lost lover. The first line of the glee, "Are there tidings in yon vessel?" was sweetly sung by Miss Graham, Mrs. Winterbottom, and Messrs. Atcheson and Hughes. The plaintive wildness of the inquiry in the treble voices, with the deep clanging responses of the tenor and bass, have a singularly striking, wild, and original effect. It was loudly applauded.—Dr. Smyth's glee, "Haste, my boy," was sung with great animation and spirit, by Messrs. Heelis, Walton, Clough, and Sheldrick. Bishop's sestett, "Stay, prithee stay," was sung by Miss Hardman, Mrs. Henshaw, Messrs. Walton, Gale, and Hughes; accident causing the absence of the contralto voice.—The concert closed with Bishop's "Merry boys, away," sung with so much spirit by Misses Hardman and Graham, Mr. Walton, and a full chorus, that it was loudly and deservedly encored.

The Manchester Choral Society gave a choral concert on the 19th inst. The concert opened with Pfeffel's anthem, "Jehovah, to thee be all the glory." After an opening bass solo, by Mr. Sheldrick, the choral anthem developes itself in a plain, sturdy, church style, which finds its way to the feelings; it went very well. Bühler's motet, "Jesu dulcis memoriæ," was one of the most satisfactory performances of the evening. Miss Graham sang the solo very sweetly, and with a firmness which much practice and great self-possession can alone give. Hummel's "Alma Virgo," from his *Offertorium*, was another fine piece. Miss Leach sang the solo very ably, and was deservedly applauded. The chorus went well, with great spirit and due precision. Mr. James Isherwood, at unusually short notice, undertook the solo "O God, have mercy upon me," from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. This fine composition was given by Mr. Isherwood with that care and attention which characterise all his performances. It was worthily applauded. Mozart's favourite motet, "O God! when thou appearest," closed the first part. The second part consisted of a selection from Dr. Crotch's oratorio of *Palestine*. It opened with the counter tenor solo (Mr. Barlow) and chorus, "'Reft of thy sons," which went very well. Mr. J. Isherwood gave the recitative, "Is this thy place," with great energy and spirit; and the air "Ye guardian saints!" was given with great taste and feeling, and was much and deservedly applauded. The next chorus, "O happy once," was given with great freedom and smoothness. The air (Mr. Sykes) and chorus, "But now thy sons," wanted only a little more strength and volume in the solo tenor. The air, "O Thou, their Guide," was well executed by Miss Hardman. She was loudly applauded. The quartett and chorus, "Be peace on earth," is a very delightful piece, and was given with much vigour of expression. The air, "No more your thirsty rocks," was sung by Miss Graham with much fulness and clearness of voice. Miss Leach gave the recitative, "And should not Israel's sons," very clearly; and the effect of the words "Hark! white-robed crowds their deep hosannas raise," answered by the "hosanna" of the full chorus, was very good. After another solo and chorus, "And the hoarse flood," which had considerable merit, and the chorus, "Worthy the lamb," the concert, which appeared to give general satisfaction, closed with the "Hallelujah" chorus of the oratorio.

Birmingham.—The committee of the Mechanics' Institute here gave a concert in aid of its funds, on the 19th inst. The vocalists were Mme. Caradori Allan, Miss Hawes, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Phillips. Mr. Hayward and Mr. Evans, were the principal instrumentalists. Caradori was in charming voice, and sang "Tyrant soon," "Jock o' Hazeldean," and a new song of Lover's, "Cuishmalacree," with infinite taste and spirit. She was most loudly applauded in the latter, and was encored. Miss Hawes gave three of her own ballads. Mr. Harrison, of Lichfield, made a bold attempt in the scena from the *Son-*

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nambula, "All is lost now," and succeeded most creditably. The recitative was beautifully given. This gentleman has a very pure tenor voice. Phillips sang with his usual taste. He was encored in "Woman." Hayward discoursed most eloquent music on his violin. Altogether the concert was very good, and the hall was well filled.

Wolverhampton.—*Messrs. Hayward and Hay's Concert* took place on the 13th inst. Miss Hawes and Mr. Stretton, who were the vocalists on this occasion, made their first appearance in Wolverhampton. The former sang all her pieces, but more especially the ballad, "I'll speak of thee," with great taste, feeling, and musical judgment. In three out of four of her songs she was most deservedly and enthusiastically encored. Mr. Stretton possesses remarkable power of execution and a fine bass voice, and was encored in Balfe's ballad, "Look forth, my fairest." Mr. Carte played beautifully on the flute, and exhibited, in a concertante with Mr. Hay on the pianoforte, all the beauties of which his charming instrument, in the hands of a good player, is capable. Mr. Hayward performed the pieces allotted to him in his usual brilliant and tasteful style. His second piece, the celebrated variations of Paganini on "Nel cor piu," is one of his most finished pieces, and was played in his best style. The accompaniments on the pianoforte, by Mr. G. Hay, were marked by that gentleman's usual good taste and exactness. We are sorry to say, that, owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, the concert was very thinly attended.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Alfred Day, whose novel theory of harmony has long excited the curiosity of certain members of the profession, is now engaged upon a treatise which will develop his very original ideas on the subject. The principles of this theory are founded on the harmonics of nature, and throw so new and strong a light on the science that, if the execution equal the conception of the work, we venture to predict it will have an important influence on the future study of music.

Mr. Bunn has returned from Germany, where he has been negotiating for the German Opera at Drury-lane. His colleague, Herr Schumann, who will be stage-manager, is expected here in the spring, and the arrangements during the season will introduce every German singer of importance. With all our pride of nationality, we most earnestly wish this speculation success, for, however anxious for the cultivation of English opera, we cannot be blind to the advantages both to the student and to the public, of classical models efficiently brought forward, and are too glad of a counteraction to the ill effects from the magnificent performance of the insipid scum that is produced at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mme. Dulcken and Mr. Benedict intend to give two concerts early this winter, and have prevailed on the committee of the Royal Academy of Music to grant them the services of the whole of the students now in that institution. This is a circumatance we cannot too highly deprecate. The right honourable the directors assume a command over the engagements of the pupils, which we deem highly essential to preserve the reputation of the Academy; but that they should assert that command to compel young ladies placed under their charge for instruction, to come before the public as chorus-singers, and the male pupils to fill up gratuitously the situations in an orchestra which should form a source of emolument to established professors, for the benefit of two concert-giving speculators, appears to us a matter for the utmost reproach, and we should not be surprised nor sorry to hear that the students refuse to comply with the unwarranted exaction.

Mr. Templeton and Miss Mary-Ann Akinson are fulfilling a short engagement at the Newcastle Theatre, which opened last week with the "English opera" of *Guy Mannering*, under the management of Mr. Ternan.

Mr. Balfe is said to be making arrangements for the production of his two new operas, the one at the Theatre Italien, the other at the Opera Comique. This has gone the round of the newspapers, and for ourselves, we heartily wish him success in his negotiations, for we think nothing can do so much good for music in England as the establishment of a foreign reputation for our artists; but we must for the present be allowed to doubt the fact asserted, as we remember to have heard a similar statement from Mr. Balfe's own lips about this time last year, which has come to nothing but the present announcement. Mr. Balfe is

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an admirable diplomatist, and we are inclined to attribute the whole report to a stroke of policy for keeping his name before the public.

Miss Delcy.—We understand that the father of this promising singer having at first expressed his willingness to give every facility for his daughter's engagement at Mr. Barnett's theatre, chose subsequently to throw difficulties in the way which rendered adjustment impossible, and has since been loud in his protestations that he "could not think of permitting his daughter to have anything to do with such an affair," and that he "wondered how the managers could have the *impudence* to ask it." This, if true, is a vast deal too bad for anything; but we abstain from all further comment until we shall have assured ourselves of the fact, after which we may have something more to say on the subject.

Prince Poniatowski produced an opera at the Teatro alla Pergola in Florence, on the 11th ult., which was eminently successful, his highness having been *fuoried* eight times during the performance. The principal characters were supported by Signori Ronconi and Musich, and Mme. Unger. This great master is said to have another immortal work in process of creation. The conjunction of the stars seems to propitiate the propagation of princely perpetrations; with this example of the splendid success of his serene contemporary so encouragingly before him, we do not wonder that H.R.H. Prince Albert should aspire to the composition of a grand opera, or, wanting the composing capability, should authorise the Lord Chamberlain to appoint any one for his deputy who would sell his brains to so unworthy a purpose.

Singing Academies.—One of these institutions was opened on the 17th inst., at Willis's Rooms by Mr. T. Cooke and Mr. J. Bennett. One of the most desirable things for musical art in this country is a *general* cultivation of knowledge as to its principles and of such of the best points of its practice as can be attained by the amateur without any great amount of labour and expense. We think nothing more likely to promote this end than the establishment of academies in which people are taught to sing well at sight, while their taste in the use of their newly acquired power is judiciously directed;—from thence they may confidently proceed to join any of the numerous choral societies of the metropolis, where the constant habit of hearing and executing only the best music, must infallibly produce the best effects, on even those who, previously, had no notions of musical beauty beyond a waltz or quadrille. We also feel sure that no two men could be selected better qualified for such preceptive duties than Messrs. Cooke and Bennett.

New Organ.—The admirers of fine organs and organ-playing, may have a gratuitous treat of both at the manufactory of the Messrs. Gray, in the New Road, on Monday evening next, when Mr. Adams will perform on a beautiful instrument recently completed for St. Saviour's Church, Liverpool.

Mr. Balfe.—*La France Musicale* has the following prodigious smack at us barbarous islanders:—"A young and already celebrated composer, Mr. Balfe, whose remarkable productions we have often noticed, is at this time in Paris. After the popular successes which he has obtained in England, Mr. Balfe *comes to demand from France the consecration of his talent.*" At first sight we thought it a little too hard of *La France Musicale* to deny us the power of confirming the reputation of our own countrymen, but we have since taken a second thought about the matter. *La France* is perfectly right;—we have no taste for appreciating musical talent, and have proved the fact against ourselves, *by our persevering patronage of the works of foreigners in preference to those of our own composers.*

The Adelphi Glee Club offers a prize for a glee to be contended for by the members. Mr. E. Taylor has supplied the words, which we have no doubt will be unblemished by any of those "freedoms of expression" which the professor so much deprecates in the old dramatists.

Prince Albert's Opera.—We have this moment received a communication tending to exonerate his highness from the charge of vanity so liberally, and apparently with such justice, imputed to him. We are informed on pretty good authority that the management of Covent-garden Theatre received a handsome douceur last year for withholding the piece, and that Mr. Limbird, of the Strand,

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was paid the sum of 250 guineas for suppressing the publication of it. We shall take occasion to make inquiries respecting the particulars of these monetary transactions, and give the result to our readers in the next number.

It is the wisdom of a government to permit plays to the people, as it is the prudence of a carter to put bells upon his horses to make them carry their burthens cheerfully.—*Sir W. Davenant.*

MARTIALANA HARMONICA.—No. III.

" Prince Albert make an overture! phoo, phoo!
Cries a phlegmatic wit:
" Victoria made *one* overture, 'tis true—
The prince accepted it.
His highness write an opera! flam and flash!
The royal opera-tive
Only writes *notes* to Melbourne, for the cash
John Bull is fain to give.
Now, *apropos* of cash, though royal will
May make base coinage pass—
The artist's stamp gives currency—yet still
The farthing is but brass.
Your botanist well knows, that crafty care
Makes fruitful e'en the barren—
Such are the sickly weeds now brought to bear
By nurseryman Macfarren."
Poor G. A. M.! let's hope such courtly deeds
Are cash (not credit) bringers;
And we will pray that neither dross nor weeds
May soil or prick thy fingers.

List of New Publications.

PIANOFORTE.

Mozart.—Figaro, arranged for four hands *Ewer.*
Herold.—Overture to Zampa - - *Ditto.*
Paer.—Overture to Sargino - - *Ditto.*
Wilson, W.—Tic e toc; variations *T. E. Purday.*
Neate, C.—Second Grand Duet, op. 33 (after a pianoforte quintett) - - *Wessel.*
Beethoven.—Arch-Duke Rudolph's favourite March, from King Stephan (duet) *Ditto.*
Bibliotheque Classique, book 7, containing Spohr's Second Grand Symphony (duet) *Ditto.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hummel.—Op. 19, Sonata, piano and flute *Wessel.*
Liddesdorf—Rondo on Themes by B. *Ditto.*
Clinton.—Operatic Gems: overtures and airs from Tancredi and Gustavus, for one flute - - - - - - *Wessel.*

VOCAL.

Grattann.—I arise from dreams of thee *Ewer*
Knight, J.—The homeward-bound *T. E. Purday.*
The black bottle (comic) - - - *Ditto.*
Christmas wants (comic) - - - *Ditto.*
Cooke, T.—Love in idleness; from Midsummer Night's Dream - - *Cramer.*
——— Fairy lead them up and down; from ditto - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Neate, C.—I loved her once; ballad - *Ditto.*

New and Important Musical Publication.

WESSEL and CO. have just produced two numbers of the BIBLIOTHEQUE CLASSIQUE, edited by J. W. DAVISON:—Viz., SPOHR'S acknowledged orchestral chef d'œuvre, the SYMPHONY in D minor; and MENDELSSOHN'S celebrated OTTETTO in E flat.* MENDELSSOHN'S Quintet in A, and CHERUBINI'S Quartet in C will speedily appear.

The object of this publication is to enable all amateurs and professors of music to become acquainted with the most esteemed SYMPHONIES and QUARTETS, &c., of the great masters (through the agreeable medium of PIANOFORTE DUETS), which have hitherto been exclusively confined to quartet players and subscribers to the Philharmonic.

WESSEL and Co. have just published as pianoforte duets, MENDELSSOHN'S overture to LA BELLE MELUSINE; ditto ditto CAMACHO'S MARRIAGE. And MACFARREN'S popular overture to CHEVY CHACE, now performing at the Princess's Theatre.

In addition to the above, the celebrated descriptive overture LES FRANCS JUGES, by HECTOR BERLIOZ, describing the horrors of THE INQUISITION, is in the press, and will appear in a few days, in WESSEL and Co.'s well known collection of overtures, 'THE ECHO OF THE OPERA.'

* A new series of vocal compositions, entitled 'THE BRITISH VOCAL ALBUM,' is in course of publication, and will shortly appear.

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ORGAN PERFORMANCE.——GRAY'S ORGAN MANUFACTORY, 9, NEW ROAD, FITZROY SQUARE.

MR. ADAMS has kindly consented to PERFORM the following CLASSICAL SELECTION, on the ORGAN, built by GRAY, for ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, LIVERPOOL, on MONDAY EVENING next, the 30th inst., commencing at SEVEN O'CLOCK:—

PART I.

1. ..... Extempore.
2. Recordare (Requiem)..... Mozart.
3. Overture (occasional oratorio)..... Handel.
4. Duetto (Interrupted Sacrifice)..... Winter.
5. Overture (Le Nozze di Figaro)..... Mozart.
6. ..... Extempore.

PART II.

1. { Part of the recitative 'Comfort ye' / Air 'Every valley'..... / Chorus 'And the glory of the Lord' } (Messiah)..... Handel.
2. Overture (Iphigenie en Aulide)..... Gluck.
3. ..... Extempore.
4. { Air 'Lieti fiori'..... / Opening chorus of the 'Requiem' } ..... Winter. Mozart.
5. The National Anthem..... Treated extemporaneously.

The Instrument is on the German Scale, has Three Rows of Keys and a separate Pedal Organ.

Tickets of Admission, which are GRATUITOUS, and Programmes of the Performance, may be obtained by any Lady or Gentleman, giving his or her card of address, at the following places:—Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street; D'Almaine, Soho-square; George and Manby, Fleet-street; Monro and May, Holborn-bars; Novello, 69, Dean street, Soho; Z. T. Purday, Holborn; and Gray's Organ Manufactory, 9, New-road, Fitzroy-square.

LADIES' ACADEMY of VOCAL HARMONY, WILLIS'S ROOMS, King-street, St. James's. Messrs. T. COOKE and J. BENNETT respectfully announce that this Academy, conducted on the system so much approved of last season, WAS OPENED for the instruction and practice of SINGING DUETS and other concerted music, on Tuesday, the 17th November. Juvenile Class.—Messrs. Cooke and Bennett have also made arrangements to receive an extra Class of young ladies, between the ages of six and twelve years, for instruction in the rudiments of singing and music in general. Quarterly tickets, for the Senior Class, Four Guineas; for the Juvenile Class, Three Guineas, paid in advance, to be had at 92, Great Portland-street, or 21, Charlotte-street, Portland-place, with any further particulars required. The academies are held in separate apartments at the above rooms, from half-past twelve till two o'clock on Tuesdays and Fridays. The quarter consists of twenty-four lessons.

Dedicated, by special permission, to His Royal Highness, Prince Albert,

HAYDN'S SEASONS.——A New Edition, the words chiefly adapted from the Seasons of Thomson, by Edward Taylor, Esq., Gresham Professor of Music; the whole newly revised, with an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte, by W. H. Kearns. In four parts, each 10s. 6d., or complete, £1 11s. 6d.

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Burgmuller's Rondo from La Chaste Suzanne	3	0
Litolff's Rêverie à la Valse	3	0
Meves' Fantasia on two Airs by Prince Albert	3	0
—— Ah! mia Giulietta	3	0
Haslinger's Rondino on Strauss's Brussler Spitzen Waltz	3	0
Valentine's Vuga Luna, with variations	2	6
Welcome, sweet liberty; sung by Mme. Vestris	2	0
The crooked sixpence; ballad, by Mrs. Onslow	2	0
I saw the smile forsake; ditto ditto	2	0
And wilt thou soon forget me! ballad, by Miss Lydia Smith	2	0
Dear art thou to me; ditto ditto	2	0
Ah! farewell, bright hopes; ditto, by Mme. Stockhausen	2	0

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THE

MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,

AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν."
PLAT. Phædo. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

DEC. 3, 1840. No. CCXLV.—New Series, No. CLIII. PRICE 3*d.* STAMPED, 4*d.*

An audience sufficiently numerous to fill every part of the house, assembled in the Prince's Theatre on Thursday evening last, to hail the commencement of Mr. Barnett's effort in behalf of English composers and their works. Nothing less than a "bumper" could be expected on an occasion about which so much curiosity has been lately excited in the musical circles of London; but while we record with pleasure the complete fulfilment of this expectation, we must express our earnest hope that, though the first *curiosity* may subside in the public mind, a good feeling and solicitude for the prosperity of the cause will take its place, and direct patronage in a firm and equable stream on one of the most spirited and disinterested undertakings we know of in the musical history of this country. We can add nothing to what we have at other times said concerning the nature of those plans by which Mr. Barnett trusts to impress the claims of his brother-artists and himself on public notice, neither need we say a single additional word about the circumstances which have necessitated the production of the first opera. All these things must be thoroughly familiar to the readers of the "Musical World;" and because they are well known, we have reason to believe, also, that our purposely abstaining from minute criticism on the merits of *Fridolin*, will be at once attributed to its true motive;—we desire that the coming-forth of the *real* champions of English art should not be impeded by any circumstances with which, properly, they are unconnected; and we, therefore, to this end, forego every other consideration.

A deep and unusual interest was manifest in the faces and expressions of the audience during every preliminary step to the rising of the curtain. One young artist after another entered the critics' sanctuary—the upper circle of boxes—until to our fatherly eyes—(for we sincerely trust that they all deem us to stand, musically, *in loco parentis* towards them)—there was presented a sight far out-

[Printed by John Leighton, 11, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.]

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valuing the phalanx of titled and jewelled beauty in the Italian Opera—a collection of that musical genius on the strength of which we have taken on us, almost single-handed, to cast down a gauntlet to continental Europe. We were delighted to see the friendly nods of recognition with which these young men greeted one another—their smiling pleasure at the hope now opened to them, their ardent anxiety for a first success, and finally their settling themselves down to the business of listening in good earnest. It was gratifying as an earnest of their right feeling for Mr. Barnett's position and its attendant consequences. The strength of the band was jealously calculated as each individual entered the orchestra, and the appearance of Mr. Loder was greeted with a hearty round of applause, a compliment which, as the best leader in England, he eminently deserved. Previous to the overture, an address was spoken by Mrs. Selby, the intent of which was to show that, from the earliest periods of her history, England had been the spoil of the stranger—that as foreigners had usurped her territory by force of arms, so had they, by influence of fashion, engrossed her patronage of arts; and to rouse up, by declamation, a popular excitement in favour of this attempt to snatch the fame and profit of music from alien grasp. We confess our disapprobation of the taste displayed in this prologue, since it can scarcely be necessary to depreciate our neighbours in order to exalt ourselves; and even if *comparative* statements were deemed advisable, a more advantageous opportunity might, surely, have been selected to make them.

The story of the drama to which Mr. Romer has written music, relates, principally, to the marital jealousy of one *Count Savern*, which is fomented, after the *Iago* fashion, by his *incognito* seneschal, *Sir Hubert*, whose wife had, some years previously, been seduced by the *Count* to quit her home, taking with her her infant son. The *Count's* jealousy is directed on *Fridolin*, the page of the *Countess*, and herein *Sir Hubert's* design is unwittingly aided by *Servitz*, the *Count's* steward, who is parentally irate with the page on account of his pretensions to the hand of *Stella*, his daughter. *Fridolin* is, unfortunately, detected by *Sir Hubert* and *Servitz* in the act of kneeling to his mistress, and presenting her with a portrait while innocently intreating her influence on his behalf with his proposed father-in-law; and the *Count* having been, meanwhile, temporarily absent on service at court, is, on his return, informed of the proofs of his wife's infidelity. Certainty is brought home to the *Count's* mind by the discovery of *Fridolin* walking in the castle-garden at night with *Stella*, who, from some similarity of dress is mistaken for the *Countess*, and he immediately condemns his wife and her supposed paramour to death. *Sir Hubert*, deeming the sentence irreparable, discovers himself to the *Count*, and declares the whole to have been a plot for the gratification of his revenge, at the same time producing a packet given to him by the *Countess*, which establishes her innocence. But in this packet *Sir Hubert* discovers a portrait which proves *Fridolin* to be his long-lost son, and all animosity is now forgotten between the *Count* and his seneschal in their anxiety to save the victims from their impending fate. How the *Countess* was to have been disposed of we are not informed, but *Fridolin* is made the bearer of his own death-warrant, in the shape of the demand "if they had done his master's bidding?" to the vassal-workmen at the *Count's* iron-foundry—the serfs being previously directed to answer the questioner, whoever he should be, by plunging him headlong into the fires of their furnace. The last scene is enacted between *Fridolin* and his destined executioners, and *Sir Hubert* arrives just

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in time to save his son's life, whereupon the stage is, as usual, filled with happy and reconciled people, and the curtain falls.

The overture to *Fridolin* is, like those to *Leonora, Der Freyschutz, Oberon,* and many others more modern, chiefly built on subjects contained in the opera; but, unlike these recognised efforts of genius, there is about the construction of Mr. Romer's overture, a peculiar and startling freshness, resulting from its being totally unfettered by any of the established formularies for such matters; and its having escaped an *encore* is, we presume, attributable to the fact that its novelty somewhat eclipsed its beauty on a first hearing. From thence onwards we pass through a great number of songs and concerted pieces, in most of which that perfection of fashionable music, consummate difficulty, is attained to such an extent that we doubt not the singers and band are much flattered by the confidence evinced by Mr. Romer in their executive abilities. Many of the beauties of these pieces we consider lost to the public by reason of the pains taken to conceal them from the vulgar ear by novel and ingenious dispositions of harmony and bold and uncopied treatment. A few portions of the music—*Fridolin's* first song, a ballad for *Count Savern,* a double-chorus of priests and bridesmaids in the first act, and some detached parts of a duet for the *Count* and *Countess* in the first act, and of one for the *Count* and *Sir Hubert* in the last act, for example —are more intelligible to the common sort of people than the rest of the opera, and we, among the number, found them sufficiently agreeable. On the whole, we consider Mr. Romer's opera the purest and most unconstrained effort of imagination yet produced on the lyric stage of this country. No work is less open to the charge of owing its effects to the tricks of art or the mysteries of science. The composer has cast aside all those antiquated notions and rules of scholarship which clog the pathway of less liberal-thinking musicians than himself, and has determined to rest solely on the native strength and simplicity of his unaided genius. On the success of this experiment we do not, at present, venture to offer an opinion. Its effect on us (being, perhaps, unnecessarily straight-laced in musical matters) is, we confess, extremely strange; but since even Beethoven was at first vehemently abused in this country for his innovations, we take warning by so sad an example of precipitate judgment; and, unwilling to commit a similar injustice towards Mr. Romer, we prefer keeping our opinion for the benefit of more mature reflection, and, in the meantime, leave the public to settle the matter as between themselves and the composer of *Fridolin,* to the best of their unbiassed judgment.

Miss Romer, in the character of *Fridolin,* exerted herself to the utmost throughout the opera; and while in many instances she was successful, it was evident that in others, such as the prison *scena,* in the last act, she had undertaken a task to which her physical capabilities are inadequate. Mr. H. Phillips, as *Sir Hubert,* acted beautifully, and rendered the utmost possible justice to the music—singing its less intricate portions admirably, and for the rest doing fully more than could be expected from one not yet thoroughly familiar with the new figures and combinations which Mr. Romer has grafted on the art of operatic composition. Misses A. Cooper and Collett, in the parts of the *Countess* and *Stella,* and Mr. Frazer, in that of *Count Savern,* deserve creditable mention for the manner in which they executed their difficult tasks; and a like compliment is due to Mr. Morley, who personated *Servitz.*

At the fall of the curtain Miss Romer was loudly called for and appeared;

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and a similar honour was awarded to the composer, who made his obeisance, evidently much elated by his success.

"God save the Queen" was sung by the whole company after the opera, and a cheer, not confined to a few rows of the gallery and a smattering of the boxes, but from every part of the house, vehement, and protracted, greeted Mr. Barnett's appearance in the orchestra to conduct it. We trust this demonstration was not the mere effervescence which such things too frequently are, but that it was a conscientious burst of substantial and lasting feeling.

THE OPERAS OF ROSSINI.

The following is a catalogue of Rossini's operas, with the times and places of their production:—

Cambiale di Matrimonio.—At the Theatre *Mose* at Venice; autumn 1810.
Equivoco Stravagante.—At the Theatre *del Corso* at Bologna; autumn 1811.
Demetrio e Polibio.—At the Theatre *Valle* at Rome; autumn 1812.
Inganno felice.—At the Theatre *Mose* at Venice; Carnival 1812.
Ciro in Babilonia.—At the Theatre *Communale* at Ferrara; Lent 1812.
Scala di Seta.—At the Theatre *Mose* at Venice; spring 1812.
Pietra di Paragone.—At the *Scala* at Milan; autumn 1812.
L'Occasione fa il Ladra.—At the Theatre *Mose* at Venice; autumn 1812.
Il Figlio per azzardo.—At the Theatre *Mose* at Venice; Carnival 1813.
Tancredi.—At the *Fenice* at Venice; Carnival 1813.
Italiana in Algieri.—At the Theatre *Benedetto* at Venice; summer 1813.
Aureliano in Palmira.—At the *Scala* at Milan; Carnival 1814.
Turco in Italia.—At the same theatre; autumn 1815.
Elizabeth.—At the Theatre *San Carlo* at Naples; autumn 1815.
Tovaldo e Dorliska.—At the Theatre *Valle* at Rome; Carnival 1816.
Barbiere di Seviglia.—At the Theatre *Argentino* at Rome; Carnival 1816.
La Gazzetta.—At the Theatre *Florentini* at Naples; summer 1816.
Otello.—At the Theatre *Fondo* at Naples; autumn 1817.
Cenerentola.—At the Theatre *Valle* at Rome; Carnival 1817.
Gazza Ladra.—At the *Scala* at Milan; spring 1817.
Armida.—At the Theatre *San Carlo* at Naples; autumn 1817.
Adelaida di Borgogna.—At the Theatre *Argentino* at Rome; Carnival 1818.
Mose.—At the Theatre *San Carlo* at Naples; Lent 1818.
Ricciardo e Zoraide.—At the same theatre; autumn 1818.
Ermione.—At the same theatre; Lent 1819.
Eduardo e Cristina.—At the Theatre *Benedetto* at Venice; spring 1819.
Donna del Lago.—At the Theatre *San Carlo* at Naples; autumn 1819.
Bianca e Faliero.—At the *Scala* at Milan; Carnival 1820.
Maometto Secondo.—At the Theatre *San Carlo* at Naples; Carnival 1820.
Matilde de Shabran.—At the Theatre *Apollo* at Rome; Carnival 1821.
Zelmira.—At the Theatre *San Carlo* at Naples; Carnival 1822.
Semiramide.—At the Theatre *Fenice* at Venice; Carnival 1823.
Il Viaggio à Rheims.—At the *Opera Italien* at Paris; summer 1825.
Le Siege de Corinthe.—At the *Grand Opera* at Paris; autumn 1826.
Moise.—At the same theatre; spring 1827.
Le Compte Ory.—At the same theatre; in 1828.
Guillaume Tell.—At the same theatre; summer 1829.

What a prodigious amount of fecundity and application does this long list display! From 1810 to 1829 but one year elapsed (1824) without the production of an opera. In the year 1812 no less than *six* operas were composed by Rossini; and again, in 1817, four were produced, of which *three* rank among his most celebrated works! The last year of this brilliant career is little less than miraculous. That an opera, so huge in quantity and so superb in quality as *Guillaume Tell*, should succeed the *Compte Ory* in less than twelve months, we take to be one of the most extraordinary things on record.

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PROMENADE CONCERTS.

We were compelled last week to break off suddenly, while summing up the evidence of this discussion, which may be deemed a trial for conspiracy in the Court of Uncommon Pleas, Effect *versus* Cause, or the British public and the state of music in England against the Promenade Concertists and the daily bread of a few musicians. A very few words will complete our review of the facts before us, we shall then proceed to a brief notice of the arguments of our two correspondents which have been laid before the public, the three other writers who have favoured us on the subject, for and against, having made use of so strong personalities as to render their letters unavailable for our pages; and, finally, with the sincere and earnest reiteration of our own opinion, leave the subject to the candid verdict of our readers.

Mr. Eliason has taken advantage of the *Prince Albert Overture* humbug to educe a bespeak from the Duchess of Kent; and though the royal grandmamma did *not* attend the performance of her illustrious cousin's decomposition, the gentlemen of the orchestra wore white cravats on the occasion, which cozened the multitude, who, like a very dutiful public as they are, form the halo round the planets of the fashionable universe, and having been once lured to the spot where royalty should have rested, fondly linger there in expectation that the optical delusion of full-dressed fiddlers may be shortly changed for the sensible certainty of the benign presence. Further, the ingenious *entrepreneur* having purchased a professorship in the Royal Academy of Music, at the price of performing the noble President's redoubtable *Battle Symphony* has thought it a fitting acknowledgment of his recent appointment to produce another work from the same distinguished hand; and thus is he a parasite to the patrician and a poplar to the public: there gaining support by decorating his patron, here rising like a landmark among statelier and stronger trees, to be seen, and singled, and celebrated, and sought from all hands.

Our Brompton correspondent, "Patria," states "that the congregation of two or three thousand persons nightly, more or less, into arenas where music is the sole attraction and entire entertainment, should be injurious to the uneducated million of this metropolis, or should disparage their aptitude and willingness to be taught, under any circumstances, is a paradox at once startling, and, I think, untenable." To this we answer, music is neither the sole attraction nor the entire entertainment at the Promenade Concerts: the nightly congregations are assembled, by curiosity, to traverse the novel arenas which the theatres present in their transmogrified shape: in one instance have we the glittering resplendency of French clocks, rippling fountains, golden Cupids, and massive looking-glasses: in another, the yet more interesting spectacle of unconnected pieces of stage scenery, fastened together to keep the cold out, giving the visitors the idea of being introduced "behind the scenes," and so partly initiated into the hallucinian mysteries of dramatic machinery; besides, there is the privilege of passing from one part to another of the building, which must give the public a far greater confidence in the stability and security of such establishments by letting them see how they are constructed and what they are made of; there is also, we lament to say, a great allurement to a considerable portion of the congregated thousands, in the ladies of pleasure who mix indiscriminately with the throng, and whom the management could not, if they would, wholly exclude. We maintain that aptitude and willingness to receive instruction are greatly disparaged by the careless relaxation of the mind: "Patria," happy creature! can have had little to do with teaching, or he must have experienced the nearly insurmountable difficulty of eradicating bad taste and bad habits: if music is to be treated with disrespect it must ever remain matter of indifference, and if the lightest and most trashy productions are to be the features of an evening's performance, the attention can never be led elsewhere to higher and better considerations. Yet one thing more: the omission of English names from the programmes which, till just now, has been almost unexceptionable, must tend to confirm the mistrust in our national musical abilities which has been growing for ages.

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Our other adversary, "T.," attacks us upon very different grounds; he admits that the greater portion of the audiences assemble for the purpose of showing themselves rather than for the sake of receiving either instruction or amusement from the performance; but he maintains that musicians must live, and that if bread and butter can be easier obtained by pandering to a bad taste than by stimulating a good one, the bread and butter must be obtained, and the taste left to take care of itself. This is very pretty as a matter of political economy, but it places our musical artists in the lowest and most contemptible light: good heavens! are a number of educated and thinking men to submit to the mechanical drudgery of earning a livelihood by the sweat of their fingers, without allowing their brows or the minds within them to share in the perspiring labour? if so, let them itinerate from street to street, where the unusual appearance of "sixty first-rate instrumental performers" would at any rate elicit attention, and we should suppose, educe a contribution in their favour at whatever rate they may think proper to solicit it. "T." further remarks, that the experiment of classical music has been tried and has failed: this we deny; the Concerts d'Etè, at Drury-lane, were more numerously attended than any series of similar performances that has yet been given, and there symphonies and several minor pieces of the higher order of art were generally played; certainly these important compositions were less applauded than the dance music with which they were associated, and the expression of approbation was for the most part on an inverse ratio with the magnitude of the work; but classical music was played, the Concerts d'Etè were attended, and if they failed to work much for the good cause of general enlightenment, it was because the mammon of unrighteousness was mixed up with the true doctrine.

To conclude, we opine that instrumental concerts might be very good, nay desirable things, in a fitting *locale*, namely, in places where they would not exclude other performances; but then promenadery should be disallowed, quadrilles and waltzes should be wholly omitted, or at least form the most inconsiderable, instead of, as hitherto, the most important part of the programme, and English music should hold its due place in the selection: under these circumstances, and under none but these, we should give our entire approval to the system.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Nothing could be more seasonable than the good advice given in the leading article of the "Musical World" last week, on the subject of unity amongst native composers, because one of the great impediments to their success is the want of a good reputation for talent with the public. It appears to me the only way this reputation can be gained is by the production of a considerable number of successful operas, and as "every individual success" helps to create this number, it is of the utmost importance to the interests of all, when once an opera is brought before the public, that it should succeed; every failure rendering the chances of success less favourable for those composers whose works are to follow. Besides which, general success will command the attention of managers, and obtain the ear of the public, a thing of the very first importance, because it will be the means of their works being received with all that favourable disposition and kind attention so necessary to a fair appreciation of their merit, however great it may be. On the contrary, every failure will tend to sink the general reputation of native composers still lower than it is, if such a thing be possible, which will dishearten managers, and thereby remove to a greater distance all opportunity for even only a consideration of their works, which must of course precede their representation.

I have been led to trouble you with the above remarks in consequence of observing on the opening night of Messrs. Barnett's theatre a deplorable display of not only bad feeling, but equally bad policy on the part of several of those composers whose interests you so warmly and ably advocate; for not once during the performance did these imprudent persons bestow a hand of approbation, even when the whole house was ringing with applause. Now, on an occasion like this, they ought, if not for liberality's sake, at least for their own interests' sake, to have been the first to mark any point of merit in the opera, however small—but no, thus coldly did they look on till the conclusion. I sincerely hope

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that conduct so discreditable to the heart as well as to the head is not common amongst native composers; if it is, most assuredly the punishment it merits awaits it, which is that of a total exclusion of native compositions from all opportunity. PROBABILIS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I went last night (Wednesday) to hear Professor Taylor's Lecture on Music at the City of London School. I was at the door by half-past six o'clock, when the door was opened, and I was admitted; to my great surprise the theatre was quite full and I was unable to get a seat. I was informed that they had (before the door for the *public* had been opened) been admitting their friends; so this accounts for the theatre being full before I got in. Now I think this is too bad; if these lectures are given for the public they ought to have the chance of hearing them, instead of which the place is filled with the friends of the school. If you will be so kind to insert this note in your publication it will greatly oblige your's truly,

Moorgate-street, November 20th, 1840. W. N. T.

[We fully agree with our correspondent as to the injustice of the proceeding; an endowment which was intended for public instruction should not be taken advantage of for private indulgence.—ED. M. W.]

REVIEW.

No. 8 of Wessel and Co's Selection of Duets for the Pianoforte, composed by Beethoven.

This is called "La dernière pensée de Beethoven;"—we have no great faith in "last thoughts" in general, by reason of the great ease with which posthumous remains can be manufactured and poked under cover of the reputation of any composer who is supposed to have written during the weakness of his last mortal hours—as witness the case of Weber and some others; but this "dernière pensée" of Beethoven we cannot class among the doubtfuls, since, small though it be, it carries his peculiar mark with a certainty beyond the reach of any imitation. We cannot describe it otherwise than as a very short piece (only twenty-four bars in the whole) divided into two parts, and more nearly resembling in form and character some sublimated specimen of the old-fashioned minuet, than anything else we know of. It is evidently the production of some idle half hour, and a perfect gem in its way.

"Erinnerung an Marienbad." Grand Waltz, as a duet for the pianoforte, by Louis Spohr.

Here is a stinging reproof to Herrn Strauss, Lanner, Labitzsky, and all such gentry! Here is music to which ladies may dance and musicians listen with equal delight. It is in three movements; having two trios with a recurrence to the first movement, as usual, after each, and the whole is, like all Spohr's small pieces of handicraft, the perfection of graceful beauty. The pianoforte arrangement is from one of the most exquisitely finished orchestral scores on a small scale we have ever seen.

The Royal Lullaby. A national anthem, composed by Signor Lanza.

"His Royal Highness, Prince Albert" is evidently no longer a trump-card with the musico-patriotism-mongers; his novelty has somewhat worn off, and in any case, his nose is now certainly put out of joint by the arrival of the infant princess. Who can tell the number of grand compositions of which the royal infant is destined to be the unwitting provocative? Who shall declare the cubic yards of human brain that must, ere long, be addled and confounded amidst a heap of eulogistic lyrics on her smiling innocence and budding beauties? Of course, foremost in the ranks will be found the royal composers with an anthem a piece for the occasion; and then, only think of the "Cradle Songs," the "Pap Quadrilles," the "Lovely Cherubs," the "Infant guardians of our isles," and the thousand other interesting devices which must surely follow! The bare idea is enough to extaticise the publishers with visions of profit, and oppress reviewers with forebodings of gloom!

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But let us not, in chasing futurity, forget the task at present before us. Signor Lanza's "National Anthem" is then, a composition in three movements—a recitative, an *aria*, and a short chorus; and most thoroughly appropriate is it to its purpose, for, seriously, after having carefully read it through, we can find nothing more to say of it than that it is as childishly innocent as the little being whose birth it is intended to celebrate.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Festival at the Duomo of Milan.—*(From our own Correspondent.)*—Every one has heard of the great and good Carlo Boromeo—the prince, prelate, and saint, whose canonized remains lie in the Duomo of Milan, and whose gigantic statue, more than four times the dimensions of the Achilles in Hyde-park, stands by the road-side, near Arona—his birthplace, overlooking the beautiful Lago Maggiore, with its fairy islands, and the rest of that luxuriant domain, whose revenues, during his lifetime, were devoted to a hundred benevolent and useful institutions for the advantage of his country and of mankind. The annual commemoration of this extraordinary personage took place yesterday, November 4th, and the ceremonial was at once so magnificent, solemn, and striking, as to surpass all I had hitherto seen or heard of, and to render description a most difficult, if not impossible task.

I will, however, make the attempt, and, as is usual with the playwrights, will commence with a brief sketch of the scene of my drama—the Duomo, or Cathedral of Milan, is the largest church in Europe, after St. Peter's at Rome—it is nearly five hundred feet long, and three hundred wide; is built entirely of white marble, which retains its vestal hue; is surmounted by a lofty dome, and three hundred and sixty small spires or minarets, each crowned with a colossal statue, and the whole temple, from its base to its summit, is encrusted with sculpture, tracery, bassi-relievi, and groups of figures, which have cost more than four hundred years to complete; and which justly obtained for the edifice the appellation of *an eighth wonder*. The interior is entered by five doors at the western end of the building, communicating with the five gothic aisles, the centre one considerably higher and wider than the nave of Westminster Abbey; the roof is supported by a hundred and sixty marble columns, and the whole is paved with tesselated marble of numerous colours and devices: immediately under the cupola a balustrade surrounds the open vault, containing the mortal remains of San Carlo, in a crystal coffin or shrine, adorned with silver, through whose lucid sides the features, robes, and ecclesiastical insignia of the saint are seen unimpaired by the lapse of centuries; to the right and left, the transepts are portioned into several small chapels or chantries dedicated to the Virgin, the Holy Spirit, St. Catherine, St. Peter, &c., each enriched by sculptures, paintings, and altar services of gold and silver plate, and beyond, is the choir, ascended by six or eight steps, with a music-gallery and organ on either side, thus obviating the obstruction usual in our cathedrals, occasioned by the erection of the organ across the nave, and permitting the eye to rove uninterruptedly to the extremity of the building, where the high altar with its precious ornaments, rich cups and salvers, statues of silver, massive candelabre, and numerous tapers, forms an appropriate termination to the splendid vista; innumerable specimens of ancient stained glass, so very rare in England since the commonwealth shed their "dim religious light around," and the dome is lighted by gold-coloured windows, through which the sunshine of this beautiful climate produces a superb effect.

The day was calm, clear, and temperate as a September morning in England; the streets were thronged with well-dressed persons; the ladies veiled, and without bonnets, as is customary here, intermingled with groups of peasantry with their cheerful faces, and picturesque many-coloured costumes; for though indoor business is pretty general on Sunday mornings, excepting during the time of high-mass, yet on great festival days, of which there are seven or eight in the year, the whole population seems to keep high holiday.

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The doors of the cathedral were approached through silken verandas, with curtains of cloth of gold, and the interior was richly decorated for the occasion; the five aisles were hung with draperies of crimson cloth fringed with gold, and between the fifty-two pillars that separate them were suspended a series of cartoons in gilt frames, illustrating the life and benevolent actions of the saint —these pictures were of large dimensions, and lighted by clusters of wax-candles branching from the various columns, for daylight was entirely excluded, except through the windows of the dome; the chancel and organ-galleries were fitted up in a corresponding style: a throne of amber velvet with gold ornaments, and a chair of state for the archbishop stood on one side, and a canopy of white satin surmounted the high altar, and spread its graceful curtains around the sanctuary. At ten o'clock it was difficult to pass through the vast numbers assembled, and by eleven, the arrival of the military and municipal authorities, in their rich uniforms, regimentals, and glittering orders, completed the congregation, which must have reached the number of, at least, six thousand souls. The organs now let loose their many voiced harmonies, and the archbishop approached the altar, preceded by three or four dozen boys in surplices, bearing torches and censors, the venerable prelate wearing his mitre and other regalia, and appearing to support his feeble frame by the aid of his crozier, was attended by a train of more than two hundred bishops, vicars, and priests, in habits of various colours—green, white, blue, and scarlet, all richly embroidered.

Mass was now performed, the archbishop officiating and going through the various ceremonies, the dressings and undressings, putting on and taking off of robes, caps, shoes, the kissing of hands and cheeks, &c., the whole reminding one of the formalities usual at an English coronation. An oration was next delivered in an impassioned and impressive manner, extolling the benign character of the saint, and recommending his mortal virtues to universal imitation and regard.

The music now re-commenced with a lengthened *crescendo*, stealing on the ear like a messenger from the far-off homes of harmony, a soft winged spirit from the spheres. The choir, consisting of nearly a hundred voices, was adroitly disciplined by a conductor placed in the front of one of the galleries, while the two organs, connected by machinery under the floor of the chancel, were mastered by a single organist in the opposite one. The service was new for the occassion, the composition of a student of the Imperial and Royal Conservatory of this city, to whom a handsome premium has been awarded for the work, as is annually the custom; the Conservatory is under the direction of Signor Vaccaj, some years since well-known in London, and author of several successful operas; it struck me forcibly that the music of the young composer partook very largely of the characteristics of his master, for it abounded with light and graceful melody, florid accompaniment and dramatic effects: there was very little of that solemnity and devotional character which in northern climates are considered essential on such occasions; but, in justice, I must acknowledge that I was never present at any musical performance which so completely fulfilled and realized its intended purpose—the absorbing and impressing the minds of its hearers in general. This was particularly the case in a part of the service called the *Offertorio*, an adagio of touching tenderness and expression, written in four parts for treble voices only, and responded alternately by the juvenile choristers on either side of the choir; the "Gloria" was grand and imposing; and the "Donna Nobis," a fugue of unusually melodious character, produced a most exhilarating effect.

During the performance of the latter piece, the archbishop descended from the altar, and advancing towards the tomb, sprinkled water from golden basins carried on either side of him; his numerous attendants forming an extended semicircle in the rear, and the whole congregation kneeling reverently before him till the conclusion of his paternal benediction. I was fortunate in having procured an elevated position near the entrance of the choir, and looking at this moment along the great aisle, which was studded with hundreds of blazing torches, and crowded by a dense mass of prostrate people, of all ranks and ages: the sight was one of the most imposing ever seen. The sun that was scarcely admitted

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anywhere but through the yellow stained windows of the dome, threw a flood of gold over the open tomb that seemed almost supernatural; and the music, the dazzling and costly dresses, the rolling clouds of incense, intoxicated every sense, and almost led one into the belief that some earthly Heaven was around us, and the apotheosis of the saint was at hand. I could not keep my eyes off the shrine, expecting every moment to behold the glorious ascension. I lost myself, and my thoughts, and my consciousness of those around me; I felt I was no longer "of the earth, earthy;" I dreamed that I was amongst all that I remember of virtue and affection, surrounded by all I had ever loved, and all who had ever loved and cherished me. Why did I wake?

Albergo della Regina d'Inghilterra Contrada Larga.
No. 3267 in Milano.

Napoleon's Funeral.—*(From our own Correspondent.)*—A trial was made on Sunday last at the Paris Conservatoire, of the new trumpets, thirty in number, constructed by Schiltz on a novel model of extraordinary dimensions and power, expressly for the solemn pageant and interment of Napoleon's remains. The instruments were found to possess very great capabilities of expression and compass, and the effect produced by them surpassed the expectations of the numerous professors and amateurs assembled on the occasion. Halevy has been engaged to compose a Funeral March, to be executed by a hundred and fifty performers, who will accompany the pageant in its course up the Seine, from Rouen to Courbevoie; there, a new band of two hundred performers, with a solemn March by Auber, will accompany the procession to the capital. *Berlioz's Dirge*, executed by the united bands of the several regiments of the line, and of the National Guards of Paris, amounting, perhaps, to three or four hundred instruments, will conduct the *cortège* to the chapel of the Invalides, where a *new Requiem*, by the veteran Cherubini, supported by the band and chorus of the Academie Royale, in addition to the choirs of Notre Dame and various other churches, will consign the honoured remains to their very appropriate resting-place, and conclude the interesting ceremonial. This is as it should be; it is the just homage of art to him, who, amidst all the cravings of his own ambition and the bustle of his own glory, found yet sufficient leisure and inclination to foster the arts and elevate their professors, feeling, justly enough, that ambition and glory reached a higher and more refined character by such means. The French government has awarded most liberal remunerations to the several composers and artists engaged, and the whole affair promises to be at once a national tribute and a national honour. Shall we ever see such patriotic doings in England? Bacon and the Black Prince are yet unmonumented, their memories being left to slumber in the bosoms of the grateful few, their high deserts unrevealed to the admiration and for the advantage of the illiterate many. The poet "of all time"—the reverenced in every land, has gained no national tribute, during two centuries, from his countrymen or their expensive governors; yet, if these stars of our isle were to be publicly celebrated in London, fashion would collect together the choristers of the Italian and German operas, and Royalty itself would most probably select the music of Bellini and Strauss as alone fit and tolerable for the occasion, while native artists would be expelled from participation, or, at best, condemned to endure the double discords of alien lips and inferior talents.

Hotel de Nantz, Place Carousel, Paris.

METROPOLITAN.

Hanover Chapel, Regent-street.—"The queen shall rejoice in Thy strength," a *New Anthem*, composed by Mr. John Goss, in honour of the birth of the Princess Royal, was performed here on Sunday, and excited very considerable attention from the interesting nature of the occasion. The composition is rather a dry specimen of the strict style, and reflects more credit on the loyalty than on the genius of its author. Miss Marshall and Miss Ellen Mason sang the verse, and the whole was effectively performed.

Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall.—*The Resurrection and Ascension*, an oratorio by Dr. Elvey, the organist of St. George's Chapel, Mozart's

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twelfth Mass, and a miscellaneous collection were performed last evening. We are delighted to see in this society a willingness to bring forward the works of native authors. Sacred music is a style of composition in which England has lately been much less distinguished than in any other, but this we attribute less to the natural inability of our composers than to the impossibility which has existed of obtaining the performance of their works: the great example of our old church writers, independent of the emulation of the classical which has lately so strongly demonstrated itself, might surely stimulate an effort to revive the musical glory in this the highest branch of the art of our country, which was in the time of Tallis, Byrd, Gibbons, &c. greater than that of any other state in Europe. The society's choice of the present work is not a very happy one: the oratorio is exceedingly short, and therefore incapable of producing a great sensation; the lateness of the hour prevents us entering into a detail of its merits. The author has confined himself to an imitation of the construction of the movement, the form of the passages, and the style of the instrumentation of Handel and his contemporaries, and has seldom produced anything but the mannerism of their age without the beauties, which are in all ages inimitable: the air sung by Mr. Pearsall, "Peace I leave with thee," is by far the most striking part of the composition. The whole was well performed, but not with the spirit that usually characterizes the efforts of this society; but the Mass of Mozart roused their energy and re-established their credit.

Drury-lane Theatre.—The *Overture* to Lord Burghersh's opera of *Catherine* (the *Siege of Belgrade*) has been played at the Concerts d'Hiver. To any one acquainted with his lordship's style this composition requires no comment, and to those not versed in this illustrious author, no comment will describe it. It is not new to the public, *Catherine* having been given entire by the Academy students in the Opera concert-room, before King William and his consort, in the year 1829, and having been subsequently produced at the Queen's Theatre. The present performance of the overture must be more gratifying to Lord Burghersh than to the public, and we should suppose more advantageous to Mr. Eliason than to either, not as a matter of theatrical attraction, but as a stepping-stone to patrician favour.

Princess's Theatre, Oxford-street.—The performance of the *Overture* to *Chevy Chace* has been followed by that of *Parisina*. This, though a very early work of Mr. Bennett, is, in our opinion, the best overture he has produced. We need not now enter into an analysis of its merits, which we hope are not unknown to our readers, and which have often been commented upon in these pages; but while we give every praise to the feeling which prompts Mr. Willy to bring forward this beautiful and passionate composition, which is equally an honour to its author, and an ornament to music, we cannot but lament and reproach the imperfect manner in which that feeling is carried out. The band by no means do justice to the *Overture* to *Parisina* in their performance of it, and so they do a great injustice to themselves, for they are fully capable, as to talent and number, of giving effect to anything they may undertake. It is in the highest degree essential for the success of the experiment of introducing the works of English authors, that the greatest possible pains be taken to place them in a good light before the public, lest anti-national prejudice be further confirmed instead of a step being taken to refute it.

The orchestra has gained considerable strength by the addition of Messrs. Baumann and Richardson, and a new French oboeist, M. Albert Delabarre, from the Academie Royale, in Paris.

Mr. Gray's new Organ.—Mr. T. Adams gave a public performance on the organ just completed for St. Saviour's Church, Windsor, Liverpool, at the manufactory on Monday evening last, which was very numerously attended. The instrument is on an unusually large scale and constructed on the plan of the German organs. The selection was not a very good one, and Mr. Adams's extempore playing was less happy than we have frequently heard from him; but his great command over the organ, even in his weakest moments, is such as to display its capabilities to very great advantage, and we could not but be struck with the great power and variety of tone of Mr. Gray's new instrument.

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PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

MANCHESTER.—*The Second Quartett Concert* of the second series was given on the 23rd ult. The opening piece of the evening was a quartett of Mozart's, in G minor, for piano, violin, tenor, and violoncello. It was impossible not to admire the style in which each performer applied all his skill and taste to contribute just so much of his individual share as would best conduce to the general harmony, and no more: all was guided by one pervading feeling, a desire faithfully and delicately to express the true meaning of the composer. Miss Graham (the sole vocal performer) sang Weber's scena from *Der Freyschutz*, "Before my eyes beheld him," with great power and ability. The first part closed with a quartett of Haydn's, in D minor (op. 73), for two violins, tenor, and violoncello. The piece was very loudly and generally applauded, and narrowly escaped an encore. The second part commenced with a splendid sonata of Beethoven's in A major (op. 69), for pianoforte and violoncello, in which the alternate strength and softness of Mr. William Lindley's violoncello playing, with the spirited and brilliant touch of Mr. P. Johnson, were the subjects of general admiration; and, at its conclusion, elicited a very loud and general burst of applause. Miss Graham sang Bishop s song—"The Arabian Maid's Song"—from *Lalla Rookh*; one of his early dramatic compositions. The closing piece of the evening was a quartett of Mendelssohn's, in E flat major (op. 44), for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, which was exceedingly well played.

CHELTENHAM.—A concert was given here on the 27th ult. by Signori Marras and Borrani, which passed off with great spirit; the programme indeed was excellent. Mme. Marras is one of the few English ladies who can sing Italian with *Italic feeling:* both nature and art, with her husband's excellent tuition, have combined to make her a very superior vocalist. Marras was as delightful as ever, and Borrani quite in his element; whether in Pio Cianchettini's "Benedictus," Neukomm's "Sea," or that beautiful scena from Rossini's *Semiramide*, his versatility cannot be too often mentioned and commended. Miss Weller played one of Thalberg's most difficult compositions—a fantasia, introducing some beautiful snatches of Tyrolean melody. Although barely fifteen years of age she is a first-rate pianoforte player, combining beautiful expression with wonderful execution. Pio Cianchettini conducted. The concert ended with "God save the Queen," with a powerful chorus; the solos by Mme. Marras, Signori Marras, and Borrani.

FALMOUTH.—A *Soirée Musicale* was given by Mdlle. and M. Nollet on the 23rd ult. which was well attended. The performances comprised a well-selected variety from some of the most eminent composers; and they were executed with admirable skill and taste. Mdlle. Nollet, on the pianoforte and the harp, displayed a facile and delicate execution, that elicited the most rapturous testimonies of gratification. On the latter instrument—one of the most expressive of musical sentiment, and as such, by the by, far from being adequately cultivated by the fair amateurs of musical science—Mdlle. Nollet gave effect to those enchanting harmonic tones which are ever seen to exercise a resistless potency over the feelings of an audience. M. Nollet fully displayed on the violin and the horn his characteristic neatness of execution and chaste delicacy of expression. A "Nocturne" by Naudmann, for the harp and French horn, was exceedingly beautiful, combining in rich harmony some of the purest tones of which wind and pulsatile stringed instruments are capable. Some songs of a sentimental character were sung by Miss Warren, but, on reading the announcement of one bearing the title "Say but the word," the ladies called "a truce to sentiment," and requested the buffo glee, "Vadasi via di qua," which was given with true laughter-loving spirit by Mme., Mdlle., and M. Nollet. The performances of the evening concluded with "God save the Queen;" with an additional verse in reference to the birth of a Princess Royal.

BURY.—Mr. Nunn gave two concerts (morning and evening) here on the 20th ult., which were very numerously attended. The songs, arias, glees, and fantasias were selected chiefly from the most admired productions of Bishop, de Beriot, Himmell, Balfe, Lindley, Rossini, Haydn, and the immortal Handel, and were done ample justice to by Miss Birch, Miss Hawes, and Messrs. Hobbs and Phillips. Mr. Lindley, Mr. Blagrove, and Mr. R. Nunn were the instrumental performers. Bishop's glee, "Come over the brook," and Horsley's "By Celia's arbour," were the choicest musical treats of the morning; but we do not think they were sufficiently appreciated by the audience. "Now Heaven in fullest" was finely sung by Phillips, particularly the recitative, which was given with great effect. "Thou art lovelier," and "I'll speak of thee," two ballads composed and sung by Miss Hawes, were most deservedly encored. "Alexis" was sung by Mr. Hobbs, who was accompanied by Lindley on the violoncello. Lindley's exquisite execution of this music is well known. Hobbs sang the words, which are, more properly speak-

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ing, the accompaniment, with the taste and accuracy of an accomplished singer. Miss Birch's fine treble voice was heard to great advantage in the closing quartetto, "Alziam gli eviviva." By desire, she exchanged "Non ve donna," for "Angels ever bright and fair," which she sang with all that richness of tone for which she is so justly distinguished. Mr. Nunn's accompaniment to this song was admirable. Mr. H. Phillips was never in finer voice than on these occasions. He took the senses of his auditors captive in the morning, in Calcott's "Soul's errand"—the last line of which he sang with startling vigour and effect. At the evening concert, from the enthusiasm displayed, we have no doubt the enjoyment of the audience was proportioned to the quality and beauty of the music. Lindley gave one of his own fantasias on the violoncello with a freshness of feeling, a sweetness of expression, and a delicacy of intonation unsurpassed by any previous display. His chromatic passages were listened to with breathless attention. At the close there was a burst of hearty applause, and a general cry of encore, which he responded to in his own quiet way, by playing over again the same fantasia with, if possible, a greater depth of feeling and a more ardent expression of sentiment. Of Miss Hawes's execution of Horn's delicious little ballad, "Come, Mariner, down in the deep with me," it is impossible to speak too highly. Her voice seemed to rise and swell upon the waves of an imaginary ocean, and as it receded and became fainter and fainter still, the "cell of the mermaid's cave" appeared to open upon us with its "bed of coral," and thousand fantastic shapes all glittering and bright like fishes' scales. Miss Birch sang an aria from Rossini, in which she was accompanied on the violin by Mr. Blagrove with a power of expression and rapidity of execution perfectly astonishing. Her performance of this aria elicited a general encore. Calcott's glee of "With sighs, sweet Rose," was brilliantly executed by Miss Hawes, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Nunn, and Mr. Phillips. Amongst such a variety of musical gems, all so finely executed, it is difficult to point out those which seemed most excellent or most deserving of praise. Those which appeared to please the audience most were Hobbs's "Oh! the heart is a free and fetterless thing," Phillips's "Go lovely rose," and Bishop's duet, "Joyful words," sung by Miss Birch and Miss Hawes. Mr. Phillips sang two of his own ballads, viz., "Shall I wastynge in despaire," and, "Oh! the Lake of Killarney," and was encored in both. There is no singer on the boards or in the concert-room who knows better than Phillips when and how to give dramatic expression to any given line of a song. Miss Birch sang "Cease your funning" very brilliantly; but it was so overlaid with variations that we never knew when to come at the original air. Miss Hawes in "As I walked by myself," kept up a very pretty conversation with herself, which ended in proving that self is not a very wise person. Great credit is due to Mr. Nunn for the skill with which he conducted these concerts and the taste he exhibited in the selection of pieces.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Willman.—The profession sustains a severe loss by the death of this highly-distinguished clarionet-player. The termination of Mr. T. L. Willman's long and painful illness took place at his residence, No. 3, Leicester-place, at three o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday last. There is no record of the time or place of his birth, but it is known that he entered life in some military quarters in Ireland some sixty or seventy years since. When he became a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, in the year 1834, as it was impossible to procure a register of his birth, he was admitted as of the age of fifty, the greatest at which persons are eligible to that society; and he had so great an idea of the importance of this election, that he paid the enormous premium of sixty guineas with the compound interest for thirty years, on entering. Mr. Willman served several years as master of a military band, previous to his attaining that eminence on his instrument which has placed him almost without a rival, and leaves him almost without a successor. By his death another membership becomes vacant in the Philharmonic Society.

We shall endeavour to ascertain some further particulars relating to this worthy man and talented professor, and will take an early opportunity of laying them before our readers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Philharmonic Society.—The concerts of the coming season will take place on the 1st, 15th, and 29th of March; the 19th of April; the 3rd, 17th, and 31st

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of May, and the 14th of June. The members will have the privilege restored to them of issuing each two tickets to the rehearsals: we think, in addition to this, certain professors of eminence, and a select few of the academy students, should have the advantage of *entrèe*. It is proposed among the new directors to have a chorus of sixty voices, to give no songs or duets, and to engage exclusively English singers for the soli parts in the selections from operas, masses, &c. which they intend to perform. This is quite as we would have it: the subscribers to the Philharmonic ought not to be satisfied with an aria from a modern Italian opera, by even a first-rate Italian singer, which they might hear to equal advantage at a benefit concert, and to greater advantage at Her Majesty's Theatre: they do require, and they should demand, efficient performance of the many fine vocal compositions of the great masters, which cannot be heard elsewhere. We have no doubt the suggested arrangement will add as much to the funds as it will to the credit of the society.

Liszt and the Straits of Dover.—Mr. Lavenu's flying orchestra commenced its operations with *dampers* down, and the enterprising concert undertaker was considerably puzzled how to *spell* the murmurs of his *Reading* audience, occasioned by the non-arrival of Liszt to fulfil his engagement. It is stated that the musical thunderer was detained two days at Calais by the tempestuous weather of last week; and we are informed that with the usual enthusiasm and artistical zeal of his character, he caused himself to be seated on a capstan firmly lashed, for several hours each day at the extremity of the long wooden pier, where he continued absorbed in the contemplation of the mighty and the marvellous, catching ideas as well as duckings from the ambitious waves that surmounted even him, and imbibing with the salt spray such impressions of the sublime as will doubtless give to his future *Recitals* a dash, a fury, a whelm, and a terror, quite awful to the ear, and ever irreconcilable to the limited understandings of his mundane listeners. We would, however, most earnestly and respectfully admonish the miraculous pianist to be cautious in his proceedings, to chide his excursive fancy from all extravagant imitations of channel hurricanes, and to curb his exuberance from the possibility of any exploit which may be construed by the fastidious into caricature—we are much better acquainted with the character and behaviour of that potent body corporate, the straits of Dover, than the professor is likely to be, and we know that its waves are individually and collectively as testy, turbulent, jealous of rights and immunities, contradictory, wilful, unruly, and difficult to be governed or soothed under fancied insult, as the tetchy old gentlemen who feast and fight in Guildhall. M. Liszt will have to pass amongst these very questionable personages on the conclusion of his present engagement, and we entreat him to bear in mind that their arguments are overwhelming, their stern potency unsubduable, and their hungry vindictiveness not very nice in the quality or rarity of the food destined to appease it.

M. Liszt has addressed the following letter to the *Gazette Musicale de Paris*:—"Sir,—My name having been mentioned in your musical review of the 15th of October last, when speaking of the extravagant pretensions and exaggerated applauses bestowed on certain artists, I take the liberty of addressing to you a few observations on this subject. The chaplets of flowers thrown at the feet of Mdlles. Ellsler and Pixis by the *dilettanti* of New York and Palermo, are brilliant manifestations of the enthusiasm of a public; the sword which was presented to me at Pesth is an honour conferred by a *nation* in a manner perfectly national. In Hungary, sir, a country which has retained its ancient and chivalric manners, the sword has a patriotic signification: it is the distinguishing sign of manhood—the weapon worn by all who are entitled to carry one. When, therefore, six of the most distinguished of my compatriots presented me with this token amidst the unanimous declamations of my countrymen, while at the same time Pesth and Oedenburg conferred on me the freedom of their cities, and a committee from Pesth asked for me letters of nobility from his majesty, it was acknowledging me as a Hungarian after an absence of fifteen years; it was recompensing me for the trifling services I had rendered my art in my country, and, above all, it was binding me anew to her in a way I could not but feel proud of, by imposing on me for the remainder of my life, duties and obligations both

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as a man and a professor. I concur with you, sir, in thinking that this reward has unquestionably exceeded my present merits, and I accordingly regard this ceremony as the expression of hope rather than satisfaction. Hungary has, in me, honoured a man from whom she expects a triumph in art to be added to the numerous triumphs she has already achieved in politics and arms. As a child, I received from my country many precious tokens of kindness, as also the means of cultivating in foreign lands my musical abilities. And when, after a long absence, I return to her, bringing with me the fruits of my own endeavours, and the fulfilment of her hopes, it is not just to confound the enthusiasm of compatriot hearts opening to receive me, and the demonstrative expression of national joy, with the frantic plaudits of a pit of connoisseurs. There is something in such a comparison wounding to the national pride and patriotic sympathies which I glory in possessing. Have the goodness, sir, to insert these few lines in your next number, and accept the assurances of respect with which I am, &c.—F. Liszt."

Signor Castrucci, the *protegé* of Lord Burlington, is the person immortalized by Hogarth in his celebrated picture of the *Enraged Musician*. The painter caused the poor violinist's house to be beset by a party of noisy street musicians, and the distracted Italian having been brought to his window in an agony of auricular torture, by their clamorous and discordant combinations, formed an appropriate model to the waggish artist.

Fine Trumpet of Irish Manufacture.—Messrs. Robinson, Bussell, and Robinson, of Westmoreland-street, Dublin, have lately completed a chromatic slide trumpet, which is supposed to be one of the most beautiful and complete specimens of the kind yet manufactured in the United Kingdom. It is composed entirely of silver (with the exception of a part which we shall hereafter mention), and in its form and general construction resembles the slide trumpet now universally employed by concert-performers. It possesses, however, a marked superiority over every other instrument of the sort we have yet heard of, in the increased length of the slide, by which the performer is enabled to produce (in addition to all the artificial notes of the ordinary system) the low D natural, F natural, and G sharp, and, we believe, even the low C sharp. This is a great improvement, since the scale of the instrument is thus rendered perfect with the advantage of a much better tone than can be produced from a trumpet with valves. Our correspondent also mentions some peculiarity of the metal forming the bell and adjacent parts of the Dublin instrument, by which *resonance* of tone is much increased. The bell of this trumpet is richly ornamented at its base with chasings of oak-leaves and acorns, and moreover contains a shield bearing the following inscription, from which its purpose will be seen:—"Presented by Colonel Jackson and the Officers of the 6th Carabineers, to Trumpet-major William Cowen, as a mark of their approbation of his most exemplary conduct during a Service of thirty-seven years."

MARTIALANA HARMONICA.—No. IV.

Croaks Lucas to Bennett, in Tenterden-street,
One moist afternoon, when they happened to meet—
"I am suffering from hoarseness, to which every day adds,
I caught it last Tuesday, conducting your *Naiads*—
'Mid such dribbling and splashing, and streams overrun,
One gets wet through and through ere one's work is half done."

Bennett answers to Lucas—"My old fellow-student,
As a husband and father you're vastly imprudent
To run such vile risks without due preparation:
Pry'thee spread your umbrella, each future occasion—
Or, safer by far, your own overtures try,—
Though there's slip-slop in mine yours are perfectly *dry*."

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THE STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC having murmured in secret dissatisfaction, though they have not proceeded to open revolt, against the edict which enforced their gratuitous performance at the concerts to be given by Mme. Dulcken and M. Benedict, the *beneficiaires* have thought proper to avoid a refusal of the advantage they require, and have appointed Mr. Willy to engage an orchestra. Thus it appears that the gratuitous services of the Academy students are sufficient attraction to the patrons of Madame and Monsieur, but if a band is to be properly remunerated, the recently appointed Academy professors think fit to transfer their support to another quarter.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Czerny.—Zanetta (2 rondinos, no. 1) *Cramer.*
Thalberg.—Grand Capriccio, La Donna del Lago - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Cherubini.—Overture to Lodoiska - *Ewer.*
—— Ditto to Les deux Journées - *Ditto.*
Rossini.—Ditto to the Barber of Seville *Ditto.*
—— Ditto to Semiramide - - *Ditto.*
Marschan, A.—Fanchon Walzer - *Boosey.*
—— Rosenblithen Walzer - - *Ditto.*
—— Abschied Walzer - - - *Ditto.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ernst, H.—Concertina for the violin, with orchestra, op. 112 - - - - *Ewer.*

VOCAL.

Tully, J.—Welcome, sweet liberty *Chappell.*
Linley, G.—Oh! where are they, the kind and true - - - - - - - *Ditto.*
—— Oh! lone and languid flower - *Ditto.*
Lover, S.—Sweet harp of the days that are gone - - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Marschan, A.—L'Adio Poesia di Maggione *Boosey.*
—— La Sposa del Navigante - *Ditto.*
Romer, F.—In the days that have faded *Cramer.*
—— The one we love - - - *Ditto.*
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—— Lady, lady, mine - - - *Ditto.*

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THE

MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,

AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
και πάγκαλόν τι και θείόν ἐστιν."
PLAT Phædo. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

DEC. 10, 1840. No. CCXLVI.—New Series, No. CLIV. PRICE 3*d.* STAMPED, 4*d.*

Capricious and uncertain as is public decision on musical matters—seldom resting on anything more substantial than fashion, the graces of some favourite singer, or the humour of the moment—we can but rarely agree unmixedly with its awards. For once, however, the public is right;—it has judged Mr. Romer's *Fridolin* and condemned it with a more rapid and complete damnation than was ever before experienced by any operatic production of this country. *Fridolin*, it is true, has been played some seven or eight times, but, on every occasion after the two first, to houses all but empty; and the consequence has been its withdrawal from the stage and the temporary closing of the theatre. Our readers must have noticed the reserve with which we spoke of this opera in the last number of the "Musical World;"—in plain fact, we *would not* criticise it; we could not praise it, and would not say anything that might have an unfavourable influence on the success of Mr. Barnett's speculation. The public condemnation of Mr. Romer's opera, however, and the fact that Mr. Barnett can now neither gain nor lose by its means, have removed all claims on our silence, and left us free to express our real sentiments on the subject. We can now say, without danger to the *cause* of English opera, that which we at first felt—that *Fridolin* is, by many degrees, the vilest attempt at operatic composition on a large scale which has yet appeared before the English public. It is a work of the merest school-boy, and one which, were the composer really at school, would infallibly degrade him to the lowest place in his class. It displays a total lack of invention, and even of art to conceal the defects of nature. For the public, it is an opera of *two tunes*—neither possessing any originality, but both having a certain water-gruel prettiness which pleases those who are not particularly dainty as to the quality of their mental food. To the musician it offers nothing that he would not reject as thrice sifted dross, except the few morsels we mentioned in our last number; and, from the worthlessness of the remainder,

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even these exceptions must be considered the result rather of accident than of design. The construction of the various pieces is, in the last degree, unartistical, the melodies stale and pointless, the harmonies ignorantly concocted, and the whole teems with false positions of chords, and progressions which could only have been produced in defiance to musical rule and insensibility to musical pleasantness. In a word, although courtesy may term it an *opera*, art must deny its being *music;* and its correct performance—were that even desirable—is put out of the question by its general difficulty and ineffectiveness for the voices, and its equally general impossibility for the orchestra. Such is the precious heap of trumpery which, in adversity to all honourable principle, has been thrust down Mr. Barnett's throat by a singer who, to mere lack of rivalry, rather than to her own talents, owes that power of assumption which she has thought fit so liberally to exercise!

Regarded, then, simply as the failure of an opera, we will not pretend to deny our unqualified pleasure at the extinction of *Fridolin*—for the music's sake, because the production of such incongruous nonsense is an insult to public judgment and a disgrace to our school of art,—and for the composer's sake, because Mr. Romer, with the conceit characteristic of ill-informed persons, has chosen to rank himself foremost among the champions of English opera before he has yet learned even to write an inoffensive bass; and because, with a strange mixture of greediness and seeming distrust in his genuine deserts, he refused to take his chance in company with his brother-artists, and permitted his opera to be dragged neck and heels on to the stage of the Prince's Theatre by the influence of his sister. What Mr. Romer's feeling on the subject may be, we cannot pretend to guess, but we are positive that there is not one English composer of real talent who would not have spurned such a course as unworthy a man's pride or an artist's feeling, and would not have preferred locking up his score for ever, to being indebted for its production to anything else than its intrinsic merit. The announcement of *Fridolin*, coupled with the story of its compulsory production, at once predicted its failure, and, *vice versa*, a first hearing of its music must have suggested to every one at all acquainted with theatrical affairs, the why and wherefore of its performance:—a good opera would have needed no imperious *prima donna* to demand an entrance for it to the theatre, and, on the other hand, Mr. Barnett, being in possession of his senses, would not have produced so bad a one unless compelled by the direst necessity.

Unfortunately, however, the mischief does not end here. *Fridolin* and its composer are both rightly served—the one for its worthlessness and the other for his pretension; but what becomes of Mr. Barnett, and the cause which, if unprevented by folly and arrogance, he would have so manfully supported? We cannot conceal our fears and regrets for both, but more especially for the *man*. The *cause* might perhaps have struggled its way into the sympathies of the public; but that Mr. Barnett who, while his brother-composers did little else towards it than abuse each other most heartily in the pages of the "Musical World," proceeded to action with the decision of an Oliver Cromwell, should reap no harvest but losses to a ruinous extent, is one of the most deplorable things we have ever had occasion to record. Added to all this, Mr. Barnett has not even escaped censure in the matter. Certain newspaper critics have thought fit to hint that his ill-fortune was deserved by his want of firmness to reject Miss Romer's absurd demand;—the said critics being totally unmindful that, having

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engaged his theatre and the rest of his company, and failed in his negotiations with another *prima donna*, Mr. Barnett was compelled to commence his performances, even at so dire a sacrifice as the production of *Fridolin*. Under these circumstances, if there be a particle of English heart or gratitude about the musicians of London, they will at once cast aside all party-spirit and childish jealousies, and come forward eagerly to assist, in any and every way, any steps that may hereafter be taken to retrieve the fatal error committed at the opening of the Prince's Theatre. We are not French, and would not be betrayed into any extravagant flourishes about national honour and glory, but if ever there was a juncture at which national pride *ought* to take up the cudgels in defence of an art, our operatic situation at this moment presents it.

As for Mr. Romer, we envy him neither his own feelings nor the estimation in which he is held by the composers of the metropolis. His own failure is of no importance—it was thoroughly deserved; but his unwarrantable self-esteem has been the means of involving Mr. Barnett in great and unnecessary difficulties, and of blighting—for a time at least—the prospects of those composers whose genius and acquirement *really* entitled them to be heard at the bar of public opinion in defence of English opera.

[In our next number will be given a brief memoir of the late Mr. T. L. Willman, collected from the most authentic sources, and which is only delayed for the sake of ascertaining the fullest possible particulars relating to this distinguished professor.—Ed. M. W.]

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—No. XVII.

FRIEDERICH ERNST FESCA.

Freidrich Ernst Fesca, was born in Magdeburg, on the 15th of February, 1789. His father, a highly respectable man, who filled a situation in the magistracy of the town, was an able performer on the piano and violoncello; and his mother, a distinguished scholar of the celebrated Hillier, chamber-singer to the Duchess of Courland. It may, therefore, be said that a love for music was instilled into Fesca's mind from his very cradle, and this bias was still more confirmed by the various masterpieces that he heard performed at his father's house, which was a rendezvous for many musical amateurs of great ability. Proofs of his native talent, and the love thus engrafted, began early to display themselves. When only four years old, the child, following the guidance of his ear, contrived to pick out little tunes on the pianoforte, and imitated, with great correctness, the airs sung by his mother.

In his ninth year he began a course of instruction on the violin, under M. Lohse, first violinist of the Magdeburg Theatre, an able musician and experienced teacher, under whose care he made an astonishingly rapid progress. The correctness of his taste, and his eager ambition to excel all his competitors in the field of excellence, daily displayed themselves in a more active manner. He soon became perfectly master of the works of Pleyel, and other pleasing compositions current at that period, and began to aim at authors deemed far beyond the capacity of scholars of his age. Nothing then satisfied him but the masterpieces of Haydn, Boccherini, and Mozart: he devoured their beauties with avidity during his leisure hours, and was never so proud as when he could find his way into amateur parties, and join in the quartetts of these great masters.

So decided was the proficiency he had made on reaching his eleventh year, that he was invited by several eminent friends of the art to a musical meeting at Magdeburg, where he first exhibited his talents in public, in a concerto on the

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violin. The warm encouragement he obtained excited him to more vigorous exertion; and he soon found an ample field for the display of his talents in the subscription concerts of that town, which were then much in repute, and attended by many artists of eminence.

At the age of twelve he applied himself with more than common zeal to the study of the theory of music, and was so fortunate as to obtain the instructions of the well-known Zachariä, who, at that time, filled the situation of music-director to the academy of Alstädt. He afterwards received a very liberal offer from the highly-talented and generous Pitterlin, music-director of the Magdeburg theatre, which he accepted; and under the auspices of this able master, he became more intimately acquainted with the highest branches of his art. But, unfortunately, he was shortly after deprived of these advantages by the death of his friend and instructor, which took place in 1804.

As the loss thus sustained could not be repaired in Magdeburg, Fesca, now in his sixteenth year, went to Leipsic, in order to complete his studies under music-director Aug. Eber. Muller. Encouraged by the example of this excellent master, he now turned his attention to the study of the ancient church composers, for which abundant opportunities were afforded him in that city. Nor was it very long before he began to make trial of his own powers in composition, and his first essay, made in the following year (1805), in every respect encouraged him to proceed. It was a concerto for the violin, which he performed on a public occasion, before a very numerous auditory, by whom it was received with the most flattering marks of approbation. This successful exertion of his talents proved the means of introducing him to the notice of several men of talent, musicians and others, in whose society he found abundant means of improvement, but there was no one to whose acquaintance, and ultimately to whose friendship, it was the means of introducing him, who proved a more valuable acquisition to him than concert-master Matthai, an enlightened musician, who lost no opportunity of assisting the youthful aspirant to renown, both by counsel and example.

In 1806, the Duke of Oldenburg, when on a visit to Leipsic, was so much struck with the talents displayed by Fesca at a public concert, that at his desire the young artist was presented to him, and he made him an offer of a situation in his chapel. The motives which induced Fesca to accede the more willingly to this proposal were highly honourable to his feelings. His parents were by no means in flourishing circumstances; a considerable sum had been expended upon his musical education and there were several sisters to be provided for. His acceptance of this situation would enable him to assist in this important object, at the same time that it would afford him means and leisure for the prosecution of those studies which circumstances had been the means of interrupting; and yet this want of sufficient occupation for a youthful, active, and aspiring mind, however excellent his situation might be in other respects, made him sensibly feel that he was not in his proper place.

A visit to his native town of Magdeburg, towards the close of the year 1807, opened prospects to him more favourable to his further advancement. The new royal Westphalian chapel, and the opera in Cassel, both of which were under the direction of the celebrated Reichardt, afforded an ample field for the exercise of talent, and rewarded it sufficiently; for whatever might be the faults of the newly-established court of Jerome Buonaparte, parsimony, as far as the arts were concerned, was certainly not one. To find an admission here, was therefore an object of Fesca's ambition; nor was it long before an opportunity presented itself. He had formerly been known to Marshal Victor, and finding a favourable moment to make him acquainted with the object he had in view, the latter exerted his influence in his behalf. Fesca was sent for to display his talents before the court; his admirable performance excited the notice of the illustrious personage in question, as well as that of his consort, herself a distinguished musician, and shortly after he was appointed to the situation of first violinist, with a handsome salary.

He remained in Cassel till the great political changes in 1813, and has often been heard to say that the years he spent there were some of the happiest of his existence. Constant activity in the field of art, and the advantage of finding

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able co-operation in the numerous artists of merit by whom he was surrounded, formed his chief delight. Added to this he was blessed with a happy disposition, and a liberality of feeling which denied entrance to anything like envy and jealousy. In this place, too, he appeared publicly as a composer, and enjoyed no common share of renown. He produced here his first seven quartetts (Op. 1 and 2, and from op. 3, that in D major), and his two first symphonies (those in E minor and D major). He contrived to keep these works a profound secret till they had been performed and their merits acknowledged. In thus taking his friends by surprise he did but delight them the more, and he had the advantage of hearing the impartial voice of criticism uninfluenced by his presence. It has been remarked, that in these compositions Fesca did not forget himself, the part for the first violin being finished with particular care; but it would be unjust not to add that the other parts are not thereby thrown into the shade, but given with all the relief which the subject seemed to require. Fesca's forte lay particularly in the adagio, that true touchstone of a performer's ability, and it was in giving effect to this that his whole soul shone forth. No wonder then, that in the quartetts particularly, the slow movements show a delicacy not so observable in the rest of the composition; and who will undertake to say that, after all, it was not a pardonable favouritism?

After the dissolution of the kingdom of Westphalia, he paid a visit, in 1814, to his brother at Vienna. There every homage was paid to his talents; and though he had for some time ceased to play in public concerts, he was prevailed upon to sustain the principal part in his favourite quartetts, and was heard with a delight that was little short of enthusiasm. In such request were these productions, that he was induced to publish them during his stay in Vienna.

In 1815 Fesca received an offer from the Baron von Ende, superintendent of the court-theatre at Carlsruhe, of the situation of first violin, which he accepted; and the following year was appointed concert-master to the Grand Duke of Baden. During the eleven years that he filled this situation with so much honour, he composed his other nine violin quartetts, and four quintetts, besides several overtures. He had early turned his attention to compositions for the voice, and he now gave a proof of the proficiency he had made, in two operas, *Cantemire* and *Omar und Leila*, which were produced at the court-theatre, and admired for several successful airs. For various private musical societies he composed numerous songs, as well as some concerted pieces for four voices; and for the church he composed several anthems and psalms, particularly the celebrated 103rd psalm, which is still a favourite in Germany, and generally found to claim a place in all selections of sacred music. These compositions are admired for a character of piety and *naïveté* peculiarly his own, which, at the same time, does not exclude great pathos, energy, and depth of feeling; they are also marked by so much clearness and beauty of harmony as to claim the distinctive honour of being chosen as exercises in most of the schools for song in Germany. The characteristic expression of some of these psalms may be accounted for from the circumstance of their having been composed on particular occasions, and under peculiar impressions of the author's mind; for instance, the psalms 13th, and 103rd (op. 25 and 26), which were composed after the author's recovery from a severe illness, and are admirably expressive of the fervency of gratitude, and a tender and feeling sense of blessings received. One of these illnesses was in the spring of 1821, when he was reduced to almost a hopeless state by frequent attacks of hemorrhage. His recovery from this affliction was never effectual; it left him in a state of such debility that he was obliged to decline several offers that would have tended to improve his circumstances. The consequence was a painful depression of spirits, a settled melancholy which nothing could dissipate. Hopeless, however, as his situation appeared, there were occasional moments of serenity and self-possession, during which he composed various pieces by no means inferior to his earlier productions; nay, what is singular, some of them are of a much more lively and cheerful character.

A visit to the chalybeate waters at Ems, in 1825, appeared to be beneficial to him; indeed, so far was he invigorated as to be able to compose an overture for full orchestra (op. 41), and a flute quartett (op. 42), but alas, this was his last

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production! It was the scintillation of a genius which was on the point of becoming extinct for ever. He died the 24th of May following, and his end was soothed by every consolation that religion and friendship could bestow. Nothing could be a better testimony of the general esteem in which his character was held, than the anxiety shown to do honour to his memory. He was followed to his grave by almost every person of respectability in the place, without mentioning the numerous train of brother artists, some of whom came from a considerable distance to assist on this mournful occasion. His own beautiful and solemn composition to the psalm, "From the depths have I cried to thee, oh Lord," was impressively sung under the direction of kapellmeister Strauss. A few days afterwards, a concert was given under the superintendance of a committee of gentlemen of Carlsruhe, for the benefit of his widow and family; it was numerously attended, and the laudable object in view fully attained.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MME. DULCKEN, MR. BENEDICT, AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I, in common with others, am much pleased with the interest you take in the welfare of the Royal Academy of Music, which cannot be better exerted than in exposing the abuses of the institution, and the intrigues of those connected with it. Perceiving in your last number a paragraph stating that Mme. Dulcken and Mr. Benedict had empowered Mr. Willy to engage a band for their concerts, I hasten to inform you, that I believe that arrangement is set aside. The facts of the case are these—Messrs. Benedict and Co. having failed to secure the gratuitous services of the Royal Academy pupils, proceeded to Mr. Willy, who *knowingly* declined their liberal offers. Being again foiled, the adventurers retraced their steps to the Academy, and there stated that they all along intended to pay the pupils—that is, to give engagements to the senior students, and to make a present to the younger. To these terms, I am sorry to say, the pupils have acceded, and, in the hope of pocketing money, pocket the affront. Now, whether Mr. Willy rejected the offer, because he thought to accept it would injure his promenade concerts, or because he had not much faith in the guarantee of one of the party (M. Dulcken), it is impossible to say. Perhaps the latter reason had some weight, as it is well known that Monsieur D. has not thought fit to remunerate the gentlemen of the orchestra for their attendance at the three or four last annual concerts of his good lady, which may be one of the causes why the Academy has been favoured with proposals.

It is to be regretted that the academicians had not more discretion than to suffer themselves to be entrapped by a couple of designing foreigners, although abetted by the reverend superintendant; for be it known that this gentleman also now wishes the pupils to understand that *he* had likewise said they were to be paid—this the pupils deny. In fact, the peremptory tone in which the performing at these concerts was proposed to the Academy students, was enough to inspire disgust: for instance, Mr. Vickary, in his usual arbitrary manner, mentioned to the "gentleman engaged in blowing down the walls of the academy," in which he has not yet succeeded, that on the days of the aforesaid concerts he must on no account accept of another engagement; and then no recompense was named.

Now Mr. Benedict and Mme. Dulcken are desirous to engage the Royal Academy band, as they can by that means have as many rehearsals as they may desire, the regular academic studies being set aside to oblige these staunch supporters of the institution; but there can be no great pecuniary gain, even to such of the students as are to be paid, from an engagement for two concerts with the necessity of attending twelve or fourteen rehearsals. Further, an invasion has been threatened on the comforts of the students; for the Christmas holidays were to have been shortened by a fortnight, and that time added to those at Midsummer, in order to assemble the Academy together, for the two concerts; which arrangement Mr. Potter, the principal of the Royal Academy of Music, has, for the convenience of the professors, been long trying to obtain, but without success.

Peckham, December 7th, 1840. I am, Sir, your old subscriber,

A WELL WISHER TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

[We give insertion to the above communication, although it contains several personalities which had been better avoided, because it agrees in every particular with the accounts of the proceeding that have hitherto reached us from all hands;

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but as there appear to have been several misunderstandings on the subject which are even yet imperfectly explained to some of the parties, we feel bound in justice to insert the following statement of the case which we have this moment received from M. Dulcken:—On or about the 15th of November Mme. Dulcken wrote to Lord Burghersh, requesting the services of the students at her two *soirées*, and adding that all pecuniary matters should be settled with them. His lordship's permission being obtained, a meeting took place between the *beneficiaires* and Mr. F.Cramer, Mr. Lucas, and Mr. Vickary, the superintendant of the Royal Academy, when the terms on which the different pupils should be engaged were agreed upon. By some mismanagement the result of this meeting was not made known among the students, in consequence of which a misunderstanding prevailed that the committee enforced their gratuitous attendance at the concerts in question. Supposing the dissatisfaction expressed in the Academy to have been occasioned by an apprehension that the Christmas vacation would be abridged for the sake of the rehearsals of the first *soirée*, Mme. Dulcken and Mr. Benedict applied to Mr. Willy from a reluctance to infringe upon the relaxation of the students: hearing afterwards that this murmuring had arisen from the misrepresentation we have mentioned, they broke off their negotiations with Mr. Willy, and Mr. Benedict himself explained to the students that it had all along been his intention to pay such of them as are in the habit of taking engagements their regular terms, and to make a present to such young ladies and gentlemen as may be considered not yet out in the profession. We hope this explanation will satisfy all parties, and that we shall have no farther occasion to remark upon the two concerts until it shall become our pleasing duty to compliment the *beneficiaires* on their success.—Ed. M. W.]

THE GRESHAM LECTURES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—In reply to the letter from W. N. T., published in your last number, complaining that the public are excluded from the chance of hearing the lectures delivered by the Gresham Professor of Music in the theatre of this establishment, by the place being filled by the friends of the school previously to the doors being opened, I beg leave to offer the most decided contradiction to such a statement, as utterly devoid of truth.

Allow me also to add, that on the occasion to which I suppose your correspondent intended to allude, as there is a mistake in his letter in point of date, there was accommodation not only for all who were (as he says he was) at the door by half-past six o'clock, but also for many more who arrived afterwards.

Trusting that you will, in your next number, correct the misrepresentations contained in the letter of W. N. T.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

City of London School, December 7th, 1840. T. BREWER, Secretary.

[We have great pleasure in receiving this official refutation of the statement of our last week's correspondent. It is in the highest degree desirable for the diffusion of musical knowledge that public lectures and the means of access to them should be made as general as possible, so we are glad to find that W. N. T. was misinformed. As we wish to pay respect to every opinion, we insert the following, letter which, though it differs in a statement of facts from that of Mr. Brewer, will be interesting to our readers as a demonstration of the high veneration in which some people hold the Gresham Lecturer.—Ed. M. W.]

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—I have just received the last number of the "Musical World," containing a letter from W. N. T., in which he complains of not being able to obtain a seat at the City of London School during Professor Taylor's last lecture.

As I was present every night of the course, and have been for many previous terms, I beg to state the facts as they really are. It is generally known that at half-past six the doors are opened to the public, and on the night in question, Wednesday, the 25th, the crowd was assembled from half-past five; at ten minutes to six I joined the musical multitude, and never experienced a more dreadful degree of pressure or heat on any previous occasion.

Five minutes before the usual time they found it necessary to open the doors, as several

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ladies were fainting, and the crowd standing half down Honey-lane. The rush for seats was fearful, and, a few moments after the opening of the doors, the stairs, and every available place, were densely crowded. At the time of the public being admitted, there were not half-a-dozen persons in the theatre: so that I fear your correspondent's informant was as ignorant of the truth as himself.

I would not have troubled you with this explanation of the circumstances, but I consider it due to the admirers of Edward Taylor and the public, who are often misled by erroneous statements, and deterred from going to places where they would be put to the inconvenience of standing, though I would much rather stand than be deprived of attending a Gresham lecture —I am, sir, yours, &c. MUSICA.

REVIEW.

Sunday Evening Recreations; composed by G. Lanza.

In a kind of preface to his little work, Signor Lanza thus defends the style in which he has thought fit to adapt music to sacred subjects;—"Some, on perusal of my pages, may consider me too florid in my style; but why should composers exert their energies and spend their lives in attempting to give the most harmonious, pathetic, and forcible expressions to the works of profane authors, as exhibited in the operatic and ballad department of composition? Is not the Creator, the God to whom we owe our faculties, the most entitled to their use? Surely, yes! Then why should we address the Almighty in the cold and gloomy strains of despondency, as if we doubted his love and merciful clemency? No! let the heart's joyousness proclaim its hope in the Redeemer, its confidence in the celestial Maker of all things, in the glad note of cheerfulness." With every word of this we most cordially agree; but it appears to us that, in carrying out his principles, Signor Lanza has fallen into the old predicament of avoiding the rock but to perish in the whirlpool, or that his ideas of the relative value of the words "despondency" and "cheerfulness," as applied to sacred music, do not coincide with ours. If, for example, we had to fix on specimens of lugubriousness, we might perhaps name the works of certain psalm-manufactures of the English school, or of Dr. Elvey, or Mr. Perry, in the oratorio-way. But will any one tell us that, in the two masses and the *Mount of Olives* of Beethoven, or the *St. Paul* of Mendelssohn—(we speak only of *modern* music)—there is any dulness worthy of avoidance, or that whatever sentiment *ought* to be rapturously expressed is not therein rendered with the fullest joyousness? But as there is "one flesh of beasts and another of birds," so is there one joy of angels and another of men—one joy wholly sacred and another entirely profane; and thus would we draw a distinction which Signor Lanza appears to have overlooked. We object to many of the lighter parts of Haydn's and Mozart's Masses—not simply because they are *joyous*, but because their character is "of earth, earthy"—their hilarity is the sparkling prettiness of the theatre, not the triumphant exultation of the church. But turn we to the superb *Gloria* in Beethoven's first mass, or that *ultimatum* of power and dignity, the chorus in F in the first part of *St. Paul*, and we find all that Signor Lanza would seek of cheerfulness, but enriched, elevated, and made worthy of its purpose by the truest sublimity.

We would not undervalue Signor Lanza's pretty and melodious compositions further than that we think he has much overshot his mark. He expresses his praiseworthy anxiety to "obviate that monotony which generally characterizes psalmody," but, in doing this he has run so far into the extreme of frivolity as to have nearly approached the mass-writing style now prevalent in Italy, than which —whatever be its *prettyness*—we know nothing more truly contemptible as applied to the purposes of devotion.

Two numbers of Signor Lanza's work are now before us—both being *arias* with short choruses post-joined. In neither do we find any attempt at novelty or elaborate treatment—the latter being, perhaps excluded by his plan—but both are certainly pretty and unobjectionable, always saving their inapplicability to the the sacred subjects which they are designed to illustrate. Of the two we prefer the "Christmas Song" as more interesting and musician-like than its fellow, although conceived in a spirit of 6-8 gaiety which would far more decently befit the announcement of some rustic festivity than a hymn to the Messiah's advent.

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MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—PRODUCTION OF DONIZETTI'S NEW OPERA, "LA FAVORITE," AT THE ACADEMIE ROYALE.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—As I know you are particularly fond of Donizetti and all his doings, I devote what little spare time I have for your information as to the new opera, *La Favorite*, with which he has just dosed the Parisian critics. You raise a mighty dust in London about the villainous usage of native artists, and I don't doubt the justice of all such complaints; still I must remark that grounds for native grumblings are not wholly confined to your side of the water. They have here, as every body knows, a fine theatre, a superb band and chorus, and principals enough to make an Englishman gnash his teeth in despair, and with all these they certainly do *very often* bring out operas of home manufacture;—I think they should do so *invariably*, which they do not, as also everybody knows. No one can object to the occupation of the French opera, every now and then, by the works of such foreigners as Meyerbeer and Rossini, for their genius wipes out the anti-national scandal;—the Parisians may justly boast of being the first auditors of the superb *Guillaume Tell*, for example; but why such *natives* as Auber and Halevy are to have their noses put out of joint by that incomprehensibly stupid person, *Il maestro* Gaetano Donizetti, is to me a puzzle. I never suspected the French of sound musical taste, but this new *Donizetti*-fit at the *Academie Royale* seems to infer some terrible backslidings which I did not at all anticipate—*Les Martyrs*, which ought to have satisfied any reasonable craving for gingerbread, lollipops, and such like trumpery, was not enough, it seems, for their curiosity, so they must needs try another batch of the same manufacture. *Eh bien!* so let it be; every dog has his day, and Donizetti must come in for his turn with the rest of the curs, albeit *his* day is somewhat of the longest and brightest considering his deserts. The drama of *La Favorite* is written by M. M. Royer and Vaez, and although I am not quite sure that I understand its plot myself, I shall attempt a slight sketch of it for the benefit of your *abonnés*, as they say here. The supposed date is as far back as 1340, and the opera opens in a monastery somewhere in the kingdom of Castile, and, as everybody would suppose, with a chorus of monks. *Fernand*, who, as far as I could understand, is a candidate for the vows of the order, has somewhere or other been irrecoverably smitten by a lovely specimen of woman-kind, reveals his passion to a monk, *Balthazar*, and is by him advised to quit a religious life forthwith. *Fernand* is next seen on the coast of Leon, surrounded by a legion of *figurantes*, whither he comes to seek his beloved. At length *Leonor* arrives, and, after many endearments as usual, presents him with a royal order appointing him captain in the army;—here's the church-militant with a vengeance! The King of Castile has unluckily conceived a violent passion for this same *Leonor*, to which the frail fair (and she is good evidence on the point) subsequently declares herself to have yielded. His majesty determines to put away his wife in favour of his mistress, and is on the point of feeling very comfortable, when, by means of an intercepted letter, he discovers that he has a rival. This is only the commencement of his distraction, for the monk *Balthazar* arrives opportunely to present him with an excommunicative bull from the Pope, founded on his announced determination to repudiate his wife, and thereupon everybody, of course, goes into extacies of despair and fury by way of *finale* to the third act. *Fernand*, meanwhile, has been super-doughty in arms, and, returning to court, claims as his recompense the hand of *Leonor*. To this the king accedes, but *Leonor* spoils the whole effect of his majesty's generosity, by a sudden fit of candour, during which she publicly declares herself to have been the king's mistress. *Fernand* now goes mad in turn, breaks his sword, does a great deal of other damage, and like other people when disappointed in this world, turns his thoughts to the next;—in fact, he resolves to return to the monastery. Thither he goes, and just as he is about to enter on a perpetuity of sack-cloth and ashes, *Leonor* arrives, falls at his feet, and implores his forgiveness. His love returns with renewed force, but too late to save *Leonor*, who

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dies, exhausted by her grief and exertion. After such an event, of course, nothing can possibly be done, and, therefore, much grief on the part of *Fernand*, assisted by a chorus of monks, conclude the opera. Here is Donizetti again up to his ears in tragedy, and a pretty figure he cuts, as usual. After all, he has one recommendation—he is a capital hand at erasing any dolorous impressions that may be made by the action of his dramas. A man who is in the constant habit of describing moonlight by trombones and ophicleides, and working horror into phrenzy by means of a galop, stands no great chance of visiting his auditors with the nightmare; just such a man is Donizetti, and just such things has he done throughout *La Favorite*. I have not leisure to give you a critical account of the musical merit of this opera, and if I had, I should not think it worth my trouble or the patience of your readers. Donizetti once, is Donizetti always;—a man who hears any one of his fifty operas, stands a good chance of knowing at least forty of the remainder. The overture in this case is, as a composition, rather better than his usual doings in that way; still it is as ridiculously inconsistent with the character of the drama as any of his others. The dead march in *Saul*, played as a prelude to *Punch*, would not be an atom more out of place than is Donizetti's overture to *La Favorite*. A peculiarity of the music, throughout, is that, although long enough and loud enough in all conscience, it has no *importance* in its construction. Up to the end of the second act, there is no concerted music for the principal singers at all worth notice. A chorus now and then, and a constant succession of romances, cavatinas, and duets, such as properly belong to a smaller kind of opera, form its whole sum and substance, and wearying enough it is. The *finales* are, of course, more weightily put together; but even here, the eternal *allegro à la galop*, in the midst of all manner of despairing lovers, false mistresses, and excommunicated kings, makes one forget everything except that one is suffering the infliction of an opera by Donizetti. Even the greatest pleasure of *prettyness*—its novelty—is denied to the enduring hearer of *La Favorite;* for even when the composer vouchsafes to be pretty and agreeable, which is but seldom I may add, he is so, terribly at the expense of all his other works, as well as of many of his neighbours', from which he has stolen ideas, such as they are, with the most hardened audacity. In fact there is, literally, not *one* new thought in the whole, which is a little too bad for a grand opera in four acts, produced at the pure, the classical, the dignified *Academie Royale*. The only morsel that has at all fixed itself on my mind, is a little air in A minor, sung by Baroilhet, in the second act; it is certainly very pretty, but still extremely like half-a-dozen other things from the same hand. The whole was bautifully executed, as operas always are here, by Mme. Stolz as *Leonor*, Duprez as *Fernand*, Levasseur as *Balthazar*, and Baroilhet as *Alphonso*. Mme. Stolz is a good singer, though rather cold, and certainly not comparable to Dorus Gras. Baroilhet is a great artist in every sense—more nearly resembling Tamburini than any one I know, but, to my taste, better than the Italian. I cannot say, from the result of the first night, what will be the ultimate fate of *La Favorite*. Here, as with you, the *clacqueurs* carry all before them; but I strongly suspect, that when the public are allowed their own way, they will decide against Donizetti and his new bantling.

P.S. They are laughing finely here at your new operatic attempt in London, of the first night of which somebody has brought over and circulated a stinging report. Barnett's friends (of whom there are many here) are most anxious that he should succeed.

Hotel de Nantz, Place Carousel.

METROPOLITAN.

Princess's Theatre.—The director of this establishment, in pursuance of Mr. Eliason's example of meeting the great curiosity respecting the works of the much celebrated Hector Berlioz, has introduced his *Overture to King Lear*, which has never been previously played in England. The compositions of this author cannot fail to impress the critical hearer, from two causes; first, because

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they have been so much extolled on the continent that the deepest attention is almost involuntary from the curiosity thus excited; second, because there is such an evident striving at originality, and such an ardent ambition in every passage of the works themselves, that the attention exacted at the commencement is irresistibly chained till the end. The present overture does not receive that justice from the magnitude or spirit of the orchestra which was given to the *Francs Juges* at Drury-lane, therefore we will not venture so decisive an opinion as to its merits: it appears to be a composition far more regular in its plan, but containing less of those bold and startling passages, and that breadth of instrumentation which mark the other work. *King Lear* has the same general characteristics with the overtures of *Waverley* and *Les Francs Juges*, namely, an incompleteness of phraseology; a harshness in some of the harmonic combinations which proves the author's desire for novelty to be greater than his taste or knowledge to direct it; weakness and insipidity in the cantabile passages, which seem like ordinary French airs unnaturally distorted; and with all this unexcellence we must admit the great merit of a complete command over the resources of the orchestra, which are frequently turned to the best advantage. Either *King Lear* is a subject which does not admit of musical description, or the present attempt to pourtray it is a failure, or Mr. Willy and his band do not give proper expression to the author's intentions, or, which is perhaps the most probable, we, not having "too much genius" are unable to enter into his ideas, for we cannot discover the slightest resemblance between the delineations of Shakspere and Berlioz.

Islington Amateur Society.—The second concert of this society took place, under the direction of its founder, Mr. Reed, on Monday evening last. The band numbered about forty, and was extremely effective throughout. The wind instruments were, of course, wielded by professional hands, but sufficient of the quartett-department was left to the amateurs to prove that they were making rapid strides in their orchestra-practice. Beethoven's overture to *Leonora*, notwithstanding its difficulties, which have puzzled many larger and more celebrated bands than that assembled on this occasion, was played with uncommon spirit and effect. An occasional weakness of the fiddles was perceptible in some of the more knotty points, which, considering its difficulty and the comparative inexperience of the performers, was not to be wondered at; but the general going of the overture was, nevertheless, highly creditable to all parties concerned. The overture to *Guillaume Tell*, which opened the second act, was an equally creditable performance, and, of course, more successful with the audience. The playing of the principal violoncello (Mr. W. Reed) in the first movement, was highly satisfactory, and we have seldom heard anything more delicious than the flute and *corno inglese* of Messrs. Richardson and Keating in the movement following the storm. The most interesting professional performance of the evening was a quintett by Beethoven for pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, charmingly played by Messrs. T. G. Reed (for whom a very needless apology on the score of indisposition was previously made), Keating, Lazarus, Godfrey, and Creaghton. In the course of the concert, two madrigals—Festa's "Down in a flow'ry vale," and Barnett's "Merrily wake music's measure"—were nicely sung by a strong body of amateur chorus, and warmly applauded. It struck us, however, from a frequent want of unity of expression in both these madrigals, that many of the singers had neglected attendance at rehearsals—a practice quite sufficient to neutralize the best efforts of the choral directors. The principal singers were Mrs. Severn, Misses Woodyatt, Ward and Reed, and Messrs. Horncastle, Freame, and F. Lablache. We regret that we cannot spare space to individually notice their performances, and can, therefore, merely say that the best were, Spohr's lovely song, "The bird and the maiden," beautifully sung by Mrs. Severn, and accompanied on the clarinet and pianoforte by Mr. Lazarus and the conductor; "Largo al factotum" by Sig. F. Lablache, and a very pretty Irish ballad composed by Mr. T. G. Reed, and sung by Miss Reed. Between the acts, "God save the Queen" was sung and played by every body concerned, with a new and capital orchestral arrangement, of which we did not discover the author. Mr. Dando led, with his usual ability, and the conductors were, Mr. H. Smart for the first act, and Mr. T. G. Reed for the second.

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PROVINCIAL.

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LIVERPOOL.—*Grand Subscription Concerts.*—The first of the series for the present season took place on Tuesday the 1st inst., and was numerously attended. The great magnet of attraction on this occasion was Liszt, who played four times, to the great delight of the audience. Miss Steele and Miss Bassano, together with John Parry, jun., and a most efficient orchestra, made up the remainder of the performers. The two young ladies appeared to give universal satisfaction, especially in their duets. Parry gave some of his comic songs with his accustomed excellence; he is the prince of mirth-moving singers, and never fails to make a hit. The orchestra was very efficient in the overtures, which were given with a spirit and precision, particularly in the violin department, quite refreshing. In a chorus of Beethoven, at the end of the second act, the wind instruments strove with each other who should best drown the shouting of some score of singers in the front These latter, in their turn, retaliated upon the trumpets and drums, so that between both parties such a discordant din was raised as to make one involuntarily seek to stop the ears! This piece was the black spot of the concert, all else was more or less good and satisfactory, and we trust the enterprising *entrepreneur* will save both himself and the public the infliction of listening to a second edition of such chorus singing and playing. Upon the whole, this concert was a far better commencement than last year, and must have yielded much gratification to the Liverpool public.

NEWCASTLE ON TYNE.—A concert was given at the Assembly Rooms, on the 26th ult., by Mr. Carte, the eminent flutist. One of the principal attractions of the evening was the performance on the violoncello by the celebrated Lindley. It is sixteen years since the veteran was heard in Newcastle, and we may truly say that he has lost nothing of his extraordinary execution and unrivalled sweetness, and retains the same command over his instrument as ever. Mr. Blagrove delighted all by his masterly performance on the violin. The trio by Mayseder, played by Lindley, Blagrove, and Mr. Ketelle on the piano, was the gem of the evening, the latter gentleman's pianoforte playing is characterised by great elegance, taste, and expression. Miss Birch's performance of "Rhode's Air," and "Sweet Mary mine," elicited rapturous applause from the audience; nor must we omit Mrs. Fiddes, who acquitted herself most creditably in "Deh conte," with Miss Birch, and the ballad of the "Inchcape Bell." Mr. Carte's two solos on the flute were admirably performed, and Mr. Hobbs surpassed himself in "Yarico to her lover." The concert was extremely well attended.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. Lavenu gave a concert here on the 27th ult., Liszt being the great attraction, assisted in the vocal department by Miss Steele, Miss Bassano, and Mr. John Parry: Mr. Lavenu conducted We must especially notice the singing of Miss Steele in Balfe's ballad, "They tell me thour't the favoured guest;" and a little song composed by the conductor, and sang very well by Miss Bassano. Mr. Parry was loudly encored in his comic song, "Wanted a wife," and also in his own ballad, "Fair Daphne," which he sang and accompanied with great taste. M. Liszt was hailed with great applause in the performance of the "Marche Hongroise," and he made the noble instrument he played on ring out like a brass band. His second performance was a *melange* introducing two airs by Rossini, and the favourite polacca from *I Puritani.* The third selection introduced a tarantilla and gallop of the most sparkling brilliance. The fourth selection was Schubert's "Serenata," and part of the overture to *Guillaume Tell.* This last excelled all in its amazing grandeur; the instrument under his hands giving the effect of a full orchestra. At the conclusion he was so rapturously encored that, after keeping the audience in suspense for some minutes, he returned to the instrument and gave an impromptu on "God save the Queen." The concert was very thinly attended, there not being above eighty persons in the room.

MANCHESTER.—*The Gentlemen's Glee Club* had a numerous meeting on the 3rd inst. In honour of the birth of the princess royal, the concert was opened with the national anthem, which was given with great power and effect. Thursday happening to be the anniversary of the battle of Hohenlinden, Tom Cooke's fine glee of that name was sung in commemoration. Weber's "Haste gallant knight," from *Oberon*, accompanied by a chorus, was very well sung; the duet, by Misses Hardmann and Graham, was beautifully given. T. Cooke's "As it fell upon a day" was ably sung. The finest piece of the evening, however, was "How deep the Sigh," from Bishop's lately published "Complete Collection of Glees, &c." It is a delightful thing, full of feeling and beauty, and was sung with great taste and expression by Miss Graham, Mrs. Winterbottom, and Mr. Walton, and was warmly encored. T. Cooke's madrigal, "Shall I waste my youth," has the

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flavour of the old madrigal about it, and had justice done it. "The Lass of Gowrie," harmonized by Ransford, was very sweetly sung by Miss Hardmann, Messrs. Barlow, Walton, and Hughes: it gave general satisfaction, and promises to become a decided favourite. Bishop's pretty little chorus, "Gather each flower," from his opera of *Maid Marian*, was sung in the light carolling style, which best befits it. Dr. Smith's convivial glee "Haste, my boy," was sung with great *gusto*. Bishop's glee of "Hear Aladdin," from the opera of *Aladdin*, was loudly applauded. Danby's "Fair Flora decks," was sung with great sweetness; as was a madrigal of Linley's, "Let me careless," sung by a full choir. To these followed George Hargreaves's glee, "Some feelings are to mortals given," one of the most refined compositions in the whole range of this class of vocal compositions, and it was sung by Messrs. Barlow, Walton, Clough, and Gale, with a discriminating taste and a right appreciation of its character. The concert closed with a chorus of Storace (from the opera of *The Cherokee*), sung for the first time here, called "Revenge! Revenge!"

Bristol.—*A Sacred Concert* was given on the 2nd inst. at the Prince's-street Assembly-room. The selection was an admirable one. It was opened by Mr. Millar, with an anthem of Handel's, "O come let us worship," a chaste and elegant composition, delivered by the singer with appropriate taste. A scene from *Judas Maccabæus* followed, which would have been more effective but for the pauses between its parts, which destroyed its unity; all the singers engaged in it should have been present at the same time, and then Miss Strachan's "Pious Orgies" (very creditably sung) would have seemed like a reply to the invitation of Judas Maccabæus "to the sincerity of prayer." "Hear us, O Lord," was far from neatly performed. The words "Hear us, O Lord, on thee we call," should have been pianissimo, and the succeeding line "Resolved on conquest or a glorious fall," should have had all the strength the band and voices could impart to it. As it was, it went tamely. In the first part we had some of the gems of Haydn's *Creation*, one of which, "On mighty plumes," sung by Miss Patton, would have pleased us better, had the words been uttered more distinctly. We were delighted with the rich style in which Mr. Millar delivered, from this oratorio, "In splendour bright," and "In native worth." Miss L. Strachan sung "With verdure clad" in a very pleasing manner. Her voice is good, and, with the aid of a little more cultivation, she will be an acquisition to the musical world. "The earth obeyed the mighty word," a fine bass song, was admirably sung by Mr. T. Machin. Unqualified delight was elicited by Mr. Millar's "When thou tookest upon thee" (*Dettingen Te Deum*), and Miss Shaw's "Angels ever bright and fair." This young lady, a pupil of Sir George Smart's, made her *debut* before a Bristol audience, and, with it, a very pleasing impression. Her voice and expression are exceedingly good, her ear correct, and her style chaste—qualifications which are the elements of eminence. This lady also sang "Gratias agimus tibi" (*Guglielmi*), the rapid and difficult passages of which she gave with a distinctness and purity rarely surpassed by so young a *debutante*. Her cadence, with Harvey's clarionet, was very delicately managed. The *Benedictus* of Mozart was listened to with the delight it never fails to excite, though its effect was somewhat impaired by the band playing the accompaniment too loud. We must not conclude without expressing our admiration of Mr. H. C. Cooper's performance on the violin, in a brilliant Fantasia. Another instrumental treat was likewise afforded by Mr. Harvey's concerto on the clarionet.

Newcastle.—*The Musical Students' Society* held their third dress concert in the New Music Hall, on the 2nd inst. These entertainments are private, being given by the members of the above-named society as a treat to their friends, a numerous company of whom was present on this occasion. The performances consisted of a variety of pieces, both vocal and instrumental, which seemed to afford great pleasure to the hearers, whose approbation was expressed by repeated and enthusiastic applause.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Society of Female Musicians held their annual general meeting last week, to receive the report of the treasurer, Miss Masson, which gave great satisfaction to the members present, and will doubtless gratify the friends of the institution and the patrons of the art. From Miss Masson's statement it appears that, besides several donations, and small sums charitably disbursed, the Society have been enabled to place a nest-egg of 100*l.* in the funds, which, we trust, may be the precursor of many a golden addition.

The Madrigalian Association held a meeting at Crosby Hall on Saturday evening. Upwards of forty ladies and gentlemen amateurs took part in the per-

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formance of a judicious selection of some of the best specimens of the madrigal style of composition. We are delighted to record the increase of such institutions as this, which is the surest evidence of the growing desire for musical knowledge, and of the appreciation of the classical in vocal composition.

The Messrs. Barnett, whose sudden termination of their experiment on the musical patriotism of London, has caused as much curiosity as surprise, talk of resuming their managerial functions at the English Opera-house on Boxing night. When their plan is more fully organised we shall take an opportunity to state particulars. Their new *arena* is much better situated for the public, and much better adapted for sound than the Prince's Theatre, added to which, the more fortunate season of the year and the brief experience of their first campaign are strong reasons to hope for their better success.

Mr. W. J. Hammond is said to have successfully terminated his long litigation with Mr. Fisher, by which means the lease of the Strand Theatre is thrown into the bankrupt's estate, and will furnish a small dividend to the creditors. We congratulate the many authors, actors, and musicians who have proved their debts, and who have for the most part signed Mr. Hammond's certificate, on this probability of receiving some remuneration for their labours at Drury-lane last season, and some satisfaction for the good feeling they have testified towards the ill-starred manager.

Mr. Braham.—The success of our great vocal veteran in America has equalled the most sanguine wishes of his friends and admirers; particulars have reached us of a concert at the Tabernacle in New York, in which his performance of "Comfort ye," "They rebuke," "Deeper and deeper still," "Thou shalt dash them," and "Luther's Hymn," are reported to have produced a sensation upon his audience un*reckon*able with anything hitherto experienced, and quite un*guessed* at by hunters after musical importations into the new world. The building was crowded to overflow; the other principal vocalists were Mrs. Edward Loder, of Bath, formerly Miss Watson, Mr. C. E. Horn and his lady. Dr. Hodges presided at the organ.

Mrs. Waylett is playing at Bath, where her fellow-townsmen pay full respect to her "wood notes wild" in the new farce, and the old melodrame, *Fashionable Arrivals* and *One o'clock*.

Miss Forde, who for many seasons was a favourite vocalist at Drury-lane Theatre, and originally a pupil of her brother-in-law, Mr. Rooke, unfortunately slipped in alighting at the Eagle Tavern, where she is now engaged, during the late severe fog and frost, and suffered a fracture of the arm. We are happy to learn that the fracture has been reduced, and the patient is in a fair way of recovery.

Mr. William Beale gained the prize of ten guineas, which was offered by the Adelphi Glee Club, to the composer of the most approved Glee. There were six candidates, whose compositions generally were highly thought of.

Several members of the late band of the Prince's Theatre, as a demonstration of their confidence in the management, and their earnestness in the cause of English opera, have volunteered their services for a certain period in the new speculation. The Messrs. Barnett are not likely to require this aid, nor will their feelings allow them to accept it; but the proffer is in the highest degree honourable to the gentlemen who have made it.

The Society of British Musicians will hold their half yearly general meeting to-morrow at twelve o'clock, at the harp manufactory of Messrs. Erard, who kindly lend their room for their occasion.

Opera Directors *v.* Musical Journals.—*La France Musicale* says of the *Academie Royale*, that it has refused the usual admissions to certain journals, on the ground that their criticisms "were too severe on the management;" it is curious enough, that for the last two seasons, Mr. Laporte has refused the "Musical World" the usual admissions to the Italian Opera-house, and on precisely the same pretence!

The Adelphi Glee Club will commence its fifty-third season at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on Saturday the 19th inst. The Melodist Club will reassemble in January, and the Catch Club in February.

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THE AMATEURS AND COGNOSCENTI OF RICHMOND have formed a society for the practice of vocal and instrumental music. There have been several similar attempts in this town which have been unsuccessful; the present association commences under better auspices, and, we hope, will prove more lasting.

PRINCE ALBERT'S OPERA.—We promised to make inquiries respecting the suppression of this work: we have done so; but cannot trace the very general rumour to any foundation sufficiently authentic to confirm it. Mr. Limbird, the publisher, has expressed himself in very hostile terms on account of the paragraph which appeared in our antepenultimate number, we readily receive his assurance in contradiction of the same; and, as the best proof of our just intentions, invite him to furnish us with full particulars, to which we will most cheerfully give publicity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Handel's Works.—Our correspondent who inquires as to the number of volumes forming a complete set of Handel's works, is informed that the only uniform collection is that of Dr. Arnold, which appeared in one hundred and eighty numbers. These are usually found bound up in either thirty-six or forty-two volumes, as the fancy of the original purchasers dictated. This set, however, includes but a few of Handel's operas.

Our review of Mr. Stimpson's book on chanting has drawn on us a legion of letters, all seeking to prove that the method of "pointing," of which we expressed our approbation, was, in reality, invented by Dr. Camidge, of York, or Mr. James, of Ely, or somebody else; and especially one from Mr. Graham, of Manchester, about the length of an ordinary sermon, the end of which is to adjudge the disputed merit to the writer himself.

We cannot afford room for any of these epistles, and must, therefore, beg our correspondents to rest satisfied with our apology for having incautiously done Mr. Stimpson the injustice to saddle him with a merit to which, it appears, he is not entitled.

We have received the circular respecting the production of *Spartacus* at the Victoria Theatre, which being a literary and not a musical subject, we do not consider within our province to notice.

We shall be happy to receive any further communication with which Mr. Dulcken may favour us, and will do all in our power to remove any disagreeable impression that may exist with regard to him.

We have omitted a passage in the letter of a "Well-wisher to the Academy," which we consider irrelevant to his present subject. We contemplated a long article on the abuses of the institution, and shall feel obliged to our correspondent for another letter containing further particulars relating to the appointment of foreign professors.

"J. P." has our very best thanks: we have not made use of the whole of his communication, because some of the information it contained was already in our printer's hands, and for obvious reasons some is at this moment unavailable. We shall at all times be most happy to hear from him.

"W. B." is declined with thanks.

"F. B. J." will find the matter he speaks of fully explained in the present number.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Nordmann.—Les Seduisantes quadrilles; for two performers - - - - - *Boosey.*
Smith, G.—L'Offvandi de l'Amitie; nos. 1 and 2 - - - - - - - *Z. T. Purday.*
Wilson, W.—Vaga luna; variations *T. E. Purday.*
Craven, J.—Jim along Josey quadrilles *Ditto.*
Spohr, L.—Erinnerung an Marienbad; waltz - - - - - - - - *Ewer.*
Weber.—Operas of Jubel, Preciosa, and Freyschutz - - - - - *Ditto.*
Spontini.—Opera, Vestale - - - *Ditto.*
Standard Operas, edited by J. Devaux.—No. 17, Semiramide - - - *Cramer.*
Lillo's Opera, L'Osteria d'Andugar.—Aria—Vedi la sa quella balzar. Cavatina—Quando assisa. Aria—Domani a me felice. Romanza—Se non son dama di qualita. Aria—Sempre vagante senza pensier - - - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Burgmuller.—Carline; galop brilliant, op. 65 - - - - - - - - *Wessel.*
Asmill —Felicita; introduction and variations - - - - - - - *Ditto.*

(Duets.)

Soirées de Londres Quadrilles, nos. 35, 36, 37 *Ditto.*
Herz.—Easy rondos "Les Gentilesses de Vienne, de Paris, de Londres, de Berlin" *Ditto.*
Gems of German Melody.—Songs by Schubert, Lachner, Proch, &c. - - - *Ditto.*
Chopin.—Souvenir d'Andalusia; bolero, op. 19 - - - - - - - - *Wessel.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Konig.—Salut à l'Angleterre; cornet à pistons and piano - - - - - *Wessel.*
Schubert.—Le Dnieper; nocturne for two violoncellos and piano - - - *Ditto.*
Clinton.—Gems of the Opera for one Flute *Ditto.*
Drouet's most admired airs and solos for flute & piano, edited by Clinton; 13 books *Ditto.*
Weber's Works, edited by Moscheles; nos. 11, 12, 13, 14 - - - - - *Chappell.*
Ernst, H.—Concertina for violin and piano; op. 12 - - - - - - - *Ewer.*

VOCAL.

Lachner.—Weep not for sorrow - *Wessel.*
Benbixen.—My faint spirit; song - *Ditto.*
Pelzer, F.—Lovely night; with guitar accompaniment - - - - - *Chappell.*
Meyerbeer.—En vain j'espere; cavatina *Ditto.*
——— Idole de ma vie; ditto - - *Ditto.*
Klitz.—Napoleon's Grave - *Z. T. Purday.*
Wastfield, A.—Lord, let me know mine end; anthem - - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Sporle, J.—Merrie England - *T. E. Purday.*
Monmsey, Miss.—The mantilus cradle *Ditto.*
Glindon, R.—Queen Victoria's baby; comic *Ditto.*
——— Christmas waits - - - *Ditto.*

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THE

MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,

AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν."
PLAT. Phædo. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

DEC. 17, 1840. No. CCXLVII.—New Series, No. CLV. PRICE 3*d.* STAMPED, 4*d.*

The metropolis is considered as a concentration of the resources of the whole country—in fact, London is commonly said to be England; although nothing can be more untrue, at least with respect to music. Putting foreign assistance out of the question, it is true that London possesses orchestras and concerts which no provincial town can rival, and, considering her importance and her number of wealthy idlers whose sole amusement is found in patronising the arts, it were rather more than extraordinary were it otherwise. But in a generalised feeling for music and aptitude for acquiring its practice, especially among the lower classes, the population of London is much behind that of certain provinces. Towards the north of England, in Lancashire and Yorkshire especially, we find the passion for music universal. In these counties, in spite of mining, and manufacturing, and other pursuits which Mrs. Trollope and other silly people, who write and talk of that which is entirely above their comprehension, declare to exert a demoralising influence on the people, in these counties is music the sole enjoyment of a large majority of the inhabitants. In spite of the alleged mental corruption produced by the factory system, we find in Lancashire and Yorkshire a more insatiable thirst for, and greater patience in the practice of, classical music, than in any other part of the kingdom;—in spite of the alleged physical imbecility produced by "heated rooms, long working-hours, and inhuman treatment," we find in these two counties the finest voices in the world. Next to a specific contravertion of the falsehoods set on foot by the ignorance and quackery of the Trollope-school, we know no better refutation of such absurdities than the facts here mentioned;—among a people really demoralized music would long since have vanished in the pursuit of grosser pleasures—among a people physically emaciated sonorousness of voice would be the first corporeal quality to disappear.

The passion and aptitude for music in these provinces are not only universal,

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but almost instinctive, and are equally observable in those who are ignorant, and those who have made themselves acquainted with the rudiments of art. Singing is the constant amusement of girls employed in the lighter labour of factories, and of whole families occupied with weaving in their own homes. In almost every house in the suburbs of the large towns, the wayfarer hears voices carolling forth with a power and joyousness which banishes at once all ideas of "confined atmospheres" and "unhealthy employments." The matter of this abundant singing is generally some psalm-tune, anthem, or chorus, picked up by ear at the churches and retained with astonishing correctness—the young girls singing the melody, and the rest of the family contributing extempore tenors and basses which display discrimination of ear and hankering after good harmonic combinations to an extent no less wonderful than gratifying to a stranger. In learning music as applied to singing, the aptitude of these people is equally remarkable. Their instinctive notion of the musical scale and its structure is so strong that, being furnished with a "gamut"—*i. e.* an octave of the scale of C major, with the syllables of *solfeggio* annexed—and what amount of explanation they can procure from their more experienced associates, they are enabled in a few weeks to take part in the practices of the simpler kinds of church-music. Their syllabic division of the octave differs from that in common use in the omission of the syllables *Do* and *Re*, and the consequent repetition of the rest; but defective as this system may appear in completeness and lucidity, it is found abundantly sufficient for its purpose, and by its means *sight-singing* is acquired with a rapidity and certainty of which south-countrymen can form but a very inadequate idea. Several attempts have been made to introduce the modern system of *solfeggio*; but, whether from prejudice in favour of the old method, or that its precepts were more easy of retention, they have all failed, and the old system still remains in undiminished favour, and, as far as the *solfeggio* can teach perfect sight-singing, still continues to work the best effects.

Music is thus, in Lancashire and Yorkshire, brought home to almost every cottage fireside; and the immediate effect of these facilities, coupled with extreme quickness and desire for learning on the part of the people, is the establishment of choral-societies in every town and almost every village throughout the two counties. At these practice-meetings, usually held once or twice a week, the choral works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and even Beethoven, together with much of the best music of our own church-writers, are diligently and laboriously rehearsed, in nine cases out of ten without any prospect of public performance, and always without any recompense to the members save the delight they take in the pursuit. Here, to the amazement of those who falsely estimate the manufacturing districts by the ridiculous publications with respect to them, may be seen troops of operatives assembled, immediately from their toil, and illustrating the "mental degradation of the people" by singing their parts in the finest music extant, with a correctness which evinces at once their talent and industry, and with a vivacity and heartiness of manner which prove their feeling and appreciation of the music before them. By such means a love and knowledge of music is here disseminated to an extent for which we may search in vain among the same class of persons in the southern counties of England. It may seem a bold assertion that hundreds of Lancashire weavers can be found possessing a better knowledge of Handel's works than a majority of London professors, but such is nevertheless the fact. Their constant attendance at the choral-meetings, wherein

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—besides the standing-dish of the Londoners, the *Messiah*—are performed *Solomon, Samson, Saul, Judas, Alexander's Feast, Jeptha, Joshua,* and many other of Handel's works but now beginning to be heard in the metropolis, at once explains this seeming anomaly; and if we add to this, the fact that hundreds of these men, whose scanty earnings might seem but barely sufficient for their existence, contrive to spare money for the purchase of many of Handel's scores, which they cherish, study, and worship as household gods, it must be admitted that we have not overstated the passion for good music which they so universally display.

Another effect of the musical *status* in these northern counties is the general excellence of the music in church service. In all the churches of towns and villages, alike, the charity children are properly dispensed with as *recognised* vocalists, and large and efficient choirs supply their place. Here, in addition, to ordinary psalmody, chanting is constantly practised, and the effect of the whole is to elevate the musical portion of the service somewhat nearer to its proper dignity, and to realize the intention of sacred music in the minds of the congregations. On the subject of the church music of these districts, however, we shall have occasion to speak further in some forthcoming articles in continuation of our essays on church music in general.

We do not mean to say that the choral-performances of Lancashire and Yorkshire are by any means *perfect*;—their style is often raw and unfinished, and nice ears will discover inaccuracies in singing chromatic intervals inseparable from the universal dependence on the *solfeggio*. We merely wish to prove the existence, in these counties, of a natural feeling for music, and a facility in acquiring its practice, to which no parallel can be found in the southern provinces. That this is the fact, no one who has visited them with a curious eye for musical matters will venture to deny;—musical instinct is there palpable in all directions; the real want is that of *schoolmasters* to direct its efforts. But these must not be mere organists and professors, as we understand these terms in London—they have plenty such already there, and moreover are in a condition to teach, rather than be taught by, any new-comers of the same class. They must be composers—men of intellect and feeling, full of music themselves and gifted with energy to impart their spirit to others;—in short, they must be worthy apostles of music in foreign parts; and with the assistance of such men, the northern counties of England would, unquestionably, go forward in a race of musical excellence which, with Europe's judgment as umpire, would press the metropolis to its utmost lest it lose its supremacy.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—No. XVIII.

NICOLO JOMELLI.

Nicolo Jomelli, one of the most celebrated composers of the last century, was born at Aversa, a small town in the kingdom of Naples, in 1714; a year that, by a remarkable coincidence, gave birth to the illustrious Gluck. His taste for music, like that of the greater part of composers of the first order, manifested itself at an early age, and was observed to become daily more decided. He commenced his first musical studies at his native place, under a canon of the name of Muzzillo. So rapid was his progress, that his parents were advised to send their son to complete his musical studies at one of the conservatories of Naples. His first master here was Feo; but it was under the great Leo that, as he himself expressed it, he first began to feel the true sublime of the art. Shortly after he

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quitted the conservatory, his illustrious master hearing one of his cantatas executed in public, was transported with joy, and exclaimed, "Not many years will pass before this young man will become the wonder and admiration of all Europe!" A prediction that was shortly after realized.

Jomelli was but twenty-three years of age when he wrote his first opera, *L'Errore Amoroso*, which was represented at the new theatre of Naples. The following year (1738) he produced his *Odoarda*, at the Theatre de Fiorentini of the same city. So great was the reputation he acquired by these two operas, that, in 1740, he was summoned to Rome, where his rising fame was increased by the suffrages of the celebrated amateurs of that city, which, at all periods, are considered of no small importance to a young composer. Here he enjoyed the protection of the Cardinal Duke of York, and produced two new operas, *Ricimero* and *Astianatte*. So great was the enthusiasm which the former of these productions excited, that the author was borne in triumph from the orchestra to the stage, to receive the homage of the public.

In 1741 he was called to Bologna, where he gave the opera of *Ezio*. It was here that he formed an acquaintance with the celebrated Padre Martini, which the following circumstance tended to ripen into a lasting friendship. In one of his visits to this celebrated contrapuntist, Jomelli informed him that he had a scholar to introduce to him. A few days after, the good padre asking who and where the pupil was he had talked of, Jomelli exclaimed "Padre, son Io!" (Father, it is myself), at the same time pulling a studio from his pocket, in which he had been trying his strength in modulation and fugue, and entreated him to examine it and point out its errors. "You mock me," said the good father, "it is I who should rather learn of you."

After a residence of some time at Bologna, he returned to Rome, where he produced *Didone*, one of his master-pieces. Of this opera, it was said by the cognoscenti, that never were airs heard so full of truth and beauty, a harmony more pure, and copious accompaniments better adapted to the words: in fine, a style at once correct without pedantry, pompous without extravagance, and grand without inequality. These praises, which were in every mouth, soon reached Naples, and the countrymen of Jomelli felt jealous of their native artist, and testified their desire to see him again amongst them. He returned, and composed his opera of *Eumene* which, even had it not been composed by one of their compatriots, could not have failed to excite universal admiration.

But Venice, that grand theatre for the display of musical excellence, had not yet seen the new composer, whose fame had now spread through the whole of Italy. To comply with the pressing solicitations in that quarter, Jomelli again quitted his native place, and repaired to a city the applause of which was regarded as indispensable in order to fill up the measure of an artist's fame. He there brought out his *Merope*, which fully answered the high expectation that his celebrity had raised. There also he produced his first specimen of church music, a "Laudate" for two choirs and eight voices, which was sung in the Chiesa Santo Marco, and heard with no less rapture than the music of his *Merope*.

But in this brilliant career of renown he was destined to experience a most mortifying check. In 1749 he again visited Rome, and gave his *Armida*; but, in the meantime, a feeling of a hostile nature had been excited against him, and on his appearing in the orchestra he was received with all that stormy disapprobation which this sensitive people, equally violent in their love and hatred, know how to lavish with such unsparing severity. He was obliged to fly from th theatre in the midst of the performance, and to quit Rome the same night, fearful even of his safety. The only motive which the writers of that period have assigned for this outrage is that he had too openly aspired, not to say intrigued, to obtain the situation of maestro di capella to St. Peter's. Great indignation was felt, and fostered no doubt by the native artists, to see a young man, whose only recommendation was his success in dramatic composition—in a style where taste and a fervent imagination are sufficient to ensure success, aspire to a situation in which, besides genius and natural gifts, the most profound science and consummate experience are required. Yet this very circumstance was attended with results beneficial to Jomelli. It caused him to enter into himself; and

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perhaps, acknowledging in some measure the justice of the judgment of the public, he sedulously applied to the study of counterpoint, in which he soon made a rapid progress, and acquired a full knowledge of the deeper and more difficult branches of his art. Profiting by the instruction of his friend the Padre Martini, he laid the foundation for that superstructure of sacred music upon which his fame will for ever rest. It has been pretended that, from this epoch, his compositions acquired more correctness and regularity, but lost a portion of that grace, fire, and originality by which they were before characterised. Admitting that there is some ground for such an assertion, yet this result must be attributed, not to the effect of a more close adherence to the rules of art—which do not fetter genius, but only serves as its guide—but to the impression which such a change would necessarily produce on a mind accustomed to success. Doubtless such a circumstance could not fail to render more timid and circumspect, a composer who had heretofore been accustomed chiefly to follow the track of his own inspirations.

These circumstances may also have had some share in determining him to quit his own country and repair to Vienna, which he did in 1749. It was here that he had the good fortune to meet with the celebrated Metastasio, then in the midst of his glory. The poet at once felt that in Jomelli he had found a kindred soul, a genius at once rich, brilliant, and pathetic; a musician capable of entering into the full spirit of his poetry, and translating it into corresponding sounds. From this moment, the most sincere and lasting friendship was cemented between them; and Jomelli was frequently heard to declare, that he had derived more advantage, and caught more of the true spirit of music from the conversation of this celebrated poet than from all the instructions of his previous masters. In a letter from Metastasio to Farinelli, dated November, 1749, the composer is thus mentioned :—"Jomelli is about thirty-five years of age, of a spherical figure, pacific disposition, with an engaging countenance, most pleasing manners, and excellent morals. He has surprised me. I have found in him all the harmony of Hasse, with all the grace, expression, and invention of Vinci." In another letter to the same he says, "Jomelli is the best composer of whom I have any knowledge for words. It is true that he repeats too much, but it is the present epidemical vice of Italy, of which he will soon be corrected. He has sometimes restrained the caprice and ambition of singers. . . If ever you should see him you will be attached to him, as he is certainly the most amiable *gourmand* that ever existed." Jomelli set music to the *Didone* and *Achille in Sciro* of his illustrious friend; which rank among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his genius, and were received by the Germans with an enthusiasm equal to their merit.

Jomelli resided nearly two years in Vienna, embellished at that period by the presence and magnificence of Maria Theresa, a sovereign not less distinguished for her beauty and her talents, than for her love and patronage of the fine arts. He had the honour to accompany this princess on the harpsichord, and to be her instructor in music. She rewarded him with many magnificent presents, and among others with a superb ring of brilliants, and her portrait set in diamonds.

The renown of Jomelli had now spread throughout all Europe, and the Duke of Wurtemburg, anxious to enjoy the talents of a composer who had delighted the court of Austria for nearly two years, prevailed upon him to settle at his court. This sovereign was one of the greatest connoisseurs of music of his time; he was fully sensible of the value of the talents of Jomelli, and was desirous of giving additional splendour to his court by calling them into action. Nor were his expectations disappointed; the composer was now in the flower of his age, and to the brilliancy and invention of youth united the more solid acquirements of experience and maturity. At Stutgard, where he resided for the space of nearly twenty years, he produced an almost incredible number of works, as well for the church, as for the theatre and the chamber. Among the most remarkable of the operas he composed there are *Penelope, Enea in Lazio, Il Re Pastore, La Clemenza di Tito, L'Olimpiade, Il Fetonte, L'Isola disabitata, Endimione, L'Asilo d'Amore*, and *La Pastorella Illustre;* and in the buffa style, *La Schiava Liberata, Il Cacciator deluso*, and *Il Matrimonio per concorso*. Among the music for the church, composed for this city, the most remarkable is the well known *Missa*

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pro Defunctis, or burial service, composed for the obsequies of a lady of high rank at the court of his patron.

In 1768, circumstances obliging the Duke of Wirtemburg to diminish the appointments of his chapel, Jomelli was included in the number. Shortly after he received an invitation to the court of Portugal, which he, however, declined, preferring to retire to a small villa which he had purchased in the environs of his native town, where he purposed to spend the remainder of his days. But the habit which he had contracted of living in public made retirement irksome, and he again resumed his musical labours at Naples from which he had been so long absent. Here, in 1771, he composed for the Theatre San Carlo the opera of *Armida*, one of the most beautiful productions of his genius, which was hailed both by the court and the public with all the enthusiasm which its excellencies merited. Encouraged by this success, he produced, in 1772, his *Demofoonte* for the same theatre; and though this composition was not less admired by amateurs, yet he had the pain to see that it pleased the public much less generally than the former. But a still greater mortification, not to say disgrace, awaited him, which he could not have anticipated from his ungrateful countrymen, and that tended to embitter the remainder of his days. Hoping to regain the favour of the public, he exerted all his talents in the composition of a new opera entitled *Ifigenia in Aulide*. But in consequence of the singers not being perfect in their parts, added to the popular prejudice already excited, it experienced a failure which all the remonstrances of the liberal and the enlightened were unable to repair. This shock was too much for the sensitive mind of Jomelli, and was the cause of bringing on a fit of apoplexy that threatened his life. He recovered, however, and the first use he made of his returning health and strength was to summon up all his energies in the composition of a cantata, on occasion of the birth of an heir to the crown of Naples, a piece that abounded with beauties of the higher order. This was followed shortly after by the last and greatest of his works, his sublime *Miserere*, with an accompaniment for two violins, an alto and a bass, which has been performed throughout the whole of Europe, and will not cease to be esteemed as long as genuine music shall have its admirers.

This great master, who may be justly styled the Gluck of Italy, died at Naples the 28th of August, 1774. On the 11th of September following his funeral obsequies were solemnized with a magnificence of which there are but few examples. Three hundred musicians, artists, and amateurs not only contributed the aid of their talents on this occasion, but united to defray the expenses of his funeral. A requiem, a *due chori*, was composed expressly for the occasion by the learned P. Sabbatini, a pupil of P. Martini, who himself beat the time as maestro di capella. All Naples joined unanimously in this act of public sorrow, which seemed offered by way of atonement for the past.

MUSICAL BELLIGERENCY.

The history of the arts has preserved an account of four celebrated quarrels that have had music for their object. The first in chronological order, as well as in importance and duration, is that which concerned Italian music, and which took place under Charlemagne. This great monarch condescended to sit as umpire in the important contest, and though incontestibly a good Frenchman, he decided in favour of Italy.

After many ages of inaction, the quarrel was renewed with more violence than ever at the commencement of the 18th century; and, during its continuance, it excited to fury, it inundated with ink, and even sprinkled with blood, the whole republic of notes, all the different provinces of which, with the exception of Italy, took a more or less active part in the dispute. Italy remained a tranquil spectator of the contest; nay, it is doubted whether she had any suspicion of such a struggle, for this nation has always had the ridiculous vanity to think that there exists no other music in the world than her own. On this occasion too, the question was decided in favour of Italian music; not, it is true, by the sentence of any potentate, or self-delegated tribunal, but by what is infinitely better,

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the judgment of the public, and of enlightened connoisseurs; and this too, in spite of the opposition of all the ancient musical authorities. This is a kind of quarrel ever ready to spring up under a hundred different forms, and which, to all appearance, will ever be decided in the same way. This second quarrel which broke out in the very heart of French music, was that of the Lullists and the Ramists, that is to say, of the partisans of Lully and Rameau. We deem it necessary to explain the terms, as the names of these great men are falling so rapidly into oblivion, that doubtless, there are many who will not understand the derivation of the words. This quarrel terminated by a compromise, and these two musicians held peaceable possession of the stage till the commencement of the third dispute.

The third quarrel was that of the Gluckists and the Piccinists, which was very animated, though not of so long a continuance as the former, its duration being limited to the term of the success which these individuals enjoyed. Now the period during which an artist's fame is in bloom rarely exceeds half a generation, in France only excepted, where the spring time of his renown is eternal, it being the custom, nor can such a custom be too faithfully preserved, to consider that to be in bloom, especially in what regards music, which has long been matured into fruit.

The fourth quarrel was that of the Rossinists and anti-Rossinists. But it was not Paris—it was not France, that was the theatre of war; it was Italy itself that heretofore, or at least for a length of time, had been a stranger to dissensions of this kind,—in a word, Venice became the *champ clos*, into which the combatants descended. It was there, as in the rest of Europe, that artists and amateurs were divided on the subject of music; there, as everywhere else, the best of people, both in rank and character, enlisted on either side. In one party ranged those who are determined to amuse themselves at all events—and in the other, those who seek, I do not say to annoy and torture themselves, but who care not how much they annoy and torture other people. The latter chose as their champion the *Maestro di Capella* of one of the churches of the above city, named Perrotti, who descended into the arena, clad cap a-pie in all the armour of erudition, furbished with rhythmus, and bristling with counterpoint. This Perrotti, as far back as the epoch when Päer was the delight of southern Italy, published a long dissertation in reply to a question proposed by the academy of Leghorn, as to the causes of the decline of the art, and which was crowned by this learned body. This dissertation was translated into French, without any restrictions, by a director of the Customs,—who would have done much better had he treated it as a contraband article; for the absurdities with which it abounds prove, beyond a contradiction, that the author, the judges, and the translator, stood equally in need of a course of reading on the history of the art, of which they appear to have possessed not even elementary notions. But however this may be, Perrotti undertook the task of showing that neither Rossini nor his music possessed common sense; and that all amateurs and the public who had the folly to be delighted with them possessed still less than either. But to make amends to the *dilettanti* for the privation imposed upon them, he presented them in return, with the talents and master-pieces of art of Signor Maestro Francesco Morlacchi, of Perugia.

Such was the fourth great contention in the annals of music. The renowned troubadours of Charlemagne are now forgotten; the celebrated Lulli and Rameau have retired into a respectable immortality; Piccini has gone to bed with his fathers, and Gluck is rising like a golden insect from the garb of antiquity; Rossini has been sung as a living ghost of his own glory, and his *Guillaume Tell* seems like a monument whereon is written, "here lies the genius of a great musician." It would be impossible to select any two heroes as the rival champions of the present musical warfare, and as we are satisfied that every enthusiast must have a special favourite among the many and favourable specimens of modern talent, we leave the Mendelssohnists and the Spohrists, the Meyerbeerists and the Auberists, the Donizettists and the Mercadantists, the Straussists and the Musardists, the John-Barnettists and the Frank-Romerists, each to extol their individual idol.

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THE OPERA IN ITALY.

[TRANSLATED FROM LA FRANCE MUSICALE.]

(Continued from page 306.)

ABOVE all the basses or baritones, Ronconi is to be distinguished as an artist of incontestible superiority. He has an indifferent voice, and an appearance but little prepossessing: yet, he is so clever a singer, and so remarkable an actor, that his natural defects disappear on the stage, and we are forced to admire him. In Ronconi are centred, in an eminent degree, those organic endowments which most Italians possess, and which enable them, at once, to reach the limits of their art. He has that dramatic style which is not to be acquired, which nothing gives, and which is an important part of the organization of many Italian singers. The result which we Frenchmen reach by art and study, they attain by the help of prospective faculties, of which reflection forms no part. They find at once what we are long searching for. Trusting, therefore, in natural gifts of so peculiar a kind, the Italians study but little, and very few good musicians are to be met with among them. Donzelli has great difficulty in learning his parts; and it is only by constant dinning into his ears, that his memory is enabled to retain them. Morani is obliged to have a *maestro all' cembelo*, as a constant attendant on him, to teach him and rehearse to him his parts. Ronconi is no better musician—and yet possesses so much talent! It is incomprehensible.

Ronconi, whom, without the least hesitation, I place at the head of Italian singers now in Italy, has a range of characters which I feel convinced would make a great sensation in Paris. Donizetti expressly wrote for this singer and actor, *Belisario, Il Furioso, Torquata Tasso*, and some other works, which it would be impossible to represent in Paris with the present company. Between Tamburini and Ronconi a wide distinction exists, without at all affecting the superior merit of the former. Ronconi is of another species; he has created another voice. He is a perfect artist, and this is the best that can be said of him. I doubt not that he will come to Paris, and will appear, not only in those characters which are peculiarly his own, but will draw much applause and many tears in those in which other artists have preceded him. In *Lucia*, he sings *Ashton* as no one else sings it. I have seen Morani, Ronconi, and Frezzolini in that opera. It was a fine spectacle.

Our countryman, Baroilhet, is a very remarkable artist, in the opinion of all the Italians. He is at the head of lyrical art in Italy. He has, after Duprez, done most honour to France in this country. Baroilhet has not an enormous volume of voice; but he is a first-rate singer and actor. Nothing is more delicious than his singing in the *mezza voce*. This artist seems to be attached to the theatres at Naples and Rome. France would do well to recall him, and the Italians, I fear not to say, would not ridicule us, when they read in the accounts of his *debut* in Paris, that he is a great artist: though they have very good reason to laugh at our critics when they see what a reception is given, by some of our papers, to artists whose celebrity is suddenly developed or imagined, on their leaving the Italian frontiers.

Marini has a most formidable voice. It is a human opheiclide. It was a low bass of rare quality: but the desire of singing *basso cantante* parts induced him to raise the natural compass of his voice to the scale of a baritone. In obtaining E and F from the chest, Marini lost those admirable organ-like tones which rolled forth in the ponderous thunderings of his voice. With the exception of two or three in Rossini's operas, there are no low bass parts like our *Bertram*, or *Brogny*, or *Marsel*. In Italian operas the bass parts are, in fact, written for baritones whose compass extends about an octave and a half—from the lower C to F. In the higher part of his register, therefore, the artist endeavours to develop his voice, despising the lower notes for which nobody writes. I heard the *Nuovo Mose*, sung by this formidable Marini, in two different cities, and I confess I could not have believed a voice to possess so much power. I shall never forget the finale to the first act.

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Colletti is little known in Italy, for the fame of his success comes from London. He will sing this winter at Milan. He is very well spoken of.

Cartagenova has a good voice—rather worn, perhaps, but flexible and expressive. Salvatori, who might have been the only formidable rival of Ronconi and Baroilhet, as an expressive actor and singer, has lost his voice, and is but the shadow of what he was. However, such as he is, he was thought good enough to join an Italian company which has recently left London for Havanna, and which Mme. Borghese, from the Opera Comique, has been induced to join.

I shall conclude, on the subject of basses, by mentioning Ferlotti, who is now, I believe, singing at Milan, and whom I heard at two theatres in the south of Italy. He is an excellent singer, and has a voice, rather clammy, perhaps, but yet sympathetic, as they say beyond the Alps. Though not an artist of first-rate merit, Ferlotti deserves to be distinguished.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MME. DULCKEN, MR. BENEDICT, AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In reply to a paragraph* in your last number, I herewith beg to enclose a letter from Mr. Willy, which you will have the kindness to insert in your next number. The terms "adventurer, and designing foreigner," attributed to an *artiste* and a lady like Mme. Dulcken, can only excite the indignation and disgust of all those who have witnessed her conduct during a residence of more than twelve years in this country—her second fatherland.

The paragraph in question is altogether so utterly devoid of truth in every particular, without a single exception, and is evidently written with so much bad and malicious feeling that it it is not deserving of further notice. It is only to be wondered how such a coarse production could find its way into a journal of musical science and literature.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, T. A. DULCKEN.

P.S. Can, perhaps, your "Well-wishing Correspondent" give me the names of the gentlemen of the orchestra who have assisted at the three or four last annual concerts of Mme. Dulcken, and who were, as he states, not remunerated for their attendance? I am not aware of any that are not paid.—DULCKEN.

15, Aldenham Terrace, Old Saint Pancras, Dec. 13, 1840.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your note of yesterday, I beg to say that I have seen the letter you allude to in the "Musical World," respecting your having given me authority to engage an orchestra for Mme. Dulcken's and Mr. Benedict's first *soirée musicale.*

The following are the facts: about three weeks ago you called upon me at the Princess's Theatre, and requested to know that, SHOULD *the Christmas vacation*, at the Royal Academy, *interfere with your arrangements for the first soirée*, could I furnish you with an orchestra? to which I replied, that my present engagement at the Princess's Theatre would entirely prevent me from doing so; *otherwise I should have been most happy to have accepted your offer.* Sincerely hoping that this explanation will remove any unfavourable impression which may have been caused by the letter in the "Musical World," I remain, dear sir, your's truly, J. T. WILLY.

To — Dulcken, Esq.

[We insert the above letters, in fulfilment of our offer of last week, to afford M. Dulcken every opportunity of removing any disagreeable impressions which he might suppose existed relative to his concerts. We are not aware that Mr. Willy's letter varies in its account from the statement we gave in our last; but we are happy to publish M. Dulcken's assertion, that the prejudicial rumour, respecting Madame's annual concerts, contained in the letter of "A Well-wisher to the Royal Academy of Music," is unfounded. As we stated last week, that letter was inserted in consequence of its coincidence with the general report that had reached us on the subject, but we then, as now, lamented the personalities it contains; and trusting we have rendered full justice to all parties concerned in this discussion, we beg to decline any farther interference in the matter.—ED. M. W.]

* The letter signed a "Well Wisher to the Royal Academy of Music."—ED. M. W.

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REVIEW.

Church Music ; edited and arranged by Richard Redhead, Organist, Margaret Chapel, St. Marylebone.

This is a collection of all sorts of music, except anthems, necessary for full choral service, besides a number of Psalm-tunes fitted for ordinary parochial duty. The volume is prefaced by an able defence of the practice of chanting, on which we need not remark further than, in one place, it contrives to throw considerable doubt on what may be the precise object of the publication. The author says, "Without daily service, chanting to any extent, or in any degree of perfection, is quite out of the question," and, "The Psalms for the day, being continually different, cannot be chanted without constant practice." Now, as we find the first part of the book occupied by chants allotted, respectively, to the Psalms for each day of the month, we might conclude, on the author's showing, that his work can only be adapted for cathedrals, where, since their systems are already firmly established, it must be unnecessary; and yet, from the author's situation, from the rest of his preface, and from the other contents of his work, we must infer that it is intended for the use of parish-churches, where, also, on his own showing, the chants for the Psalms must be useless. A mistake as to facts, however, has led Mr. Redhead into this slight confusion in his preface. The chanting of the Psalms is, *under any circumstances*, impossible *to a congregation ;* but, from experience, we can vouch that, with only hebdomadal service, it is very practicable to *a good choir*. In several churches in the north of England we have heard the Psalms chanted during Sunday service in a manner to cast shame upon the slovenliness of the daily doings at most cathedrals.

The musical part of this volume contains, firstly, thirty-six chants—ten single and twenty-six double—and as these are for the most part well-known they call for no further remark except as to the arrangements, which, though frequently those in common use, are occasionally, on the other hand, rather awkwardly put together. Next follow three Sanctuses—one made from the *chacone* of Jomelli, the second being the grand one by Orlando Gibbons in F, and the third composed by Mr. Redhead. This last is not deficient in pleasing idea, but it suffers greatly by unskilful arrangement;—in the fourth bar, a B sharp in the tenor is erroneously written C natural—between the eighth and ninth bars there is a brace of octaves between the tenor and bass—and between the thirteenth and fourteenth bars there are consecutive fifths between the alto and tenor. Next are two sets of responses to the Commandments—one by Dr. Rogers and the other by Davy—both well-known, and therefore needing no comment. These are followed by the Versicles for the whole service and the Litany as set to music by Thomas Tallis, and used, though with considerable deviations from the original text, in most cathedrals. These present many fine specimens of the peculiar style of harmony which characterized the era of their production, but the ancient counterpoint is here frequently violated by the use of the 6-4 in a dominant cadence, which is certainly not found in the original.

The volume is concluded by a number of Psalm-tunes, which, says the preface, "have been added in deference to the existing custom." What this may imply, except a doubt of the propriety of metrical Psalmody, we know not; but if this be its meaning we are completely at issue with Mr. Redhead on the point. So far from disapproving of it in parochial service, we think that if there be a fault in the musical service of our cathedrals, even, it is the absence of the *psalm-tune*. A fine and legitimate *chorale*, sung by a multitude of voices, and richly and skilfully accompanied, is, to our liking, one of the most impressive things of which church-music is capable. The psalm-tunes here given are mostly old, and a few new, but in nearly all, the direst errors in counterpoint and harmony are observable. We cannot spare space to analyze the whole, and must therefore merely remark that, as matters of fact, the rules against consecutions of fifths and octaves are treated by Mr. Redhead with consummate disdain; and that, as a matter of taste, he frequently errs against a good old custom of vocal part-writing in sacrificing the fifth in a closing tonic chord, by using the flat-seventh in addition to the fifth in the previous dominant harmony. As we cannot mul-

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tiply examples, we call the author's attention to the two first psalm-tunes, which, if he properly digest, will probably induce him to revise the remainder. Mr. Redhead's original contributions to this department are two—"Headington," and "St. Margaret." The former is pleasing in melody and inoffensive in arrangement; but the latter is far otherwise;—in the sixth *whole* bar from the commencement, the bass has an F natural which should have been written E sharp, and immediately afterwards the counterpoint is disfigured by awkward parallel *jumps* of the tenor and bass; from the eleventh to the twelfth bar, the treble and alto move in unison, and in the fourteenth bar there is a consecution of fifths between the same parts.

The music is well printed in type, and the book altogether handsomely brought out.

I arise from Dreams of thee; serenade, composed by W. H. Grattan.

Mr. Grattan knows better how to make a tune than how to appreciate the intensity of Shelley. We cannot deny that this serenade has an agreeable voice-part which is moreover well accompanied; but the common nature of the air and the jog-trot regularity of its phrasing are opposed to every kind of feeling except that of such a contentment as one enjoys after eating a good dinner—wherefore its expression is *nil.*

The Aged Brothers; a Freemason's Song, composed by Brother B. Negri.

Of this we can find nothing else to say than that it is a very jovial song, and composed, as its title-page announces, for a very good purpose.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

Princess's Theatre.—Bishop's *Overture to Guy Mannering* has been given during the week. We presume Mr. Willy intends the production of this classical specimen of the English school, as a following up of his former efforts to establish the reputation of our native writers. The present work is vastly better played than were either of the overtures we have before noticed: the conductor, doubtless, has felt that a composition of this complicated nature, containing such variety of character and such diffuseness of construction, should not be dismissed with the inconsiderate rehearsal that would suffice for a work of a single movement, built upon one idea, and carried out with one feeling, like *Parisina;* or one where the style is endeavoured to be maintained throughout, by the blending of one movement with another, like *Chevy Chace;* and has, therefore, exerted all his perseverance to bring *Guy Mannering* before the public with due justice, who appear to appreciate his efforts from the superior applause they bestow upon this overture to that given to either of its predecessors. We commend the increasing pains Mr. Tutton evidently takes with his countrymen's reputation, and hail the warm reception of Mr. Bishop's work as a demonstration of the improved taste of the enlightened British public.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

Exeter.—*Devon and Exeter Quartett Concerts.*—The second concert for the season took place on the 10th inst.; it commenced with Beethoven's quintett, op. 81, which was exceedingly well played. The glees for the evening were "Go, idle boy" (Callcott); "Prepare the hallow'd strain" (Carpenter); "My love's like a lily" (Knyvett); and "Some of my heroes" (Stevens), by Miss Cole, Messrs. Down, Carpenter, Boult, Turner, and S. Haycraft. The first glee was a total failure, from the illness of one of the gentlemen, but the others made ample amends for it, more particularly the last. Miss Cole's songs were "To rende a cheryshed love" (Pye), "Stanca di piu combattere" (Marliani), "Ocean, thou mighty monster" (Weber), and "Whene'er by sorrow" (Keller). The first and last, although good music, did not seem to please, as they were coldly received;

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in the aria, "Stanca di piu," she completely took her audience by storm, and received a most unanimous encore; but the gem of the evening was Weber's magnificent scena, "Ocean,"—in this she certainly surprised; it was sung with all that energy and great depth of feeling that this beautiful composition so much requires; in the duet, "Forsake me not" (Spohr) she was ably assisted by Mr. Carpenter, but the accompaniments were much too loud—in fact this was the case throughout the evening. Carpenter sang "The rose and the lily" (Storace) exceedingly well, and a similar compliment is due to Mr. S. Haycraft in Purday's simple ballad, "They deem it a sorrow;" this gentleman also deserves praise for the beautiful manner in which he sang his difficult part in the glee, "Some of my heroes." The trio by Weber in G minor by Messrs. H. J. Haycraft, Ramson, and Hayes, was a very happy performance. The splendid quartett of Haydn's in F major was a great treat, and Messrs. Rice, Reynolds, J. Rice, and Hayes acquitted themselves in every way worthy the attention and applause they received. Miss Cole and Mr. H. J. Haycraft played Bertini's difficult duet, op. 125, with all the brilliancy and effect of the present system of pianoforte-playing, showing perfect command of the instrument, but very little taste. On the whole this concert was eminently successful; it was numerously attended. It is very gratifying to see the country nobility and gentry patronizing the native talent, who can now get an audience without the attractions of Bohemian wanderers or any other class of musical vagrants.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Society of British Musicians.—The half-yearly general meeting was appointed for Friday last, but, as an insufficient number of members assembled to form a quorum, of course, no business could be entered into. It is lamentable to observe the listlessness thus evinced for the great and important cause this association pretends to advocate: the public cannot be expected to take any interest in a society the members of which manifest so little interest for its proceedings. We are told it was the intention of the committee to have urged the necessity of giving one or more concerts in the course of the approaching season, and to have called upon the meeting to arrange measures by which this object, which appears to us quite indispensable, not only to the well-doing, but to the absolute existence of the institution, might be carried into effect. There was a great complaint made through the medium of the public prints, when, in June last, her Majesty and Prince Albert refused this society's prayer for patronage, and the anti-national feeling displayed in this apparent disdain and certain discouragement of English musical talent was most strongly vituperated; but we cannot see with what pretensions a body of men can hope for the countenance and support of our rulers, who are not among themselves earnest in the cause they profess to uphold. This society has done much good for music in bringing forward several persons who now hold an important rank, not only in the English profession, but in the estimation of all Europe: it has our most sanguine good wishes, and it will even, while its efforts are worthy, receive our warmest support: the present indifference of the members, however, is, to the last degree, blamable, for it must act more as a blight upon the musical credit of this country than as an "encouragement of native talent in composition and performance."

Musical Antiquarian Society.—The council met on Saturday, when it was resolved that the society be limited to one thousand members: upwards of two hundred and fifty subscribers' names have already been received, and the number is rapidly increasing: this limitation will, doubtless, stimulate the already very general desire to participate the advantages which the Antiquarian Society holds out, and there is much reason to suppose the list will, before long, be entirely filled. Mr. Oliphant having retired from the council, Mr. Lucas was unanimously chosen in his place. We are unable to announce officially the reason of the former gentleman's resignation, but have been told it is because he finds there will be no pecuniary emolument for the duties of editor which might have devolved upon him as one of the council: by all means, Mr. Oliphant is right to turn his time to the best account; but it appears particularly ungracious in him, avowedly an amateur, to seek for "filthy lucre," where so many talented professors feel a pride in *giving* their services. This society is formed for gene-

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ral advantage and for the benefit of the art, not for the private gain of its founders: its object is to extend, so far as possible, a knowledge of the old English writers; to accomplish which, the whole of the funds will be appropriated to the printing of their scarce or hitherto unpublished works: were the various editors to be adequately imbursed for the trouble they must undergo in superintending these publications, the expenses would be greatly increased, and the advantages of the subscribers greatly diminished. We congratulate the society on the acquisition of the new councillor: the talents and zeal of Mr. Lucas render him a most desirable person for the office.

Napoleon's Funeral.—The choir engaged for the requiem, at the Chapel of the Invalides, surpasses that of any previous celebration. In addition to the choristers of the various episcopal establishments of Paris, and the chorus singers of the Academie Royale, Opera Italienne, and Salle Favart, the following principal vocalists give their assistance: *Soprani*—Grisi, Persiani, Cinti Damoreau, and Dorus Gras; *Contralti*—Garcia Viardet, Eugenie Garcia, Albertazzi, and Stolz; *Tenori*—Rubini, Duprez, Alexis Dupont, and Masset; *Bassi*—Lablache, Tamburini, Lavasseur, and Alizard. This very strong list, together with the orchestras of the three lyric theatres, form a constellation not easily equalled in Europe, and worthy to participate in the most solemn ceremonial of modern times.

M. Musard's Engagement at the Concerts d'Hiver terminates on Saturday next, when he will return to Paris, for the opening of his own establishment at Christmas. Mr. Eliason will resume the baton on Monday next, at Drury-lane, when he will return to his former principle of giving a Symphony of one of the great masters every evening: he alleges as his reason for not having acted upon it during M. Musard's conductorship, that this gentleman's reputation as a quadrille-factor, maugre his great musical knowledge, ability and experience, would, in the public estimation, disqualify him for directing classical music; and thus that *chefs-d'œuvres* of Beethoven will serve to fill up the blank to be caused by the secession of Musard's *jeux d'esprit*. We are doubtful whether or not to commend this reasoning, certain are we that the lovers of the *Postillon Quadrille* cannot co-admire the *Eroica Symphony;* and however capable M. Musard may be to conduct the latter, the former would surely act as a non-conductor to those whom the management wish to electrify, and the two styles of composition would be like the north and south poles of a magnet, the one repelling, the other attracting, in opposition to each other.

The Failure of Mr. Barnett's Speculation is, it seems, to entail upon us another foreign encroachment, and an additional stab at our imputed national incapacity for the production of dramatic music. A scheme has been for some time in train for the occupation of the Princess's Theatre, at the end of January, by a French company of tragedians, including the celebrated Mdlle. Rachel—the Miss O'Neil of the present Parisian stage. Since the fatal and injurious result of *Fridolin*, it has been suggested to the undertakers of this enterprize to fill up the alternate nights of acting by representations of French comic operas; and agents are, at this moment, endeavouring to make engagements in Paris for the purpose: if they succeed, we may of course expect to be inflicted thrice a week with the doings of Halevy, Adolphe Adam, and their inferiors, with whom it would be no great honour to succeed in rivalry; but the foreigners will doubtless, as usual, enjoy the highest patronage, simply, because they are foreigners; while the native musician must struggle on amid the adverse stream of fashionable caprice, rendered even yet more formidable by the ambitious dribblings of a turbid spring, which, too feeble to stem the current, naturally swells it more strongly and fiercely against the really meritorious.

Princess's Theatre.—We regret to learn that the band has been playing here, not only to nearly empty benches, but with empty pockets, too, for these five weeks past. Mr. Willy is bound, under a heavy forfeiture, to keep the house open until the end of January. He intends to introduce glees at his concerts.

Professional Choral Society.—It is not generally known, that a society has been lately established under this denomination. The members, in number already seventy, meet twice a week at the Hanover-square Rooms, for the pur-

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pose of practising the most elaborate and classical choral compositions, madrigals, &c., sacred and secular, under the direction of Mr. G. F. Harris; so that in due time this society will be enabled to furnish a perfect chorus, well acquainted with its business for any performances, either in the church, the theatre, or the concert-room. The members consist of the principal chorus-singers belonging to the Ancient Concerts, Italian Opera-house, Covent-garden, &c.; amateurs are not admitted.

A Private Concert of Chamber Music was given by the principal students of the Royal Academy of Music, on Monday last, to which they invited the professors and friends of the institution. We hear that several classical compositions were very ably played, and that much talent was evinced in the whole performance. It gives us much pleasure to note the laudable ambition which induced this attempt, which we hope will, from time to time, be followed by many similar efforts, and we give every praise to Messrs. S. Smith, Goodban, and R. Barnett, who, we understand, were the chief promoters of it.

Society of Female Musicians.—The lady-member, who furnished us with the particulars of the general meeting which appeared last week, must have been mistaken as to the amount of property invested in the funds; we have been since officially informed that 300*l.* was the sum, not 100*l.*, as we last week stated. We heartily congratulate the fair association on the flourishing condition of their affairs.

M. Liszt, with Mr. Richardson, the flute-player, Miss Steele, Miss Bassano, Messrs. Lavenu and John Parry, after having given concerts with great success in some of the principal towns in Yorkshire and Lancashire, were to leave Liverpool, yesterday, for Dublin, where they are engaged by the Philharmonic Society to perform to-morrow (Friday) evening.

The Glee Club commences its annual meetings on Saturday, the 19th inst., at the Crown and Anchor. By a printer's error this was stated, last week, of the Adelphi Glee Club instead of the old established society.

The Messrs. Barnett have not been able to form a company for want of a *prima donna;* for Miss Romer is now quite out of the question, after the scrape she has brought the managers into, by forcing them to bring out her brother's opera. They have made arrangements with Mr. Arnold, to perform at the English Opera-house; but they cannot commence before the 15th of January, owing, it is stated, to the theatre being let for some performances during the holidays.

La France Musicale.—Under the title of "*Esquisses biographiques sur quelques compositeurs Anglais,*" *La France Musicale* has commenced a series of articles on the musicians of this country, the first of which is devoted to Mr. Balfe. As Mr. Balfe is very handsomely dealt with, and every praise given to him which we could desire for our countryman, we have nothing to say on the subject of his French biography, but a few passing remarks it contains are worthy of notice—one for its absurdity, and the rest for their truth. Almost the first thing we encounter is a protestation against the sway of the Italian opera here, and against the consequent love for sound in preference to sense. But, adds *La France,* "certain composers have succeeded in securing *libretti,* and in adapting to them music consistent with their situations. Among the number of these vigorous minds, of these intelligent reformers, we may mention Lord *Burghes,* chief of the Academy of Music, and *Bearneth,* whose *Fair Rosamond* is, musically speaking, a work of a high order. It would be difficult for any but a musician to guess, from the disguised condition of their names, who these two people might be; but, glad as we are to find that the French are at length coming to their senses with regard to the merits of our musicians, this paragraph furnishes a sad proof of their ignorance both of English names and English pretensions. Lord Burghersh is, doubtless, a clever man for a lord, but, *arcades ambo!* the idea of linking him in the same sentence with the composer of *Rosamond* is a little too bad for anything. The following observation is, however, of a different calibre. Speaking of the London criticisms on Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle, La France* says, "But it is the custom in London to attack everyone who is rising; while in France, Germany, and Italy, every kind of encouragement is held out

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to rising talent, it is repulsed in England with disgust." Our readers will observe that this most truthful remark is valuable as a *foreign* corroboration of the many things we have written in the "Musical World" to the same purpose. The article is concluded by the following sentence—would that our countrymen would duly appreciate it: "The profound torpor which, at this time, weighs down English opera, deprived of authors and even of a theatre, obliges its composers to carry their talents to the Continent. Balfe comes to gain admission to our lyric stage. Let us hope that France, the country of all genius, will receive with delight this young and already celebrated artist."

Prince Albert's Opera.—We have at length obtained the full particulars of this concoction, and will present them to our readers next week. We can, however, *now* positively state that Mr. Limbird has received nothing for its suppression.

Modern Instrumentation.—Clementi is reported to have said that it requires a study of forty years to learn how to fill a score, and an equally long application to learn how to empty one. The noisy writers of the ultra-modern school acquire the ability to fill a score to a much greater plenitude than Clementi could ever have imagined in a far briefer term than the octogenarian theorist allows; but it would take a century's serious consideration to learn how to empty their scores, that may almost be called grosses; for, when the noise is abstracted the music is a bankrupt, having no effects.

MARTIALANA HARMONICA.—No. V.

Ye muses, all and one!
  Come, drain the bitter cup—
The *Fridolin* is done,
  And, what is more, done up.
The *chorus* and the *band*
  No longer prove their power;
The *Romer's* at a stand—
  The *Lemon's* doubly sour.
The *Loder* is unladen
  Of all his fiddling sway—
H. Phillips, like a maiden,
  Wants a fillip ere he'll play—
The potent *prima donna*
  Has served her turn—and vain
The *prompter* calls upon her
  To trill and turn again—
Big *Frazer* won't sing flat on,
  The *Cooper* hoops no more,
Mr. Hatton puts his hat on,
  Mr. Notter shuts the door;
While all the poor *farce actors*
  Are robbed of bread and cheese;
Ditto the twin *contractors*—
  The double "*sole lessees!*"
And those who search the map
  May find, their steps to worry,
Barnet moved by this mishap
  From Middlesex to Surrey.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Antiprejudice" is respectfully declined in consequence of the press of other matter. The MS. is left at our publisher's.

"S. E.'s" paper pleases us much, but we regret to say it is not of sufficient *musical* interest for insertion in our pages.

The letter of "S. S." contains personal allusions that render it unfit for insertion.

"Justitia" is informed that we can receive no particulars on the subject of Prince Albert's Overture, unless containing the name and address of their author.

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List of New Publications.

PIANOFORTE.

Osborne, G.—Brilliant Fantasia on the waltz in Les Treize; op. 32 - - - - *Chappell.*
——— Fantasia on airs in Le Sherif; op. 35 *Ditto.*
Diabelli.—Deh con te; duet - - *Ditto.*
Kalliwoda.—Fifth Symphonie; 4 hands *Ewer.*
Lanner.—Set 4, Vesuvian Waltzes; duet *Wessel.*
Piachy.—Rondino Elegant sur Lucrezia Borgia - - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Burgmuller.—Bolero, Xacarilla; duets *Cramer.*

VOCAL.

Schubert.—Calm as a child in its cradle; barcarolle - - - - - - *Cramer.*
Romer.—The minstrel lark soars high *Ditto.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Siren, no. 2; duet for two soprani *Ewer.*
Fesca.—First Grand Trio; piano, violin, and bass - - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Macfarlane.—Souvenirs d'une Soiree; six German and Italian melodies, varied for cornet à pistons with piano accompaniments - - - - - - - *Wessel.*
——— Les Agremens Socials, no. 11: for cornet and piano - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Weber.—Offrande aux Amateurs; three sonatas for piano and violin concertante *Ditto.*
Spohr.—Fourth Duet Concertante—Hambourg; for piano and violin; op. 113 *Ditto.*

MADRIGALS IN SEPARATE PARTS.

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THE

MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,

AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν."
PLAT. Phædo. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

DEC. 24, 1840. No. CCXLVIII.—New Series, No. CLVI. PRICE 3*d.* STAMPED, 4*d.*

Most of our readers will remember that, some little while since, an act of Parliament was partly bungled, partly smuggled, into existence, professing the purpose of lopping off certain branches of large and unnecessary expenditure in the established church, and devoting the sums so confiscated (we know not what other term to use) to increasing at once the number and income of the real workers in the vineyard. So far as mere words go for anything, all this seemed well enough. Reform was wanted—nobody disputed it; but we never had any faith in the sincerity of a reform thus emanating from the high-places of the church itself. The old saying about "robbing Peter to pay Paul" suggested itself to us, and, coupled with the Bishop of London's declaration of motives for bringing about the proposed reform, and the Rev. Sidney Smith's most pithy letter in answer thereto (both of which are doubtless fresh in the memory of our readers), led us to suspect that the old victim was again to be singled out for sacrifice—that an institution founded by wisdom and piety, which has for the last two centuries been undergoing a gradual process of pillage, was about to endure a new and wholesale spoliation—in other words that, instead of applying a corrective for the idleness of prebends who disdain to discharge their over-paid duties, and of minor-canons who, in defiance of the original charter of their creation, neither will nor can take their appointed parts in the solemnization of cathedral worship, the church reformers intended, ay, intended *from the first*, to commit one more fraud by attacking the present miserable stipends of choir-men and organists. Acting on this supposition, we have for some time past, in occasional articles on church-music, laboured to prepare the public mind for resistance to such an attempt, by discussing the usefulness and necessity of fine music in public worship, and it is now pretty evident that our suspicions were well-founded. The first indication of actual hostility was the refusal of the Chapter of St. Paul's to appoint a vicar-choral in the room of the late Mr. Goulden,

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founded on the authority of the act of Parliament. This decisive step seems to have aroused the cathedral organists of England to a sense of their danger, and the result is the following memorial:—

The Memorial of the underwritten, respectfully addressed to the Very Reverend the Dean, and the Reverend the Chapters of the Cathedral and Collegiate Churches of England and Wales,

SHOWETH,

That your memorialists view with regret the imperfect manner in which the service is at present performed in our Cathedral Churches.

That the Choirs are inadequate to the due and solemn performance of Cathedral music; and that such improvements as the Chapters may be pleased to make in their respective Choirs will be hailed by your memorialists with gratitude.

That they would respectfully offer the following suggestions to the consideration of the Chapters:—

1. That for the proper performance of Cathedral music, four voices at least are required to a part, viz. four Altos, four Tenors, and four Basses, with an appropriate number of boys.

2. That it would be desirable to have a practising-room established, in which the Choir might meet once a week, to rehearse the music for the following Sunday, and thus the sacredness of Church music be more religiously regarded.

3. That the Organist, as master of the boys, should more completely direct their musical education—as, indeed, according to the spirit of the several statutes, he is bound to do; by which means they would be kept in an efficient state, and be taught not only to sing at church, but also to play upon instruments, and be well grounded in the theory of music. It is, however, self-evident, that the discharge of the duties which would fall upon us, were this memorial fully carried out, would involve the abandonment of that large portion of our professional employment which is utterly unconnected with our proper duties as Cathedral Organists. These engagements are at present absolutely necessary for the decent support of ourselves and families: we would gladly devote a larger portion of our time to our Cathedral duties, and can only hope that if more is required of us than when we were first appointed to our situations, we shall not be suffered to lose thereby.

Your memorialists trust that this statement of their views and wishes will be received in the same spirit in which it is submitted to your consideration. They hope they shall not seem to be stepping out of their proper sphere if, in conclusion, they revert to the great benefit which would result to the cause of religion throughout the land, from the more decent and solemn performance of the daily service in every Cathedral; which could not fail, among other effects, to produce a deeper feeling of the beauty of Church music, and increased congregations on week-days. And your memorialists, &c.

J. Amott, Organist of the Cathedral, Gloucester.
R. A. Atkins, Organist of the Cathedral, St. Asaph.
J. Barrett, Organist of the Cathedral, St. David's.
G. Bates, Organist of the Cathedral, Ripon.
J. Bennett, Organist of the Cathedral, Chichester.
Z. Buck, Organist of the Cathedral, Norwich.
A. T. Corfe, Organist of the Cathedral, Salisbury.
J. D. Corfe, Organist of the Cathedral, Bristol.
G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc., Organist of St. George's, Windsor.
F. Gunton, Organist of the Collegiate Church, Southwell.
J. J. Harris, Organist of the Collegiate Church, Manchester.
T. Haylett, Organist of Chester Cathedral, formerly of the Choirs, Cambridge.
J. Hunt, Organist of the Cathedral, Hereford.
R. Janes, Organist of the Cathedral, Ely.
J. Mitchell, Organist of Eton College.
W. Perkins, Organist of the Cathedral, Wells.
J. Pring, Mus. Doc., Organist of Bangor Cathedral, late Chorister of St. Paul's Cathedral.
J. B. Sale, Organist to her Majesty of the Choirs of the Chapel Royal and Westminster Abbey.
G. Skelton, Organist of the Cathedral, Lincoln.
G. Smart, Knt., Organist and Composer to her Majesty's Chapel Royal.
J. Speechley, Organist of the Cathedral, Peterborough.
W. Sudlow, Organist of the Collegiate Church, Manchester.
J. Turle, Organist of Westminster Abbey.

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Attached to this, there is the following co-memorial from certain members of the profession:—

We the undersigned, members of the musical profession, would view with great satisfaction the adoption of any measure similar to that recommended in the annexed memorial. We feel confident that any step which the Deans and Chapters may be pleased to take for the restoration of our noble Cathedral Service to its proper dignity and magnificence, would raise the musical taste of the people at large, and enable each organist to devote himself wholly and solely, as it is desirable he should be able to do, to the duties of his church, to the general superintendence of the choir, and to the composition and arrangement of the Cathedral music.

Anderson, G. W., Director of her Majesty's Private Band.
Barnett, Robert, Royal Academy of Music.
Bellamy, Thomas Ludford.
Bennett, William Sterndale, Professor of Music, Royal Academy.
Benson, George, Armagh Cathedral.
Bishop, H. R., Mus. Bac., Oxon.
Blackburn, J., Organist of Clapham Church, formerly Chorister of St. Paul's Cath.
Calkin, Joseph, Conductor of her Majesty's State Band.
Cherry, Richard, Organist of St. Mark's, Armagh.
Cooke, T., London.
Cramer, François.
Cramer, William.
Elliott, James, Organist of Curzon Chapel, Mayfair.
Hackett, Charles D., Organist of the Parish Church, Rotherham.
Harris, George F., Organist of St. Lawrence Jewry, Guildhall, and St. Mary Magdalene, Milk Street, London.
Hawes, William, of St. Paul's Cathedral and the Chapel Royal.
Horsley, William, Mus. Bac., Oxon.
Knyvett, Charles.
Loder, John D., Director and Leader of the Philharmonic Society.
Lucas, Charles, Professor of Music, Royal Academy.
Morgan, J., Organist of Christ Church, Cheltenham.
Moxley, A. J. S., Organist of Covent Garden Church, formerly Chorister of St. Paul's Cathedral.
Oliphant, Thomas.
Potter, Cipriani, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London.
Severn, J. H., Organist of the German Lutheran Church, Trinity Lane, City of London.
Smith, G. Townsend, Organist of St. Margaret's, Lynn, Norfolk.
Sturgess, Edward, Organist of the Foundling Hospital, late Chorister of St. Paul's Cathedral.
Spencer, Charles Child, London.
Taylor, Edward, Gresham Professor of Music.
Walmisley, Thomas Attwood, B.A., Trinity College, and Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge.
Westrop, Henry, London.

And, lastly, signed by 115 beneficed clergymen, comes the annexed recommendation:—

We the undersigned, Clergymen of the Church of England, would view with heartfelt satisfaction the adoption of any measure similar to that recommended in the annexed memorial. We feel confident that any steps which the Deans and Chapters may be pleased to take for the restoration of our noble Cathedral service to its proper dignity and magnificence, would gain for them the affections of the people at large, would advance in no small degree the cause of religion throughout the land, and would promote the glory of Almighty God, by fully carrying out the intentions of the founders of our Cathedrals; whose main object, it is evident, was to secure the due and solemn performance of Divine service in every Cathedral daily for ever.

Upon the matter of this memorial we shall, at present, offer no remark, preferring to reserve comments, which must necessarily be extensive, for a forthcoming article. On its manner, it may be enough to say that the memorialists

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are probably good judges of the kind of respect in which the feelings and attainments of musical artists are generally holden by Deans and Chapters. To our thinking, however, such a method of proeedure were about as promising of good effect, as were a polite request made in Field-lane for the restitution of some filched chattel. We regret to think that the cases are exactly parallel—the robbery has been just as indisputable in the former as in the latter instance, and the petition for redress will, we fear, prove not an atom more effective.

The striking fault of this memorial is that it is too confined an expression of sentiment. Great men who have committed great wrongs are accessible, as to their misdeeds, only to the voice of *universal* opinion. Whether the Deans and Chapters of England will prove exceptions to this rule, remains to be seen.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—No. XIX.

GIOVANNI MANE JARNOWICK.

GIOVANNI MANE JARNOWICK, or Giornovicki, was born in Paris, of Italian parents, in the year 1745. He studied the violin under the celebrated Lolli, and was his favourite pupil. His first performance in public was at the *Concert Spirituel*, in Paris, on which occasion he chose for his *debut*, the sixth Violin Concerto of his master. At first, however, he was not successful; but he was of a temperament of mind not easily to be dismayed, and his perseverance led to victory. He tried his own powers, and composed for himself; and in his first concerto, in E major, produced an effect from which his future fame may be dated. From this time, the style of Jarnowick was all the rage at Paris, and continued so for above ten years, when the celebrated Lamotte, a German violinist, rose into favour, and divided with him the applause of the public. The characteristic excellencies of Jarnowick's performance were correctness, purity of tone, and elegance; but he was deficient in vigour of tone and sensibility of soul; his *staccato* had but little brilliancy, and, above all, his embellishments wanted the skill and finish of a first-rate player. These were precisely the qualities for which Lamotte was distinguished, and Jarnowick was, therefore, obliged to be content to share his laurels with his rival. Being desirous of putting his opponent's skill to the test, he proposed to execute with him a symphony of his own choosing. "I do not see anything in your proposal," said the German violinist, "by which a virtuoso can exhibit his skill. Give me leave to propose another plan. Do you bring one of your concertos and I will bring one of mine; and let each of us execute the other's concerto at first sight." Jarnowick's tone of defiance was humbled; he declined accepting the proposal.

An unfortunate intrigue with a lady of royal birth having obliged Jarnowick to quit France *à la sourdine*, in the year 1780, his situation was filled by the incomparable Viotti, whom the author of *Les Jardins*, Delille, used to call the "Pindar of the Violin."

In 1782 we find Jarnowick in Prussia, filling the situation of first violin in the royal chapel at Potsdam. When Pugnani and Viotti quitted St. Petersburgh, where they had been loaded with favours by Catherine the Second, they paid a visit to Berlin, at the time that our violinist was in possession of the public favour. These three celebrated artists met at a concert given by the Prince-Royal of Prussia. Viotti executed a concerto which he had just finished. The presence of his two rivals appears to have inspired him, for on this occasion he soared even beyond himself. The jealousy of the impetuous Jarnowick was awakened, but he endeavoured to suppress it, and approaching his rival, loaded him with praises so exaggerated, as to betray the ironical spirit in which they were uttered. His turn came to play; for once in his life he was disconcerted, and his nerves giving way, he stopped short in one of the most familiar of his rondeaus. Now was the moment for Viotti to be revenged; he approached the

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confused musician, and, in the presence of the whole assembly, assured him of the profound admiration he entertained of his talents.

In 1792 Jarnowick repaired to London, where he played at all the great concerts till the year 1796, when the well-known dispute took place between him and J. B. Cramer, which terminated in the loss of Jarnowick's popularity in this country. During his residence in our capital, it was again his destiny to come in contact with Viotti, whose fame having now arrived at its zenith, could not be viewed by his jealous antagonist without the betrayal of the most unequivocal signs of mortification. They met one evening at an amateur's, where there was a large party. "I have long wished for an opportunity of meeting you," said Jarnowick abruptly; "let us send for our violins and see who is to be the Cæsar or the Pompey of our day." The challenge was good-naturedly accepted by Viotti; in consequence of which Jarnowick was unanimously declared the Pompey of this new Pharsalia. But on this occasion he did not lose courage, and shaking his rival by the hand, exclaimed, "Well, my dear Viotti, after all, it must be confessed that you and I are the only two violin-players."

After leaving London, Jarnowick proceeded to Hamburgh, where he resided several years, admired, if not esteemed, by all who knew him. By a singular concurrence of circumstances, Jarnowick was destined to encounter Viotti wherever he went. He accordingly again met him at Hamburgh, whither the latter had fled to escape his creditors, having failed by embarking in a speculation with an English wine-merchant. His spirits had received so violent a shock, that he could never be prevailed upon to play in public, but he composed two violin concertos, which he published with a dedicatory epistle, wherein the following sentence appears:—"This work is the fruit of the leisure which misfortune has procured me; some parts of the following pieces were dictated by anguish, others by hope." Jarnowick lived on good terms with Viotti during his residence there. He enjoyed considerable patronage, and published a collection of quatuors. But the natural restlessness of his disposition induced him to return to Berlin, which, after a short residence, he again quitted for St. Petersburgh. In this city he was seized with a fit of apoplexy while playing at his favourite game (billiards), and died in the year 1804.

Of this composer's works, seven symphonies and nine concertos for the violin have been published at Paris, besides the collection of quatuors above-mentioned. The most known of his concertos is that in E, of which we have had occasion to speak. It was introduced in the first act of the ballet of *Télémaque*, and admirably executed by Guenin, first violin of the French Opera, to a *pas de deux* danced by Vestris and Mme. Gardel.

M. Ginguené, in his excellent article on the "Concerto," has traced the history of this musical composition from its origin to the epoch of Viotti. We shall cite that part only which regards Lolli, Jarnowick, and Viotti.

"Lolli, who had his reasons for not being fond of the adagio, abridged it so much in his concertos, and threw into it so little melody and expression, that the hearers rarely felt tempted to complain of its shortness, and by degrees were accustomed to look upon it in no other light than as a kind of repose or transition from one allegro to another.

"Jarnowick, whose easy, spirited, and pleasing style of performance, was for several years the delight of the Parisian concerts, felt the same indifference for the adagio as Lolli, and for precisely the same reasons. He even carried his spirit of independence so far, as to omit it altogether. It seemed to be his aim to render the style of the concerto less noble and magnificent, but more flowing and graceful—in a word, to bring it more to the level of the capacity of the generality of hearers. This it was that led him into open hostility with the extraordinary man, who was born to carry the adagio to the utmost degree of perfection of which it was susceptible. To Jarnowick, however, we owe the introduction of the rondo in the last movement of the concerto.

"In the midst of this rage for music adapted to the capacity of all the world, Viotti came to delight the French public with a new style of playing, and concertos of quite another character. As a pupil of the celebrated Pugnani, who had so faithfully imbibed the great principles of the school of Tartini, his per-

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formance and his compositions appeared equally extraordinary. Independently of his concertos, which displayed such fertility of imagination, and glowed with such youthful fire, all the world was enchanted with his divine adagios, which their author executed with a perfection that restored to the concerto all the dignity of which it had been unjustly deprived. Even in the rondos that he composed to please the public, who had become habituated to compositions of this kind, he did not depart from his characteristic style, and knew how to impart, even to this lighter kind of composition, a degree of nobleness and elevation."

SPOHR'S ADDRESS TO THE MUSICIANS OF GERMANY.

[The following address was published twenty years ago, immediately before the production of the author's opera of *Jessonda*, which he adverts to in a note. It is remarkable to observe the analogy between the state of music in Germany in 1820, and in England in 1840; and it is deplorable to notice the continuance, nay, the exaggeration in the present day of the musical abuses which this great composer at that time so justly vituperated. Now that the German opera may be said to have taken a stand in this country, the opinions on the subject of Spohr, the greatest living ornament of that classic school, cannot fail to be highly interesting to the musical *dilettante*, and we hope this translation will be gratifying to our readers.—Ed. M. W.]

At length the long expected moment seems arrived, when the German public, cloyed with the insipid sweetness of modern Italian music, longs for that which is of real and intrinsic value. All the operas that Rossini has lately brought out, have more or less displeased, and managers already find the necessity of looking out for something further. Even in Italy, where the public must have been satiated with his music to excess,—even there the credit of this, till lately universally idolised composer has sunk deeply. Vienna alone, the city in which true German art originated, still forms an exception. There the public, cheated of their better judgment by the Italian *virtuosi*, are still charmed by the syren spell. Yet, if the downfall of this music is deferred in this quarter, it is only to precipitate it the lower when it does take place, particularly if the director of the Italian opera there, has no new singers in store to keep alive the zest for this novelty; for the old ones will, from their hackneyed and eternal repetition of the same insipidities, soon weary the patience of the fickle amateurs of Vienna. This was the case with the former idolized David, who, on his return among them, was not received with half the former enthusiasm.

The important epoch seems now arrived at which German art will resume its former dignified attitude on the stage; and the object of these remarks is to invoke the German composers to use every becoming exertion to regain the former footing which they held in the opera, and to remove from thence everything that is foreign, provided it be not found to possess intrinsic value. The former and dangerous predominance of the French school has now ceased, since the more eminent among them are either no more, or have ceased altogether to write for the stage; and those that still remain, being of second rate abilities only, give no cause for alarm. This call is principally addressed to those composers of distinction and general estimation, who, from having been discouraged by a few unsuccessful trials, seem to have entirely given up theatrical composition, and devoted themselves exclusively to church and chamber music, in which they feel no apprehensions as to their success. This repugnance on their part I can easily account for from my own feelings and experience; therefore, for the sake of the rising artist, I shall not suffer the cause that gave birth to such a feeling to pass unnoticed.

It is very discouraging, for example, that the success of an opera should, in a great measure, depend upon accidental causes, over which the composer has no control; as, for instance, the distribution of the different characters, the external decorations, the proper rehearsal of the music, the preparation of the public for the reception of a new work, and more than all, the art of inspiring the singers with a proper interest in the characters they have to personate, and in the music

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which they have to perform. It is still farther discouraging to a composer to see the merit or demerit of his works decided, not by those that are scientific judges, but by the casual frequenters of the theatre, and consequently by those who are not in the slightest degree qualified to pass a sound and critical opinion.* Lastly, it can afford but little encouragement to the composer who has to live by the benefit of his labours, when, as is the case at present, less is to be gained by the composition of an opera, than by the making-up (for I will not dignify it by the name of composing) of bagatelles for the flute, guitar, &c., or of the arrangement of foreign productions, which exertions are well rewarded by publishers, while the benefit to be derived from an opera, even if it should generally please, remains very uncertain. One of the causes is, that scarcely has an opera appeared, when the traffickers in petty larceny fall foul of the score, which no precautions on the part of the author, or any protests in the public journals can prevent. Thus they steal all the choicer parts of the composition, and defraud the author of what he has so dearly earned by the laborious efforts of his genius.†

In order to remedy these evils, and to give general encouragement to German composers to write for the stage, the directors of theatres must do their part, and give their particular attention to these two important points: 1st. To purchase works only of the composer himself, as the natural and legal possessor of the right of his own productions. 2nd. To remunerate his talent justly and properly; this latter stipulation will doubtless appear quite extraordinary to the managers of theatres, as heretofore the whole requisites of an Italian or French opera were to be obtained at merely the price of the copyist's labour; and even when, on one occasion, a stipulated sum was paid for a German opera, it was so inconsiderable, as probably to form one of the meanest expenses attached to bringing it forward.

The consideration for a great opera should be proportionate to the labour, time, and powers of mind requisite for its composition; and should at least be in a two, if not in a three-fold proportion, to what is paid for original MSS. of tragedies, comedies, &c., particularly when we take into consideration the additional advantage that the author of a play has over the composer of an opera, in his privilege to publish his own work. How far this has been hitherto attended to, the German composers know, alas! but too well.

But now let us, on the other hand, consider what motives there are to encourage German artists themselves to apply to the task of dramatic composition. Neither the church nor the chamber can afford the composer such a mass of effective means as the theatre. In proof of the truth of this remark, it may be mentioned that many theatrical composers, whose talents were not equal to produce anything of sufficient value for the church or the concert-room, have been able, by an effectual application of these means, even without the aid of any strength of invention, to produce very considerable effects. The charm of scenic representation, the combined effect of almost all the arts, everything is in his favour, and serves as a motive for encouragement. If they be possessed of real talent, an opportunity here presents itself for portraying all the passions of the human heart, which could not be found elsewhere; and what glory, what applause, if they have been successful with one opera! Let them furnish the church and the chamber with productions of the most excellent kind, still they will be known only to a small portion of the public; but if they obtain success in the theatre, their name will be on every tongue. Therefore, let the German composers exert their energies: let them be active; for the moment seems arrived when such efforts will be crowned with success! Before concluding, let me be permitted to offer a few observations for the benefit of the young and rising composer.

* I cannot let this occasion pass without noticing the general complaint, that the more cultivated part of the audience seem daily more and more to disdain giving any audible signs of their approbation or disapprobation; whereby encouragement is given to the crowd to occupy the field of criticism, and reject all that does not accord with their ideas of excellence.

† The unblushing impudence of these gentlemen goes so far, that one of them lately sent a list of the scores he had on sale, among which, besides a multitude of others, which are known to be surreptitiously obtained,—for example, the *Cantemire* of Tesca, and the *Libussa* of Kreutzer,—there were two of my own operas, *Faust* and *Zemira und Azor*, which had been plundered in the same manner.

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In Germany, as in France, the fate of the opera depends in a great measure upon the poetry; with this difference only, that the *parterre* of a French theatre shows an infinitely more refined taste in its judgment on the merits of a composition, and would not tolerate the absurdities with which our opera-books abound; while, on the contrary, in forming a just estimate of the value of the music, the French are infinitely behind the Germans, since even in the taste of the most refined among the French, Gretry and Dallayrac are allowed to rank so much higher than Cherubini and Mehul. Our first object, therefore, must be to select a subject that shall have sufficient interest to attract the multitude, otherwise our opera will have no chance of standing its ground long. If it attract only the small number of the elect,—the cultivated sons of taste,—the manager's pocket will soon be left empty, and the opera will very shortly be quietly laid on the shelf. But if we have been compelled to sacrifice the subject to the taste of the multitude, still we ought to be independent in the choice of our style, and clothe it in such music as is solid and expressive; this will at once be tolerated by the crowd, and indemnify the chosen few for the loss they sustained in the choice of the subject. If we have the power to invent national melodies, we may, by a due admixture of these, please the fancy of the multitude, and have the satisfaction of hearing them chanted at fairs, and ground on barrel organs; but the dignity of music will necessarily suffer by it, for valuable as a national song is as such, still it is not fit for the more ennobled music of our theatres, from which the music of an alehouse ought as scrupulously to be excluded as its jest and vulgarity.* The opera-book must either be enlivened with broad humour, or strongly seasoned with witcheries and incantations; it must at the same time afford scope for splendid decorations, marches, and processions, to gratify the eye. Now, as together with external pageantry, a reasonable action may be blended; hence the problem of writing a lyric drama, which shall at once please the mind endowed with taste, and that which is uncultivated, is easily solved, as some few existing instances prove. If we have been happy enough to obtain such a subject, we should no longer be merely solicitous to please, we should no longer speculate on mere theatrical effects, as several of the modern composers do; but we ought to follow the bent of our feelings, and compose music of a true dramatic character adapted in every respect to the subject, both in tone, style, and character; nor ought we at the same time, on such occasions as are suitable, to neglect the employment of those means with which the modern orchestra is provided, and to which the public is now but too much familiarized. That music which is not enforced by the drum and the trombone, must possess great original power in itself to allow this strong exterior incentive to be dispensed with, and yet to give general satisfaction.

We have abundant proofs that not only a poem full of situations and effects, and adapted to the taste of the multitude, is capable of being clothed with good music, but that a subject which is altogether insipid, cannot possibly maintain its place on the stage. Now, the modern Italian opera proves quite the contrary, and teaches us that such music as is adapted to the conceptions of the multitude, can make even a perfectly insipid subject (such as most of the modern Italian are) supportable. In such manner there are no laurels to be gathered by us; for, in the first place we want the gift to invent those sweeter melodies, and to practise those artful refinements of the voice which constitute the charm of Italian music; and in the next place because the whole species has already outlived itself, and is near the point of dissolution. Let us, therefore, adhere to our old style. Another question is, whether we could not succeed in giving the German opera greater variety, by changing the dialogues into recitatives. If the critic reject the opera as a product of art, and call it monstrous, it is the sudden transition from speech to song that justifies him in so terming it. In truth, it is only the force of habit that renders it supportable. Yet I am far from wish-

* On the appearance of Weber's *Freyschutz*, it was remarked in some of the public journals, that there could not be a more unequivocal proof of the excellence of the opera, than that its melodies were in every mouth, and were heard in every public place, and that a composer could not enjoy a more perfect triumph than this. According to this theory, there never was a greater or more happy composer than Kauer and W. Müller, and never a worse and more unhappy one than Gluck! In the regeneration of the German opera, and for its credit it is fortunate that the *Freyschutz* has merited the great applause of the public, not merely by those melodies that have become so popular among the lower classes, but also by beauties of a higher kind.

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ing that dialogues upon the common occurrences of life, of which our operas contain such continual examples, should be set to music; for the same might with equal consistency be done with the paragraph of a common newspaper. No; an opera in which all is to be sung, must, in the first place, have a poetical action from the beginning to the end; secondly, it should be so simple, that a spectator, without knowing the subject, should be able to guess at the tenor of the story; thirdly, it should be limited to a small number of characters, not exceeding five or six at the utmost. The second of the conditions is necessary, because the greater part of our singers pronounce the words in an unintelligible manner; and the latter, because fewer still are qualified to sing the recitative, and do justice to the peculiar declamation which it requires.*

If a lyric drama have not these necessary requisites, the form of the dialogue ought in preference to be adhered to. In operas without dialogue care must be taken that the recitatives, as well as the concerted pieces, should not be too long and that the acts, for the greater relief of the singers, as well as of the hearers, should not be too much protracted. For this purpose it appears to me advisable, that the operas usually compressed into two acts, should be divided into three.

The young artist who wishes to try his powers in an opera composed with recitatives, must, next to those acquirements that it necessarily pre-supposes, exercise himself with all possible diligence in this particular branch of his art. Though at first sight, nothing appears more easy than the composition of the recitative, yet to do justice to it will be found no common task. In this also, we are surpassed by the earlier masters, who have exhausted all the materials for the recitative, and left us nothing but the field of imitation.

If these suggestions should have the happy effect of stimulating one man of genius to the composition of an opera, which he would not have attempted without them; and if these hints should prove useful but to one individual among those youthful students, who are exercising themselves in the study of music, then the author will not think that he has expressed his thoughts in vain.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—In a recent number of your valuable periodical you have fallen into an error, in stating that the half-yearly general meeting of this Society would be held at the rooms of Messrs. Erard. The fact is, the meeting took place on the day appointed, at the rooms of Messrs. Erat, Harp Makers, 23, Berners-street, who granted the use of their rooms, not only upon this occasion, but most kindly have, from the first formation of the Society, allowed the meetings of the committee to be held there. They have also appropriated an apartment for the purposes of the valuable library of the Society, and have at all times granted the free use of their house for any business the committee wished transacted there. In addition, Mr. James Erat gratuitously fills the office of Treasurer; and the Messrs. Erat have, by every means in their power, forwarded the best interests of the Society. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

December 19th, 1840. G. J. BAKER, Secretary.

[We gladly give insertion to the above as a testimony to the public spirit of the Messrs. *Erat;* but we beg to remind the secretary that the meeting *did not* take place on Friday, the 11th inst., for the reason we stated last week, namely, that the number of members who did assemble was not sufficient to form a general meeting. The liberality of Messrs. *Erat* will avail little to British music, if the lethargy of British musicians render them too careless to accept it; of a truth, this Society seem to be singing their cause to sleep with the lullaby of their want of patronage.—Ed.]

* The opera of *Je vonda,* which I lately composed, possesses, at least I so flatter myself, all these requisites. In its representation, I shall shortly be able to obtain a convincing proof, whether the theory I have laid down above will hold good in practice, and if, through an imposing display of pageantry (consisting of groups of dancing Bayaderes, warlike dances, processions of priests, a religious sacrifice, &c.), the multitude will find attraction, at the same time that the more cultivated will be pleased by the music and by the action itself.

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COUNT OGINSKY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In looking over a volume of the *Harmonicon* lately, I met with one of Count Oginsky's Polonaises, to which the following anecdote is prefixed:—"The Polish Count Oginsky was strongly attached to a lady who preferred his rival. Resolved not to survive his disappointment, he asked, as a last and only favour, that he might be permitted to dance with her the first Polonaise at the nuptial ball. For this purpose, he prepared the following expressive air; during the performance of which he ill dissembled the agony of his mind; and when it was concluded, rushed from the presence of her who alone could render life valuable to him, and shot himself."

Unfortunately for the authenticity of this romantic story, the Count Oginsky is living at this moment; and I was informed by a lady of Polish extraction, that the anecdote itself is pure invention. I therefore deem it mere justice to the Count, to set the musical public right in this respect, especially as I find the above fiction reprinted in one of the numbers of a musical work now in course of publication.

The following brief notice of the present Count, and of his uncle, Michael Kasimir Oginsky, may be acceptable to your readers; I have translated it from a German work of high authority:—

"Michael Kasimir Oginsky, general-in-chief of Lithuania, was born in 1731, of one of the most ancient and illustrious families of the Polish race. With a striking and manly exterior, he possessed the most amiable of dispositions, and the most brilliant talents. A zealous protector of the arts, he was himself master of several instruments, and was equally skilled in designing and painting. The invention of pedals for the harp has been ascribed to him. His castle at Slonim was the point of union of renowned artists, and of all who were distinguished either by rank or genius. In 1771 his love of country called him away from the pursuit of the richest and most refined enjoyments of life, to the field of battle. At the head of the confederation of Lithuania, he fought against the Russian army, which had invaded Poland. Confiscation of his property was the consequence. He left his native land, and did not return till 1776. At his own expense he caused a canal to be made, which bears his name; the object of which was to unite two rivers, and thus to open a communication between the Baltic and the Black Sea. Having expended two-thirds of his enormous fortune, he retired from affairs, and died at Warsaw, in 1803.

"Michael Kleophas Oginsky, nephew of the above, and high treasurer of Lithuania, was born in 1765. At the age of 19 he entered into the service of the state, was sent as a deputy to the diet, then extraordinary ambassador to Holland, and in 1793 was made minister of finance. When Kosciusko, in 1794, raised the banner of a general insurrection, Oginsky surrendered his portfolio, and took the command of a regiment which he had raised at his own cost. After many brilliant proofs of courage and perseverance, the unfortunate termination of a battle compelled him to seek safety by flight, and his property became the booty of the Russian general. He was named by the Polish patriots their agent in Paris and Constantinople, and used every exertion to effect the restoration of his country, but in vain. When all hope of this had vanished, he requested permission from the Emperor Alexander to be allowed to return to his estate at Xalesia, near Wilna (then become a province of Russia), which was accorded to him in 1802. Here he resided several years devoted to the sciences, to music, to gardening, and to the composition of his memoirs. After the peace of Tilsit, he betook himself with his family to France and Italy. In 1810, having been nominated as senator and privy-councillor, he returned to Russia, and remained there till 1815, when he again visited Italy. There, during a period of happy leisure, he increased the number of his musical compositions, among which his Polonaises are celebrated. His 'Memoires sur la Pologne et les Polonais depuis 1788-1815,' published in two volumes, at Paris, in 1826, contain very interesting details, especially of the period from 1794 to 1798."

I wish I were enabled to add anything to the preceding sketches of the career of two such accomplished men. Their history furnishes a proof, if any were needed, that the cultivation of music is by no means incompatible with the pursuits of the scholar, the statesman, the soldier, and the man of business; and I ardently hope that it may, ere long, form an indispensable portion of every liberal education.

London, December 18, 1840. R. A. R.

REVIEW.

The Jew at Antioch; recitative and air, composed by Mary de Humboldt.

There are decided evidences of talent in this song, albeit labouring much against want of method and constructiveness. For example, the putting-

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together of the harmonies in the recitative, is very creditable to the composer's schooling; this, it is true, would be a mere matter-of-course in the hands of an artist, but failure in such matters is so nearly invariable with lady-writers that we think the reverse worthy of special mention in this instance. Two portions of the song, also, are remarkably pleasing in their melody and expression—the first common-time movement, and that in 3-8 time—and both of these are extremely well accompanied. The principal defect of the composition is want of plan and continuity. It is cut up into too many pieces—several ideas are started, but none carried out;—there are no less than five movements, and all unimportant as to their treatment; the last, especially, is without a vestige of a subject, has an incoherence of style—something betwixt recitative and air, and dwells at far too great length on keys foreign to the concluding tonic. Another defect is that—leaving the recitative out of the question—the song begins in F major and ends in G major, and thus, the balance of key throughout being greatly in favour of the latter, the whole has the effect of commencing elsewhere than at the beginning.

With a little more attention to the shape and proportions of her works, we doubt not that Miss de Humboldt will attain a distinguished position among female composers.

Quatre Bagatelles à la Valse, pour le pianoforte, par J. W. Davison.

These are very elegant specimens of Mr. Davison's talent for composition; trifles they certainly are, as to their length and character, but they are trifles of an experienced and tasteful musician. The themes are always melodious and judiciously and amusingly treated, in the place of Strauss's eternal see-saw betwixt tonic and dominant we find an abundance of good, and often elaborate, modulation, and in the working of the second parts there are frequent touches of power which, but that the true musician's feeling always *will* and ought to show itself in trifles, we should say would do honour to a better cause. We find much to admire in every page of this little work: but as we may be expected to particularise some object of our liking, we confess a preference for the trio of No. 1 for its vigour—the whole of No. 3, for its sprightly elegance, the 6-4 introduction of the subject in its second part, and the dashing treatment of the second part of its trio—and the waltz of No. 4 (the opening of which is a kind of minor version of the theme of No. 1), for the quaintness of its modulations and the excellent treatment of its second part.

They may all be rendered effective without difficulty, and we recommend them with pleasure to the good graces of pianoforte-players.

That lovely smile. We shall meet once more; ballads composed by John Calvert.

We can honestly say of both these compositions, that they are pleasing in melody, and more tasteful in accompaniment than the mass of music of similar pretensions.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Napoleon's funeral, which formed, perhaps, the most important and interesting spectacle ever witnessed, even in Paris, the show-box of Europe, was solemnized on the 15th inst., with entire satisfaction to all persons, parties, and factions, of the divided and subdivided population, who deserted their domiciles from sunrise to sunset of one of the coldest days ever experienced in the French metropolis, and massed the entire road through which the pageant had to stem its way, to the number of at least seven hundred thousand souls. It had been announced that Cherubini was to furnish a new service for the interment of his former patron, and musical curiosity was awakened by the hope of enjoying a production, to which it was naturally expected the veteran composer would lend all his great talent inspired by grateful recollections of past times and deeds which have never ceased to be cherished by him. I know not the why nor the wherefore, but the sublime *Requiem*

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of Mozart was performed on the occasion, and executed in a style so unequivocally excellent as to satisfy the most fastidious musical critics; yet the Parisian *monde*, ever voluble in their little patriotism, are somewhat disposed to cavil at the substitution; and it must be owned that the characteristics of the *Requiem* are of too profound and touching a nature for the conclusion of a solemnity which, throughout its progress, and through all France, assumed the character of a great national triumph rather than a funeral ceremony. The circumstance of the rites having been previously performed, and the lapse of years since the decease of Napoleon, naturally took from the proceedings that religious awe and moral conviction usual at the obsequies of the great thus "vanquished by the universal leveller."—Mozart himself, had he been alive, would assuredly have considered his immortal work inappropriate; and I think it is to be regretted that so grand an occasion should not have thrown open competition, not only to the limits of French talent, but to the genius of Europe—for genius has a native home wherever it journeys—it is to be regretted that the present age should not have furnished throughout, this tribute to the past, and celebrated by a musical ovation the final honours paid to one whose whole life was an epic poem—whose history affords but one event of touching interest—his death.

Hotel de Nantz, 16*th Dec.* 1840.

METROPOLITAN.

Concerts of the Eastern Institution.—The first of a series of six concerts took place on Thursday, the 17th instant, at the commodious rooms in the Commercial Road—an excellent band was led by Mr. Eliason, and conducted by Mr. T. Cooke. Madame Dulcken and Herr Koenig played solos on their respective instruments, and Mesdames Caradori Allen, Romer, M. and R. Williams, Messrs. J. Bennett, and Stretton, executed a variety of vocal pieces with their accustomed talent and success—the overtures to *Zauberflote, Der Freischutz, Guillaume Tell,* and *Zanetta* were performed with great spirit and effect, and the evening's entertainment gave the utmost satisfaction to a numerous auditory.

PROVINCIAL.

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Cheltenham.—Signor Castro gave a concert on the 16th inst., in the large room of the Literary Institution. The Signor himself executed several pieces on the guitar in a style of excellence such as we never before heard on that instrument. His performance and singing of the Spanish War Song, was of its kind quite a masterpiece. Miss Davis, a young lady from Worcester, made a very successful *debut* on this occasion: her voice is a most agreeable one, as was fully evinced in Crouch's song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," in which she was very deservedly encored—as also in Pio Cianchettini's "Benedictus." Mr. Sapio delighted the audience with several choice and favourite songs, in all of which he proved himself as excellent as ever. Mr. Uglow was very well received in one of De Beriot's Fantasias for the Violin, of which instrument he is in truth quite a master. Pio Cianchettini conducted in his usual brilliant and effective manner.—The concert was well attended.

Dublin.—Liszt has met with a most flattering reception here. He performed Weber's *Concert Stuck*, and the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, which was encored, at the centenary concert of the Anacreontic Society, on Friday last, which took place in the Great Rotunda, in presence of the Lord Lieutenant and a numerous audience. The Duke of Leinster, president of the Society, took the principal double-bass part in the orchestra, which consisted of about 70 performers, led by Messrs. Rudersdorff and Barton. Mr. John Parry made a decided hit. His "Buffo Trio Italiano" was rapturously encored; as was "Wanted a Governess." Richardson's performance on the flute elicited the plaudits of the whole assembly. Miss Steele, Miss Bassano, and Mr. Knight sang several compositions with great success. A concertante duet, violin and violoncello, was extremely well played by Rudersdorff and Pigott; and the band, conducted by Mr. Wilkinson, performed several overtures with great spirit.

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Oxford.—Mr. Sharp had a very full attendance at his concert at the Star Assembly-Room, in this city, last week. The programme consisted of a selection from Handel, Haydn, Corelli, Callcot, Rossini, Spohr, Bellini, and Bishop. The band, led in the first part by Mr. Sharp, the second by Mr. Marshall, performed the instrumental pieces with great correctness and effect, more especially the finale of Part I., viz. Rossini's splendid overture to *Semiramide*. The Misses Flower acquitted themselves so as still further to establish themselves as especial favourites of an Oxford audience. Miss Flower, in the song of "The Mocking Bird," and Haydn's sweet canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," gained great applause. The rich, full tone of Miss Sara's voice is fast improving, and bids fair to be, with strict cultivation, one of the finest voices of the day. Mr. Stretton well deserves the reputation which he has earned for himself. He was encored in Balfe's serenade of "Catherine Gray;" but it was in Callcot's splendid cantata of "The Last Man" the full extent of the powers of his voice told with full effect. The duets and glees were all prettily and pleasingly sung, particularly "I know a bank," which has been almost nightly encored at Covent-garden, in Shakspere's play of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*: it was unanimously encored. Mr. E. Marshall gained great applause in his "Pot Pourri" on the flute, and is very much improved in his performance on that instrument. Altogether, the concert was a great musical treat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Royal Academy of Music.—The King's Scholarship examination took place on Friday last, when there were eight male and thirteen female candidates, from whom one of each were to be elected. We understand the form of election is as follows: a board of professors, namely the following seven gentlemen, M. Cipriani Potter, chairman, Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, H. R. Bishop, James Elliott, Goss, Lucas, and Sir G. Smart, have to examine the several competitors, and then, without consultation among themselves, each writes his opinion as to whom he considers the most talented: these several reports are sent sealed to Lord Burghersh, who announces the result, which depends on the majority of favourable opinions. On this occasion, by a strange coincidence, two young ladies, Miss Emma Bendixen and Miss Matilda Mason, as also two young gentlemen, Mr. Cronin and Mr. Wilkinson, have equal votes: therefore another meeting of the board to choose one of each took place yesterday, when another parcel of sealed letters were dispatched to the right honourable president, and the unfortunate candidates have their anxious suspense protracted until the return of post from his lordship's seat in Northamptonshire; till when the final decision cannot be made known. We understand that a very great deal of talent was displayed throughout the whole examination of Friday, but more especially among the female candidates, the two young ladies in particular who have obtained so eminent preferment—each, besides playing a fugue of Bach from memory, produced several original compositions of the most important pretensions, such as choruses, songs, and, in the case of Miss E. Bendixen, a pianoforte sonata, with which the board were highly delighted. It is much to be regretted that Lord Burghersh, finding it convenient or necessary to be out of town at this critical period, does not depute some other member of the right honourable committee to open the seven seals, rather than prolong the anxiety of the competitors until several communications can be interchanged at so great a distance. We shall next week announce the result of the second election, and meantime offer our most earnest condolence to the lady and gentleman, whichever they may be, who have so honourably distinguished themselves and are yet to be disappointed.

English Opera-House.—The routed battalion of "sixty first-rate instrumental performers" has been rallied by their redoubtable chiefs, Messrs. Laurent and Negri, and will re-muster, on Saturday next, in the old quarters at the Lyceum, for the laudable purpose of participating the Christmas-boxes of the holiday folks, and sharing the triumphs of Harlequin, misletoe gambols, and cold plum-pudding. The veteran corps, thinned by "the fortunes (or misfortunes) of war," to an efficient fifty, and led by Mr. Paley, are to be flanked by the thundering artillery of "twenty-four (not pounders, but) choristers from the Italian Opera-house;" and the enlistment of Messrs. Frazer, A. Giubilei, and Galli; Mesdames Nunn,

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Pilati, Santa, &c., who are expected to perform the duty of *Great Guns* to the brigade, in its attack upon "the ears of the groundlings;" present altogether a formidable aspect for future operations. For ourselves, we fervently pray—short be the campaign, and large the booty.

Operas in Dublin will be supported next week by Messrs. Wilson and Morley, and Miss Delcy; so that brother Patrick will possess that which poor Johnny Bull is unable to attain—a theatre for music, and an efficient opera company.

Mr. James Bland has been for several weeks unable to pursue his vocation at Covent-garden Theatre, in consequence of the overturning of his gig by an omnibus, which severely wounded his hand, and inflicted many internal bruises. We are happy to say he is progressing favourably, and may shortly be expected to resume his professional duties.

More Opera Schemes.—Mr. Balfe, whether because he meets with too much success, or too little, in his Parisian speculations, seems to think it still necessary to "keep the pot a boiling" of his reputation here; to which end, he continues very industriously to spread reports, and to circulate *on dits* of his managerial intentions; to none of which shall we be at all disposed to give the least credence, until they shall assume a more tangible form than newspaper paragraphs and green-room chit-chat. That our readers, however, may not be behind the rest of the world in the important knowledge of what this ingenious artist might, could, would, or should be doing, if there were nothing to prevent the fulfilment of his speculative imaginings, we beg to enlighten them on the subject of two schemes that are the present bubbles, as easy to blow, as easy to evaporate. Mr. Balfe has, in conjunction with Mr. Eliason, proposed terms to certain parties to perform in English operas on alternate nights with the German company, at Drury-Lane; but the latter gentleman declares this proposition to be entirely abandoned. Mr. Balfe now announces his intention to open the Lyceum with an English Opera Buffa; but, coincident with this announcement, Messrs. Laurent and Negri's *Soirées Musicales* come forth to contradict it. Mr. Balfe would do better for himself and for his art were he more active and less annunciative.

The Messrs. Barnett have entirely relinquished their intention of recommencing their operatic labours at another establishment; the heavy loss they have sustained by the unfortunate opera forced upon them for the opening of their late enterprise, and the extreme difficulty in procuring efficient female vocalists, induce them to abandon their plan altogether. We sincerely regret both for themselves and for the musical public, that equal caution was not exercised in the first instance, by which the sacrifice of their property and time might have been spared, as well as the injury which every defeat inflicts upon a struggling cause.

The Strand Theatre, which has been, for some time, advertised for sale, by order of the Sheriff of Middlesex, on account of Mr. Fisher, and not for the creditors of Mr. Hammond's estate as had been expected, was knocked down on Tuesday to a single bidding of five hundred pounds. Nothing could more forcibly prove the depression of theatrical affairs in the metropolis than the fact, that this well-situated and snug establishment, which, a very few years since, cost three thousand pounds for its conversion from the building of the old Panorama, and which has been since enhanced in value, by the gift of the Lord Chamberlain's license, should now be a drug in the market. We have been since informed that the theatre was bought in.

The Ancient Concerts are to begin on Wednesday, March 17th. We hear the system of having various conductors, which was tried last year, will be continued this season. We presume her Majesty will be as punctual as heretofore in her attendance at the rehearsals, and as careful to disarrange the programmes, in order to give precedence to the foreign singers.—N.B. May we be allowed to suggest the appointment, in the royal household, of an Italian professor, to insure a correct production of the voice in the crying of the infant princess?

The Glee Club had a very great meeting on Saturday, John Capel, Esq., in the chair—several excellent glees were sung by a numerous corps of vocalists.

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THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY will give their anniversary dinner on Thursday, 21st January, in the Freemason's Hall; Sir John Rogers, the president, will take the chair.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that the overture to *Guy Mannering* was inserted in the programme of the concerts at the Princess's Theatre, at the especial request of a lady of title, who wished to hear it performed. This is a specimen of the taste of English nobles.

A NEW THEATRE ROYAL is about to be established in Glasgow, a patent having been granted by her Majesty to five gentlemen, who enter upon the, now-a-days, dangerous speculation with considerable spirit.

STUDY OF SINGING.—It may be observed that vocal tuition is too much confined to singing only—a mere singer will never be a fine singer. It is necessary to be generally acquainted with the art, to have studied the music of the great masters in every style, and to possess that knowledge of the principles of composition which is requisite in order to comprehend the design and structure of their works. Different persons have preferred different styles, according to their diversities of taste and disposition; but the preference of any particular style should result, not, as is too often the case, from ignorance of any other, but from an intimate knowledge of them all.—*Balfe's Italian School of Singing.*

REMUNERATION OF DRAMATIC COMPOSERS.—Charles Dibdin thus writes of his operetta of *The Padlock.* "The success of this piece is pretty well known all over the kingdom; it may not, however, be amiss to mention, that no conception can be formed of the sale of the music. What will be said when I assure the public, *The Padlock*, in about twelve years, nearly wore out three entire sets of plates! but how will their wonder be augmented when I declare, upon the faith of a man, that I never received in the whole, for composing that music, but forty-five pounds; though I dare say the sale of the music alone yielded nearly five hundred pounds."

DR. FRANKLIN'S INVENTION OF MUSICAL-GLASSES.—We are indebted to the great American philosopher for the invention of musical glasses. His instrument was a very different affair to the cumbrous collection of goblets occasionally practised upon in this country; it consisted of a series of saucers, tuned and fitted, one within the other, upon a spindle or axle set in rotary motion by a treddle similar to that of a turner's lathe. It will be readily perceived that this arrangement is by far more practical, the glasses making a self action while the fingers have only to produce vibration, and the edges or rims presenting themselves so closely to each other as to place the chord within the compass of a pianoforte-player's hand. It is not a little surprising that some of our ingenious musical mechanists have not turned this simple contrivance to account; and, by means of artificial vibratory pressure, constructed a keyed instrument which would at all times be acceptable and pleasing, and which might place some novel and striking effects in the power of the skilful composer. Dr. Franklin is known to have been a great watcher and worker by night, and the perfection of his musical discovery had been accomplished so silently and secretly, that his family were totally unaware of the matter. There was a motive in this; for on the completion of his task the doctor removed his instrument quietly into the chamber where Mrs. Franklin lay sleeping, and made the first essay of its powers in the performance of the Hundredth Psalm: the sleeper woke—raised herself from her pillow, and murmured with reverence and awe, "Heavenly angels, I am ready." The lady was but slowly convinced that the judgment hour was not at hand, and declared to her life's end that she could entertain no higher notion of celestial harmony than the sublime feelings inspired by the music of that night.

MUSIC AND MEDICINE.—It is not generally known that St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in Smithfield, owes its origin to a musical man, one of the chanters, or gleemen, of Henry the Seventh, who, on the dissolution of the monasteries in the subsequent reign, purchased the house, and threw it open to the sick and wounded entirely at his own expense. Physic was probably cheaper then than at present; but, however limited the institution might then have been, it was no less honourable to the founder, and is worthy of remembrance alike by those who appreciate the reduction of a fracture, or the resolution of a discord.

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SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—It is said that the committee contemplate giving a concert on a very grand scale on behalf of the society, at the Princess's Theatre, early in February, and that as soon as their plans are matured, they will submit them to a general meeting. On any terms, and almost at all hazards, we recommend that a concert should be given, for not only the abolition of the British Society, but, indeed, the utter extinction of British music, appear to us the promising consequences of another year of inaction on the part of this association.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. E." has our best thanks for his information respecting the Royal Academy Election. We rely upon him for next week.

The letter of "An Old Correspondent" has been mislaid; we will search for it, and take this opportunity again to thank the writer for his many favours.

"E. M." is informed that we cannot notice the ball at the Academy, our pages being devoted to music, not to dancing.

The notice of the Westminster Concert arrived too late for insertion in the present number.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Liszt.—Le Bal de Berne; grande valse (duet) - - - - - - *Wessel.*
Diabelli.—Deh con te (duet) - *Chappell.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Reissiger & Maurer.—Collection of Duets, piano and violin, no. 7, L'Elegant; brilliant variations - - - - - *Wessel.*
Beethoven.—Sonatas, piano and violin, no.7, op. 23, in A minor - - - - - *Ditto.*
Meinhan.—Les Murmures; no. 1, de la Newa; no. 2, Elbe; no. 3, La Seine; no. 4, Neckar - - - - - - *Ditto.*
——— Four Notturnos for violoncello and piano - - - - - - *Ditto.*
M'Farlane.—Amelie Waltzes by Lanner, piano and cornet à pistons - - *Ditto.*

VOCAL.

Childe.—Series of German Songs, for voice, piano, and cornet obligato, by Lachner, Kreutzer, Levy, Proch, and Wolfram *Wessel.*
Gliudon, R.—Brandy and salt; comic *T. E. Purday.*
Mounsey, Miss.—The nautilus cradle *Ditto.*
Klitz, P.—Napoleon's grave *Z. T. Purday.*
Haydn.—The Creation; arranged by Dr. Carnaby and E. J. Nielson - - - *Ditto.*
Westrop, E. J.—The Universal Psalmodist, part 3 - - - - - - - *Ditto.*
——— Ditto, complete volume - *Ditto.*
——— Ditto, in 12 numbers - - *Ditto.*
Linley, G.—They are not all joy's roses *Chappell.*
Lover, S.—O, give me at least thy sigh *Ditto.*
——— Sweet harp of the days that are gone *Ditto,*

FIDELIO.—The whole of this Opera with BEETHOVEN'S music in One Volume (or separate) is always in print at WESSEL and Co.'s. This edition being the one performed with MALIBRAN and SCHRODER-DEVRIENT, is the only perfect one existing, and, as such, calculated for the English stage or private performance. Wessel and Co. beg also to state that their edition is "no arrangement," but as the great author himself composed it.

For Christmas and New Years' Gifts:—

Czerny's Musical Greenhouse for Pianoforte; handsomely bound	2	0	0
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Spohr's Grand Violin School, translated by Rudolphus.....	2	5	0
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Liszt.—Homage to Schubert; ten of his most admired Songs for Piano Solo, with Liszt's fine Portrait, handsomely bound	1	1	0

To be had of every respectable Musicseller in Town and Country.

HILL and CO., late MONZANI and HILL, beg to inform their Friends and the Public, that they have REMOVED their Flute and Clarinet Manufactory and Music Warehouse, from the Ground Floor to the First Floor of their Premises, where their business will be continued as usual.

28, Regent-street.

TO ORGANISTS.—On SALE, an INSTRUMENT for pedal practice, containing the notes in the seat. Also, on view for a short time an ÆOLOPHON of rich and powerful tone, just completed for a chapel in Jamaica. The visits of the Profession will be welcomed by J. F. MYERS, the Patentee, 83, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

HENRY HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall, East, where all communications for the Editor, Works for Review, and Advertisements are received.—R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row.—G. BERGER, Holywell Street, Strand, and the following Agents:—

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THE

MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,

AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀύρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν."
PLAT. Phædo. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

DEC. 31, 1840. No. CCXLIX.—New Series, No. CLVII. PRICE 3*d*. STAMPED, 4*d*.

Another year is now buried in the tomb of its fathers, and with the birth of 1841 we wish our readers as much health and enjoyment—musical, especially—as they can wish themselves. To look back on the musical events of a London season is seldom a pleasing occupation, and the present occasion is no favourable exception. Twelve months have passed away—perhaps more concerts than ever have been given, there has been as much fuss, strife, and party-contention as ever, and as much money expended for the tickling of people's ears—and yet little or nothing has been done as an impulse to music in an artistical point of view. The season of the Italian Theatre has been just as usual—nothing could be done to increase our respect for the superb performances which are nightly heard within its walls, nor has anything been attempted to lessen the musician's contempt of the kind of works on which it is the fashion to employ them. A new lion has been imported for the "stupid starers and the loud huzzas" in the person of M. Liszt, whose playing is certainly at the extreme of beauty as his music is equally the perfection of ugliness. The exercise and health of the people have been greatly cared for, while their minds have much expanded by the habit of reflection on the elaborate and refined structure of quadrille-music, in the increase of walking-concerts in the metropolis. Thus much for the past year's music in its popular application. The Philharmonic, the various chamber-concerts at the opening of the season, and the performances at Exeter Hall, are all that the artist can revert to with pleasure, while two occurrences—the dismal failure of Mr. Barnett's operatic speculation, and the commencement of the attack on Cathedral music—provide him with food for deep regret. The well-spring of all musical discontents and grumblings is the absence of that rallying point for the artists of all other countries, a national lyric theatre. Without it, our composers will never attain greatness in the eyes of the world—without it, they will gradually lose confidence in themselves—without it,

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public taste will still remain unrefined—without it, patronage will continue to be wasted on "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." For this most untoward condition we have hope yet left, although but little else. "It is a long lane that has no turning" says the old proverb, and we may reasonably expect that the career of our operatic misfortunes has been so long uninterrupted that it *must* soon turn from that path from which any deviation must be for the better.

Our nature—especially at this jovial season—forbids our dwelling longer upon the unpleasant past, and experience equally warns us to abstain from indulging too freely in expectations of a happy future; so, with all manner of kind wishes for our readers, many thanks for their patronage of the "Musical World," and abundant assurance that we shall ever be found regardful of the best interests of music in our father-land, we take leave of them for a week, and of the year 1840 for ever.

CATHEDRAL SERVICE,

FROM "AN APOLOGY FOR CATHEDRAL SERVICE."

Our liturgy may be considered a tissue of true and lofty poetry. As a test of this, let us mark its harmonious chime with that of David and all the prophets. It intrudes not; there is nothing jarring or dissonant, incongruous or unseemly; nothing to forbid the belief that our compilers were not uninfluenced by that same spirit

"Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire."

The very title of Mattins and Evensong shows that the general character of the liturgy may be musical; this idea seems never absent from the minds of the compilers, for in no part of it are terms used which shut out chanting, except where, not the Almighty nor the congregation at large, but two or three individuals are addressed; as in that portion of the baptismal service which the priest is directed to *speak* to the godfathers and godmothers. The sermon being the priest's own composition, and having a didactic, or expository, or argumentative character, quite different from that of the collects, &c. asks for a different mode of expression. The holy serenity of mind, which chanting the prayers is calculated to produce, is not the single object of a preacher striving to rouse men from their sins; and the even manner so judicious in the first case, might rightly be called tame or inappropriate in the latter. Just as the manner of an energetic preacher, admirable in the pulpit, would seem indecently vociferous if it were adopted in our addresses to the throne of grace. The careful phrase used in the rubric is "Then shall follow the sermon." The lessons, and the epistle and gospel being chiefly narrative, we may not complain of the modern usage of reading them although even they were originally chanted. The commandments, being declaratory, are also generally read in our cathedrals.

It would be thought a strange proposal that would ask us to forego the advantage we derive from the distinct characters in which our literature is printed, that it might appear in the same running-hand in which we carry on our private correspondence. It is an analogous absurdity to desire to restrict the performance of public worship and private devotion, offered up under such different circumstances, to one mode of delivery. We might as well infer from the admonition of the poet,

"Guard well thy thought, our thoughts are heard in heaven,"

that to give them vocal utterance at all is needless, since they travel thitherward before we can express them. But it may be hoped that the petitions whispered in our chamber; read gently at the hour of family prayer, or with a loud voice at the parish church; and chanted with a glorious vehemence in our cathedrals, will alike find acceptance with Him to whom all hearts are open and all desires known beforehand.

That this latter way is not the one in which we customarily express ourselves

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is the reverse of an objection. Far removed from the familiarity of manner with which we address each other in common, it indicates that we would approach a Being not like ourselves, and in adopting it we seem to enjoy an antepast of

"That undisturb'd song of pure concent,"

which our great poet points out as characteristic of the worship of the heavenly host, for whose society we cannot fit ourselves too soon.

And is this a service to be stripped of its majesty, and consigned to the smallest possible number of individuals by whom it can be carried on! Does the sagacity of an enlightened age consist in finding out that, by the prodigality of our ancestors, more servants have been assigned to the Most High than are needful? and in so conducting cathedral service, for which munificent provision has been made by large-souled men, as if it had to look for its support to the penurious grudgers of church-rates—beings who would have exclaimed, when the precious box of spikenard was poured out, "Why was this waste!" Impious economy!

"Give all thou canst, high heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more."

It should be borne in mind, that in thus asking again and again for the proper maintenance of the service, it is not its extension all over the land that is asked for; such an endeavour would be absurd, and if set about, its accomplishment would be found infeasible. The service is of too lofty a character, and demands the possession of talent too rare to permit the hope of its being universally adopted. But as that talent abounds sufficiently for its maintenance in our cathedral and collegiate churches and chapels, let us rejoice that in these the wisdom and liberality of other days have provided for our liturgy that degree of splendour in which it well deserves to be arrayed, and by which its exceeding dignity may be manifested. I could willingly see the dean canonized who will first insist upon a munificent sum being allotted for the constantly efficient and dignified support of the daily service in his cathedral, before he assents to the chapters making any division among themselves. From such a recurrence to the spirit and letter of the statutes the stamp of singularity would soon be effaced.

All who feel that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in *cui bono* philosophy, must be alarmed at witnessing the spread of utilitarian notions. A pithy saying concerning the professors of this school has been left (as some compensation for his mischiefs) by one who had pretty good opportunity of finding out their peculiar talent: "Deliver up an empire," said Napoleon, "into the hands of philosophers, and though it be of adamant they'll contrive in a couple of years to grind it to powder." Heaven be praised, the adamantine rock on which our church is founded defies even the utilitarian grindstone! But it was enough to make a churchman's eyes gush out with water when he saw a body, reckoning five venerable prelates among its members, yielding to the influence of this heart-famishing philosophy. The reports of the ecclesiastical commissioners are full of it, so far as they relate to our cathedrals; and those portions which refer to the daily choral service are so coldly and vaguely expressed, as to show that it has met with very slight attention, is ill understood, and consequently undervalued by the commissioners. Yet it is treated with as little hesitation as if it had received the full and solemn consideration which it deserves. The utilitarian axe is uplifted, and not only canons and prebendaries, but priest-vicars and minor canons, lay-vicars and choristers are hewn down. The very bishoprics do not escape. Why should Sodor and Man, or why should Bangor have a bishop of its own? "Because they have each had one for a thousand years," would be answer enough (could no other be offered) for such as keep alive the heart in the head; but with the commissioners, a thousand years are as one day, and they have not scrupled to propose that these prelates should be

"With a vengeance sent
From Media post to Egypt."

The people of Bristol having had half their cathedral battered down by Oliver

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Cromwell, and somewhat more than half their palace burnt down by subsequent reformers, the fitness of things requires that they should henceforward content themselves with half a bishop.

With respect to her prebendaries, &c. the good old church is treated by her sons much as the good old king was treated by his daughters with regard to his knights; they are lopped off with signal liberality:

"We recommend that no new appointments shall in future be made to any of the stalls of the old foundation, which are not residentiary." (At Lincoln these are about fifty.)

"What! fifty of my followers at a clap?"

In both cases the same gentle insinuation is employed:

"It is to be hoped, that the sacrifices which will be required from the cathedral and collegiate churches will have the effect of stimulating individual benevolence," &c.

"Be then desired
By her that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train."

The reduction system proceeds in each case upon the utilitarian principle:

"If the endowments of these bodies should appear to be larger than is requisite for the purposes of their institution, and for maintaining them in a state of efficiency and repectability, &c." "We are of opinion that the interests of the cathedrals would be consulted by retaining only so many of the minor canons as are sufficient for the service," &c.

"Hear you, my lord;
What need you five and twenty? ten? or five?"

But

"What says our second daughter?"

Why she says, in the true spirit of a cuibonist,

"What need *one?*"

and the commissioners complete the analogy by proposing, that at each of the Welsh cathedrals, the chapter being provided for, "all the remaining property of what kind soever belonging to the canonries, prebends, dignities, and offices shall go to the improvement of poor benefices." Thus, throughout the principality, there would not be left *one* of all those minor canons, lay vicars, and choristers for whom provision has been made by the founders of its four cathedrals, to secure therein for ever the performance of the blessed service for which they were appointed:

"Oh! rather shake the superflux to *them*,
And show the heavens more just."

By the providence of God we may some day see a Prince of Wales in the land. Let him not come to a dissanctified heritage!

Is it the wretched precedent so long afforded by Llandaff that has bewitched the commissioners? Browne Willis, in his History of the Cathedrals, states that "Landaff, till about the year 1696, had four lay vicars, an organist, four choristers, and a chief or Latin schoolmaster; that they were then put down, or laid aside, on pretext of applying their stipends towards repairing the fabric, and that these have ever since been shared and applied to augment the income of the members of the chapter. It is well worth noting, that when this transaction took place, the dissenters (including those in honest English then called papists), were in the proportion of *one* to thirty churchmen throughout the diocese of Llandaff. The present bishop can tell the commissioners how mournfully different are the proportions now. Who will venture to say, that in bringing about this melancholy change the wrongful act of 1696 had nothing to do? "In a state there are often some obscure and almost latent causes; things which appear, at first view, of little moment, on which a great part of its prosperity or adversity may most essentially depend."

The last sentence is taken from what some one used to call the "Prophecy of

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Edmund;" but as most of us are absorbed in reading to-day what was written yesterday, and will be forgotten to-morrow, the monitory book of Burke is reserved for a still wiser age than the present. I cannot, however, forbear citing from it a passage or two more, with a hope that the words of "a being of large discourse, looking before and after," may not be altogether without influence, when it is seen how forcibly they apply to a measure which his English heart forbad his anticipating, but for which his wisdom prepared a denunciation half a century ago. If we bear in mind the haste and hurry by which the propositions of the commissioners are distinguished (and even the composition of their reports characterized); the necessity to which they have been reduced by this inconsideration, of changing some and abandoning other of their plans, and the absence of all appearance of the great minds of former ages having been consulted in concocting them; the singular character of their remedies, and their utter disregard or forgetfulness of what was designed by the builders-up of those glorious foundations which they are disturbing, we shall be led to admit that the author's

> "Old experience did attain
> To something like prophetic strain,"

when thus with warning voice he cried aloud to his coevals and ourselves:—

"Men who undertake considerable things, even in a regular way, ought to give us ground to presume ability; but the physician of the state who, not satisfied with the cure of distempers, undertakes to regenerate constitutions, ought to show uncommon powers."

"In the scheme of these men I confess myself unable to find anything which displays the work of a comprehensive and disposing mind. Their purpose everywhere seems to have been to evade and slip aside from difficulty. This it has been the glory of the great masters in all the arts to confront and overcome. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill; our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial. It is the want of nerves of understanding for such a task, it is the degenerate fondness for tricking, short cuts, and little fallacious facilities that has in so many places of the world created governments (and invested commissioners) with arbitrary powers. The difficulties which they had rather eluded than escaped meet them again in their course; they multiply and thicken on them, they are involved through a labyrinth of confused detail in an industry without limit and without direction; and in conclusion, the whole of their work becomes feeble, vicious, and insecure. It is this inability to wrestle with difficulty which has obliged the arbitrary assembly to commence their schemes of reform with abolition and total destruction. But is it in destroying and pulling down that skill is displayed? Your mob can do this as well as your assemblies. The shallowest understanding is equal to the task. Rage and frenzy will pull down more in half an hour than prudence, deliberation, and foresight can build up in a hundred years."

"A politician, to do great things, looks for a *power*, what our workmen call a *purchase;* and if he finds that power, in politics as in machinery he cannot be at a loss to apply it. In the monastic institutions, in my opinion, was found a great power for the mechanism of politic benevolence.

"In vain shall a man look to the possibility of making such things when he wants them. The winds blow as they list. These institutions are the products of enthusiasm, they are the instruments of wisdom. Wisdom cannot create materials, they are the gifts of nature or of chance; her pride is in their use. The perennial existence of bodies corporate and their fortunes, are things particularly suited to a man who has long views, who meditates designs that require time in fashioning, and which propose duration when they are accomplished. He is not deserving to rank high, or even to be mentioned in the order of great statesmen, who having obtained the command and direction of such a power as existed in the wealth, the discipline, and the habits of such corporations as you have rashly destroyed, cannot find any way of converting it to the great and

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lasting benefit of his country. Your politicians do not understand their trade, and therefore they sell their tools."

"It is in the principle of injustice that the danger lies, and not in the description of persons on whom it is first exercised. . . . If prescription be once shaken, no species of property is secure, when it once becomes an object large enough to tempt the cupidity of indigent power."

"When once the commonwealth has established the estates of the Church as property, it can consistently hear nothing of the more or the less. Too much and too little are treason against property. What evil can arise from the quantity in hand while the supreme authority has the full sovereign superintendence over this as over all property, to prevent every species of abuse; and whenever it notably deviates, to give it a direction agreeable to the purposes of its institution?"

MOZART.

Every music lover who visits Vienna will like to know that Mozart lived in the Rauhenstein Gasse, a narrow street leading down to the cathedral, in a house now a tavern or drinking-house, which, by some remarkable coincidence, wears on its front or badge of fiddles and other musical instruments. No one must be so deluded a to imagine, that when Mozart arrived at his own home he knocked at a street door as ordinary mortals do; no, he walked under a gateway, and thence up stairs to his ordinary apartments. That Mozart gave his Sunday evening concerts, and enchanted people in a room on the first floor with a bow-window to it, is a fact not to be despised, for if we fancy the human being, we must give him a local habitation, else he is a spirit, and not one of ourselves. We do not wish to know the great performances of great men, we wish to know their *little* actions, how they walked, looked, and spoke, their crooked habits and peculiarities; and to know that Mozart had a restless and nervous fidgetiness in his hands and feet, and seldom sat without some motion of them, makes him more present to us than the most laboured picture. And here lived Mozart; he who has thrown a fresh grace around the ideal of womanliness, who *could* "paint the rose and add perfume to the violet;" and in love, while the subtle and metaphysical poets are trying to get at the heart of its emotions, gives us straight a language for sighs and tears, for tenderness and rapture. The difference between Mozart and other great composers, such as Haydn for instance, is, that while the latter economize their subjects, he could ever trust to the wealth of his feelings, he saved nothing on paper; he took rural excursions, not to look for thoughts but to enjoy sensation, and began to write when the throng of ideas became insupportable to him. Music was with him, as a certain poet said of verses, a secretion. There is one melancholy of the style of Gluck, and another melancholy of Mozart; that of the first seems like the despondency of a lover who parts with his mistress for ever, the other has more of the caressing pensiveness which one may imagine in a being who enjoyed in a summer arbour by moonlight the song of nightingales, with his head all the time resting in the lap of his mistress. What an enviable perfection must have been Constance Weber's in filling such a mind as Mozart's with beautiful images, in suggesting such an air as "Porgi Amor," or in creating the bitter sweet regrets of "Dove sono." Almost the whole of the songs in Mozart's operas are a continuation of the same spirit which made him in infancy ask his friends, "Do you love me?" and they show that he who asked for affection could return it with interest. As the excess of the passion in a man of genius ever helps him in the completion of the greatest designs, let it be to the praise of women, that besides that one element in which he reigned supreme, Mozart was of all musicians at once the best lover, and the most refined, various, and intellectual composer that the world has produced.

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REVIEW.

Love's Vigil; ballad, composed by Joseph M'Murdie, M.B., Oxon.

This is one of those very *chaste* compositions which, of all others, are the most provokingly uninteresting. It never offends, because it advances nothing that countless repetitions have not, twenty years back, proved to be agreeable; and it never delights, because it is without a scintilla of passion from one end to the other. To such as take pleasure in what is courteously termed "the pure English school," we can confidently recommend "Love's Vigil" as a good specimen of its kind.

Esther's Song; composed by Osmond G. Phipps.

This little song has a pretty and simple melody—not violently new, truly—but expressive, and extremely easy of execution.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

Drury-Lane.—The programme of the *Concerts d'Hiver* has been a perfect harlequin's jacket, patched with the gaudiest colouring, and spangled with the liveliest clap-traps that the scores of popular music, and the researches of tactitious industry, could furnish. We have had all the overtures that have been matters of course at young ladies' boarding-schools for these ten years—to wit, *Il Barbiere, Masaniello, Fra Diavolo, Tancredi, Lodoiska*:—all the quadrilles and waltzes, with new and romantic titles, and trite and common-place ideas that will be matters of course everywhere, for they can be considered *fine* at no time, past, present, or prospective—to wit, but these have no wit in them, so we cannot specify it—all the solo performers, whose various instruments by daily use in the streets of London have become familiar and fascinating to the gaping vulgar—to wit, Herr Koenig on the cornet, M. Prospère on the ophicleide, &c. &c. All this is perfectly as it should be; if ever an aberration from the classical be admissible, it is surely on the occasion of a general holiday, when the sedate and considerate British public lays its gravity aside and may be supposed, something beside itself; and we give the utmost credit to the ingenuity that has enfocussed such an irradiation of musical merry-making.

We must particularize two pieces—the one an old novelty, the other a novel compilation of stalenesses that have not before been given at these performances. The first is the celebrated *Abschied Sinfonia* of Haydn, in which the band, one by one, leave the orchestra as their several parts are finished, till first the leader is left to the individuality of his own playing, and lastly, the conductor has only to conduct himself, which in this instance, we assure our readers, he does most properly, for the audience seem to estimate him a mighty hero left alone in his glory. The circumstances which induced the composition of this whimsical affair are too well known to bear a repetition here; albeit, they seem totally reversed on the occasion of its present revival, for so far from being under sentence of dismissal, the music-director and his directlings seem to be at the very pinnacle of their patrons' favour. The *Abschied Sinfonia* is, though not remarkable for its musical merits, a most diverting exhibition; for that must not be cited as a performance in which the severally leaving off by the several performers of their several performings is the principal feature. The other novelty yclep'd *The Telegraph*, by Strauss, is an accumulation of the scores of scores of operas, coagulated together so as to form a most gross commixture, and chemically disguised and disfigured so as almost to defy analization by the infusion of some of the adaptor's *idées propres*. We have here a most elaborate web of the most flimsy texture, which is so completely Strauss be-Straussed and inter-Straussified, that it seems to rush by us amidst the rustling of ostrich feathers. It is, at least, not so bad as the *Bouquet des Dames* of the same author; and if not to be admired, is surely to be tolerated as a Christmas gambol.

English Opera House.—The *Soirèes Musicales* of Messrs. Negri and Lau-

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rent did not commence until Monday evening. We have nothing to do with the mismanagement that neglected the merriest night of the whole Christmas for the opening of a new speculation, for the loss, in this instance, falls on themselves and not on the public, who could be equally entertained elsewhere; albeit, this loss must have been considerable, to judge from the audience of the opening night, which was numerous to excess. The band is efficient, if not excellent, led by Mr. Thirlwall, not, as we last week stated, Mr. Patey; the chorus is unanimous, if not artistic; and the principal singers are popular, if not pre-eminent. We are bound to notice Miss Nunn, a *debutante* of considerable promise, possessing a rich mezzo-soprano voice, and a pure Italian style of vocalization, who, it will be recollected, was in treaty with Mr. Barnett for the Princes Theatre. She scarcely did herself justice from her excessive nervousness on Monday evening, but she was greatly applauded, having been twice encored; we shall take occasion to speak of her again when she shall become more familiar with the public. The *debut* of this young lady is interesting, as promising to supply the hiatus in an English opera company, occasioned by Miss Shirreff's retirement from public honours, and Miss Romer's coming forward with private dishonours.

Princess's Theatre.—Mr. Harper has joined the "band of brothers" here, but what availeth the trumpet if there be no show? Seeing the jollificating holiday bill of fare put forth at Drury-lane, we marvel that Mr. Willy did not engage Signor Punch for this merry-making week, where vocal and instrumental performance might have afforded an attractive interposition in the concert, and made the flourish of the first trumpeter in England intelligible to the 'prentice boys and maid servants who at this festive season have shillings and evenings to spend, and an instinctive taste and relish, too, for matters that are really perfect in their way, who despise mediocrity of nonsense, and are yet to be drawn into the semi-vacuum of this beautiful theatre, provided this hint be taken, and some good sensibly ridiculous novelty be provided. The only novelty for Christmas has been a piece of antiquity, to wit, a selection from *Acis and Galatea*, which, as we all know, is very fine music, and, in a fitting time and place must be inevitably effective, but is in every respect ill adapted for the gratification of the holiday people. By an apparent perverseness, the adapter has chosen the least dramatic pieces, and so the least generally intelligible, while "Wretched lovers," and "The flocks shall leave the mountains," which could not fail to startle the most ultra-modern appreciation, are not included in the selection. Messrs. Itjen, Champion, Crowther, and Harper acquit themselves well on their respective instruments, and the whole is well arranged.

Islington Amateur Concert Society.—The *Messiah* was performed by this Society on Christmas Eve. The principal singers were Misses Birch, Williams, and Reed, and Messrs. Hobbs, Freame, and A. Novello. The band and chorus were effective, and the whole went off very creditably. Mr. Dando led, and Mr. Henry Smart conducted.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—The tickets for last evening could not be used, on account of their late arrival at our publisher's.—Ed. M. W.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

Liverpool.—*The Liverpool Festival Choral Society* gave their tenth public performance on the 21st inst., at the Music-hall. The performances consisted of very extensive selections from Handel's *Messiah*. In the first place, however, there was performed the Anthem composed by Mr. G. Perry on the occasion of the birth of the Princess Royal, for the Sacred Harmonic Society of London, a piece which was received with considerable applause. To this succeeded the rich and solid entertainment of the evening, consisting of a great part of the magnificent music of the *Messiah*, with Mozart's accompaniments, performed by an orchestra and chorus consisting of about 130 performers. The solo parts fell to the lot of Miss Stott, Miss France, and Mrs. Murrow, Mr. Lunt, Mr.

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Ball, Mr. Stott, Mr. Earnshaw, Mr. Davies, and Mr. G. Lunt, and they were certainly executed throughout in a very creditable and pleasing manner, and evidence a considerable improvement on the earlier performances of the society. The chorus-singers are now a very highly disciplined and effective body, and they sang the soul-stirring choruses of what may be termed Handel's musical embodiment of the sublime events of the Life of Christ with admirable precision, and, in some instances, thrilling effect. The splendid chorus, "For unto us a child is born," was no sooner concluded than there was an unanimous call for an encore. The recitative, "He was cut off," sweetly and plaintively sung by Miss France, wanted only a little more display of feeling to entitle it to the repetition which was asked for by a portion of the audience. On the second occasion, however, the lady went through the part in an improved manner. Miss Stott sang the air "Rejoice greatly," and the recitative "There were shepherds," in a style which indicated that she is a good musician, and will most probably become an excellent singer. Her voice is very agreeable, and has considerable power. The evening's entertainment was altogether truly a delightful one, and was well received by a crowded audience.

Preston.—*Choral Society.*—The first public rehearsal of this Society was held in the Corn Exchange on the 22nd inst., and the performances were all given in a manner well calculated to establish the high claims which the Society had before obtained. Miss Graham, of Manchester, was the principal vocalist, and she must have been highly gratified by the warm reception that was given to all her efforts. She received a loud and a very well-deserved encore for the "Infant's Prayer," which she sang with fine taste, and evidently under the deep feelings which that beautiful poetic prayer is so well adapted to inspire. The first part was selected chiefly from the *Creation;* and the second a selection from Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, &c. The grand chorus, "March into the Mount of Olives," by the last named composer, was given in a most splendid style, and was very loudly applauded. Mr. S. R. Grimshaw, Mr. Riley, Mr. Outhwaite, and Mr. Lunt took prominent parts in the concert, and their talents were fully appreciated; but it would be an act of injustice to withhold the meed of unqualified approbation from the other persons who assisted in the concert; for it is to the high credit of this Society's efforts, that they are not so much distinguished for a snatch of excellence in this and another in that individual's singing or playing, as for the great precision and harmonious powerful effect with which their whole united performances are given. The audience was exceedingly numerous, and departed highly delighted with the rehearsal.

Birmingham.—A grand performance of music took place on Monday, the 22nd inst., at the Town-hall, in behalf of the charity for the distressed housekeepers. The band and chorus comprised two hundred, and was ably led by Blagrove. The *Creation* was performed entire, Miss Birch, and Messrs. Hobbs and Machin singing the principal solos. Miss Birch maintained her high reputation, and was in excellent voice. Hobbs gave "In native worth" with great chasteness and purity of voice, and Machin sang "Now Heaven," and "Rolling in foaming billows," with great power and spirit. The duet, "By thee with bliss," by Miss Birch and Machin, was quite a gem. In the evening there was a miscellaneous concert, comprising all the music in fashion. Miss Birch and Miss H. Cawse sang the "Sub-Aria," and were encored; and the same compliment was paid to Machin in a new ballad of Knight's, "Old Time is still a flying," and Hobbs in "Alexis," which had the addition of Lindley's violoncello. Blagrove played a concerto with consummate ability, as did Lindley. Mr. Pearsall sang the "Sailor's Journal" in good style. Miss Cawse gave the "Angels whisper" very nicely. The hall was but thinly attended.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Thomas Binfield, the well known violoncellist and member of the Royal Society of Musicians, died at his residence in Howland-street, on Wednesday, the 23rd inst., after a long and severe illness, very widely lamented by professional and private friends. He was also a talented performer on the pianoforte and violin, and was brother to the Messrs. Binfield of Reading.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Royal Academy of Music.—The "severely contested" election for the King's Scholarship is decided in favour of Miss Emma Bendixen and Mr. Cronin, who, besides the advantage of two years' gratuitous education in the Academy, obtain the leading testimonial of being pre-eminent in a most highly talented competition.

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Royal Society of Musicians.—At the Christmas general meeting of this excellent institution, Mr. Horsley in the chair, the annual report was read, which stated that the sum of 2492*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.* had been appropriated, in 1840, to the objects for which the society was established in 1738. The sum of 44*l.* 2*s.* was voted to be distributed among seven of the oldest widows, claimants on the fund, exclusively of their regular allowances; and 60*l.* was divided among a number of distressed members of the musical profession, having no claim on the society. Total donations presented 104*l.* 2*s.* There are at present the following claimants on the funds of the society, eleven members, thirty-eight widows, and sixteen children. Mr. Parry was re-elected honorary treasurer, and Mr. Wood and Mr. Watts were re-elected secretary and collector.

Mr. Braham is progressing most satisfactorily in America. He has given three concerts in each of the three principal cities of the Union—New York, Boston, Philadelphia—has been everywhere most enthusiastically received, and has netted a profit of six thousand dollars. Mr. Braham's numerous friends and admirers will rejoice at his success, and must admire the good generalship by which he selected the field of sacred music, hitherto unhackneyed in America, for his first impression upon the minds and hearts of his new acquaintance, remembering, as we all do on this side of the water, that he has stood unrivalled as an oratorio singer for at least one-third of a century. Our veteran countryman commences an engagement at the Park Theatre, at New York, with the new year, and we have no fear for his paramount triumph. Numerous engagements have poured in upon him which will occasion an extensive tour through the States and the Canadas, occupying the entire spring and summer, when he proposes to wend his way southward, and winter at New Orleans. He has our hearty good wishes wherever he goes.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood have reaped another fruitful harvest in the Atlantic towns, and are now on their journey to South America, where there is no doubt our highly talented countrywoman will be greatly received, since we recollect no vocalist approaching her in voice, genius, or schooling, to have hitherto visited that native region of birds of song. Mr. Wood is said to be considerably improved both as a singer and actor, and his fine manly voice seems to have caught, by continued contact, no little portion of the science and refinement of his gifted *cara sposa*. There is an eastern adage which says, "you may tell a Persian lily, for it has dwelt beside the rose."

Music in America.—The arrival of the Great Western has furnished very satisfactory intelligence of our exiled singers, and of the success of operatic performances in the United States, which, notwithstanding a valuable stock of histrionic talent, have carried away the palm from the legitimate and illegitimate drama and kept the theatres open in spite of pressing times, and the President's election. We are told we can have no opera in London, from the inefficiency of native vocal talent; and yet, at the same moment, we learn we are supplying to others what we have not, and never have had, ourselves. It is a curious fact, that there are at least half a dozen opera companies now performing, the members of which have been entirely extracted from the London theatres; and a very large portion of the music they successfully perform is the production of Englishmen, who, in this vast metropolis, cannot obtain "a local habitation and a name." At the National Theatre, in New York, *Don Giovanni* has been in preparation, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, Miss Poole, the elder Giubelei, Messrs. Williams, Horncastle, &c., and will doubtless climax the successful career of the *Mountain Sylph, Siege of Rochelle, Somnambula,* and the *Devil's Opera*. Messrs. Manvers, Martin, and Brough, the latter said to possess a good bass voice, and great facility of execution, and Mrs. Martin, late Miss Inverarity, are retained at the rival theatre to support Mr. Braham. Besides all these, there are Mr. and Mrs. Horn, Mrs. E. Loder, and half a score twinkling English stars in the same city; yet the English cannot muster sufficient vocal talent for one minor theatre in London.

Mr. Leffler is on his passage homeward from New York; the cause of his sudden return is a serious indisposition, said to be produced by an immoderate use of *water*, which in that city is considered to be extremely deleterious and un-

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wholesome. We were not previously aware of Mr. Leffler having taken the pledge; and we cheerfully doubt the distemper, upon rational suspicion of its provocative, since we well remember our *basso cantante* to have resolutely maintained, in England, a total abstinence from all aqueous libations, not spiritually diluted.

Kennington Promenade Concerts.—The large room at the Horns Tavern is to be opened hebdomadally for the special advantage of retired grocers, prudential spinsters, and rheumatic dowagers of this popular sylvan *locale*, who, deprived by the wintry weather of their accustomed daily promenade on the Common, have been medically recommended by their apothecaries to take periodical exercise within doors, a subscription having been raised to effect this peptic and sanative purpose. Music will be *done* during the perambulation, to neutralize the discordant gossipings of the assembled pedestrians, and prevent the spread of their little scandals, which might otherwise prove unharmonious to the ears of implicated neighbours present. Copious fresh *air* will be administered to the assembly, in extracts from Strauss and Musard, under the dispensing direction of Mr. Toulmin.

Franklin's Musical Glasses.—A correspondent informs us that "he saw the identical set of musical glasses mentioned in our last number, at a house in Gower-street, some five or six years ago. The glasses, which were placed, as already stated, on a kind of lathe, were extremely well tuned, and florid passages might be played upon them with excellent effect, but slow movements were best calculated for them."

Two Societies are now forming which promise to prove of the highest importance to the musical world. The first is established by a number of our principal concert singers, for the purpose of practising together the best classical concerted vocal compositions, of all nations, so that they may be enabled to fight foreigners on their own ground. The second is to consist chiefly of distinguished amateurs, who will frequently meet for the purpose of singing vocal music in parts, so as to give those who seldom or never hear the works of the old masters, a taste for that style of composition; this society originated, we believe, with Messrs. Benedict and Moscheles, and the other with Miss Masson.

Dr. Burney, on hearing the compositions of a German writer, in which, though great art and contrivance were perceptible, yet the modulation was natural, and the melody smooth and elegant, exclaimed—"As much art as you please, sir, provided it be united with nature; and even in a marriage between art and nature, I should always wish the lady to wear the breeches."

The Officers of the Coldstream Guards have recently augmented their splendid band by the purchase of a full-grown Polar bear, which has been so successfully drilled and familiarized as to have become sociable even with the junior drummers of the regiment, and whose vocal powers so entirely eclipse the choir of cornets, trombones, and ophicleides, as to justly entitle this new double-bass performer to the soubriquet of *Lablache militaire*. This extraordinary acquisition has not yet debutted on the parade, but the private performances at the barracks (which are anything but secret in the vicinity), have given the highest satisfaction to the officers, their fashionable friends, and the admirers of foreign talent in particular; and as we understand that the most esteemed professors are enlisted to superintend the practice and high-schooling of the phenomenon, there is little doubt but it will become the *ursa-major* of musical magnetism in the first circles of the ensuing season.

Lord Byron.—It was not till after Pope had inquired of Arbuthnot whether Handel deserved his reputation, that he wrote the eulogy on him to be found in his poems. It was after a similar inquiry that Lord Byron wrote the lines in praise of Mozart, in "Don Juan." Rossini was his real favourite; he liked his dash and animated spirits. He was accustomed to say that the best music was always of a lively kind. But even of Rossini's airs he invariably selected his favourites from the most blustering.—*Leigh Hunt's Byron and his Contemporaries.*

All the Operas of Metastasio were set to music by his friend Jomelli; and also his eight oratorios, among which the most celebrated are *Isacco* and *La Passione:* it is in the former opera that we find the air "Chi per pieta mi dica."

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank our obliging happy-new-year-wishing correspondent. The name is omitted from a fear of wounding private feelings.

The letter from Exeter arrived too late for insertion.

We sympathise with "A Nervous Man," but are at a loss to devise a specific for the evil he complains of. If our correspondent has the recipe of some anti-anthropo-metro-nomical balsam, and will favour us with it, we shall be most happy to give publicity to it for the benefit of the concert-goers of this enlightened epoch.

A long account of the "Royal Opera Affair" is in our printer's hands, but the subject is so stale that we are doubtful whether we shall publish it.

We have not decided on the paper of "Philomusicus." Will he consent to curtailment?

"F. B. J.'s" letter is of too personal a nature for insertion.

"Observator." Received, and will be attended to next week.

"P. A." is informed that Messrs. Platt and Hopgood, and, we believe, M. Rousselot, are professors of the French horn in the Royal Academy of Musicians.

The letter of "An Old Subscriber" has been forwarded to Mr. Barnett.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Chwatel.—Les Favorites Modernes, no. 3; variations on Strauss's Venetian Galop (duet) - - - - - - - *Wessel.*
Beethoven's Works, metronomized by C. Czerny, no. 31; variations, Theme in G *Ditto.*
Diabelli.—Come innocente - - *Mills.*
Donizetti.—Torquato; book 2 (duet) - *Ditto.*
Czerny.—Rondo elegant; Zanetta - *Cramer.*
Burgmuller —Duo brilliant - - *Ditto.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Berbiguier.—Collection of Duets, 2 flutes, nos. 7, 8, 9, 16, 17, 18, containing op. 22 and 71 - - - - - - - *Wessel.*
Devaux's edition of Standard Operas, no. 20: Zauberflaute - - - - - *Cramer.*
Beethoven.—Collection of Duets, piano and violin, no. 8, op. 24 in F - - - - *Wessel.*
Dangi.—Three Duets Concertante, flute and violoncello - - - - - - - *Ditto.*
Les Amiables, duets piano and flute; no. 7, Hummel's Waltz in F - - - *Ditto.*

VOCAL.

Halevy.—In vain ye smile; song - *Mills.*
Crouch.—Day breaks o'er the mountain *Ditto.*
Selection of Popular Catches, nos. 4 and 5 *Ditto.*
Clarkson, Miss.—The bridal morn; song *Cramer.*

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London, December, 1840.

JEFFERYS and NELSON beg to announce the publication of their Musical Annual, entitled THE QUEEN'S BOUDOIR FOR 1841.

The contents of the volume have been furnished by some of the most popular composers of the day, as the List of Contributors to the work will testify.

The following are this day published, separately from THE QUEEN'S BOUDOIR:—

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S. Glover.—Oh, speak to her in kindness	2	0
S. Nelson.—Merrily goes the mill	2	0
E. J. Loder.—Oh the chances and the changes	2	0
Godfrey.—Song of the mistletoe	2	0
J. Hine, Esq.—I wander'd by the brookside	2	0
Leo.—The old song	2	0
John Barnett.—The emigrants (duet)	2	0

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TO ORGANISTS.—On SALE, an INSTRUMENT for pedal practice, containing the notes in the seat. Also, on view for a short time an ÆOLOPHON of rich and powerful tone, just completed for a chapel in Jamaica. The visits of the Profession will be welcomed by J. F. MYERS, the Patentee, 83, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

HENRY HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall, East, where all communications for the Editor, Works for Review, and Advertisements are received.—R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row.—G. BERGER, Holywell Street, Strand, and the following Agents:—

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